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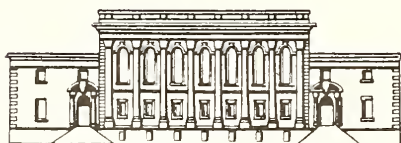
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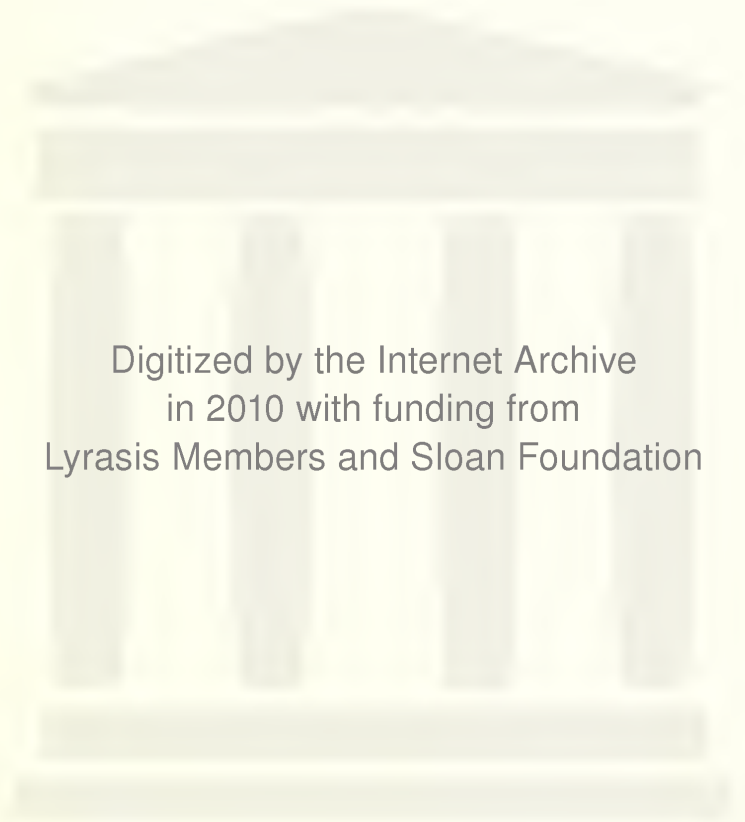
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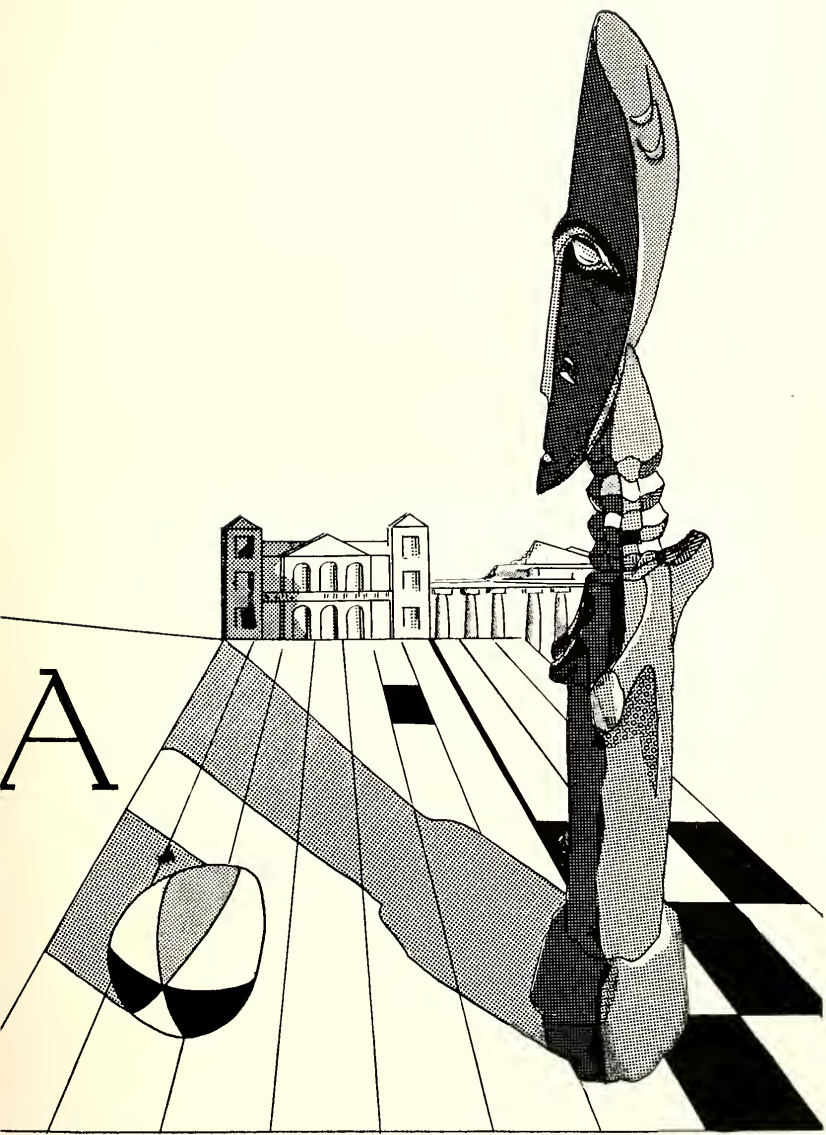


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MAY 1964

VOLUME 42
NUMBER 1

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MAY 1964

The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA



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The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

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by ANN FERRELL, 1965

Set 'em Up Joe

THE Calypso Liner shuddered, then coughed into motion. Charlotte suddenly tensed, pressing the underside of the table with her fingernails. This was ridiculous. She must relax. She started with her toes, concentrating on them one at a time. . . . then her feet, legs, stomach and on up, until she had succeeded in loosening all her muscles, from head to foot. A neat little trick . . . her psychiatrist had taught her that one when she used to have trouble going to sleep. It had always worked. Well, almost always. She wondered if she would ever have trouble sleeping again, and stirred her drink appreciatively.

The nice old man across the table was staring at her breasts. Nice old man, hell! She laughed to herself, but was instantly sorry. She hadn't wanted to laugh at him — it really wasn't funny at all. She wanted to make it up to him somehow.

"Hey Joe, what time do you think we'll get to Bimini?"

Joe was really his name. She knew it because Jim had made sure everyone knew everybody else at the table's name before they had been seated for five minutes. He knew that kind of thing embarrassed her, but he did it anyhow. Joe started and grinned shamefacedly. He realized she'd caught him staring and you could tell he was really worried about it.

"About midnight, I think," he stuttered, fidgeting wildly. She really felt sorry for him now, all alone on this lousy all night cruise.

"Thanks." Poor old guy.

Charlotte took out a cigarette and turned to Jim. He was talking to the couple with them, B. J. and Brooks. He was talking about the performer on board. She'd heard him in a nightclub once before . . . a nasty, greasy little man and one hell of a sex pervert. He kept telling the audience he'd like to urinate all over them. God, he was awful. Jim loved him.

She lit her own cigarette. She would rather have anyway, she thought, and wondered why she was even there. Brooks had pin striped shirts, red dinner jackets and grey hair. Brooks had a crew cut . . . Brooks was forty and wished he were twenty. . . . Brooks had a big bruise where B. J. had hit him. Brooks was a fairy . . . She knew he probably slept in a fetal position, all curled up and disgusting looking. She would have to ask B. J. B. J. would know . . . or then, maybe she wouldn't. Christ, what a laugh that would be. B. J. had a daughter her age. Charlotte had met her for the first time that night . . . a nice kid. "Nine god-damned teen" as Jim would say.

She lit another cigarette and crushed the last one out in the ash tray.

"Hey, you smoke too much."

She turned her head, meeting Jim's amused gaze. His incredible good looks startled her even now, after three months of him. It was all that held them together . . . and a few of his more highly developed talents. She wished he'd put his glasses on or something. Jim was only twenty-five, but not really. He was like her.

"No kidding," she replied, and knew she would smoke twenty extra cigarettes that night for his benefit. She really disliked him so, yet she was with him again, and knew she would be again. Jim smiled absently and placed his hand on her leg as he turned back to Brooks and B. J. Jesus, what a hand man he was. He always had to have his hands on you . . . on everyone. He probably didn't even know who he was putting his hands on anymore. He just put his hands on something. It gave her a headache.

Abruptly she got up and started for the bar, ignoring Jim's mildly inquiring glance. She ordered a drink at the bar and wandered downstairs. Duty free gifts were being sold on one side of a large, crowded room. A black jack game was going on on the other.

"Hey honey" . . . He was talking to her . . . "How 'bout comin' over here and bettin' for me. Might bring me a little luck."

Charlotte shrugged, took one of his twenties and placed it in the middle of the table. The cards were dealt. He lost the twenty.

"Sorry."

After showing a perfunctory interest in the gifts, she started back upstairs. Ordering another scotch (she had to have four at the very least to face that nauseous performer), she looked around the room for Jim. He wasn't at the table, but she noticed Joe sitting there, all alone. He was watching her. She smiled. He smiled back.

She saw Jim. He was in the next room playing the slot machine with B. J. Jim had his arm around her waist, and he was whispering in her ear. Whenever he did, B. J. laughed loudly. B. J. always laughed loudly. Charlotte got a sick feeling in her stomach as she walked towards them. It was the same sick feeling she always got with them. She was used to it. Jim had his hand on B. J.'s flabby shoulder now. It was disgusting. B. J. should have looked like his mother, but somehow she didn't

Charlotte reached for the slot machine handle and pulled it. One . . . two . . . cherries . . . and a lemon. The change clattered noisily down the chute, some of it spilling over onto the floor.

"Say honey, you're all right" . . . Jim was leaning over to kiss her. His face loomed closer, still closer. He was laughing. She heard the splintered crash of her glass before she realized it had slipped thru her hand to the floor. She felt the gorge rise in her throat, and her eyes burned with tears of shame.

Later she stood on the ship's deck. She was alone, but soon she felt Joe's silent presence beside her.

by JANE ELLEN LISHNOFF, 1966

Love Outgrown

SHE jumped beyond the chalked lines on the street
And fell — skinning her naked knee.
At eight we'd red-cheeked and runny-nosed meet

Behind the house. I'd see her smelling sweet
As mommy, sweeter yet. My glee
Jumped from within the lining of the street

And kissed to joy the pebbles near my feet.
Each night I rushed my sup and tea.
At eight I'd red-lipped and runny-eyed meet

My loned Lillie — the thickening summer heat
Dripping down her little nose. She
Potsied across the chalked lines on the street

And disappeared. I criss-crossed with my fleet,
Commanding culprits by degree
To mooring. Rosy-cheeked with naked feet

She ran behind the house, along the neat
Path. Now I hear my love has free-
Ly jumped beyond the chalked lines on the street
And sleeps wet-tongued and close-eyed where we'd meet.

by SANDRA SWAIN, 1966

Lines

WE SAW him on the tar-pocked summer cement,
His hump lay, limp-legged and rib-bent.
We saw it — tufts of fur twisted in blood knots
And above his head black-gnat buzz-herds
Swarmed in circles tipping his pancake ears.
He looked worm-grey and pink-tinged dead.
He was. The brass knobs of his Woolworth
Christmas collar were dull like his eyes,
Flat beads, circles repeated in the toenails
 —Even the knee-knobs,
A painter would approve, symmetrical form crushed
 Thick, quick.
He lay slightly right of the center split
On the white-painted cement marks, even line cubes,
His broken legs even-smashed in parallel fur tubes.

by ASTRID PREVITALI, 1965

Pale Darkness

I STAND once more behind that window
cracked and crooked in its frame
as if clarity unattended, lame,
now reconciled to crazy-angled vision —
through one clear pane a severed grey horizon—
lies startled by its ill-lit fission.

And yet again with stone-rimmed eye
I hold the dry stalks of my heart
hidden, unwatered and apart
but turn to walk into the corridor
to find a darkness with a candle lit
in a far room behind another door.

by JUDY HARGRAVES, 1966

Brief Spent

HE AWAKES, borne
By jagged streaks
Of light, to burn
In fiery peaks.

Spent, he fades
To quiet blue
Flame blades

Which turn to doze
Into rose

Sleep and smoke.





by SHELLEY TURNER, 1966

A Child Lost at the Beach

NO TIME to listen
To songs in seashells
Or search the saltgrass;

Hypnotic glisten
Where the wave swells
To see the gulls pass;

The arms of the saline sound retreat,
Here, alone, and blinded by the sand light.
Strength swindled silently by the heat,
Now surrender, smitten by the sun's might.

Swoon at the sandbars' swill-born furrows,
Swirling siblings of the undertow.
Hotly the hermit horror burrows,
Harbors, hovers on the never-know.

Now ostracized
By the breakers and the sky;
Now crystallized,
Treading water in the eye.

by SANDRA SWAIN, 1966

Letdown

THEIR circus commences in dung-crusteds tents,
Dancers prance high in knee-knocking smiles,
Not one ever sees the green form he presents.

Dirt-flecked white ponies pound brassy pretense;
Glittered hooves hammer the same gaudy miles
The circus continues in dung-crusteds tents.

An acrobat's spangle cheek skims the cement,
Their bodies form hot arcs of leotard piles.
Not one ever sees the green form he presents.

Thursday's clown grins in grease-painted dents;
His legs, thick bananas, circulate stiles.
The circus continues in dung-crusteds tents.

A five-year old stares at the glare's excrements
As one actor tumble-heaves ready-made trials.
Not one ever sees the green form he presents.

The five-year old watches white popcorn movements
As the spectrum below squirms linoleum tiles.
The circus collapses its dung-crusteds tents.
Not one ever knows the green form he presents.

by KATHY HSU, 1964

Taipei

AZALEAS bloom quietly on Yang Ming Shan.
Spring has come and with her,
Has brought the night-singing cicadas,
The gentle rustling of bamboo,
The clear, sweet notes of the ti tzu
Across the river.

Through the dark lanes, the staccato tap
of stick upon stick
Marks the coming of a peddler
With his steaming caldrons of won-tun.
He stands quiet for a moment, listening
to the clear, sweet notes of the ti tzu
Across the river.

Whose hands are they which lightly
hold the flute?
Whose breath becomes the song
That fills the night?
Is it Li Po or Tu Fu returned from the past
Or only a young soldier
Who must soon leave for the islands?

Note to Reader:

1. A ti tzu is a Chinese flute
2. Won-tun are Chinese dumplings.
3. Li Po, and Tu Fu are both poets of the Tang Dynasty (7th century).
4. Taipei is the capital of Nationalist China on the island of Formosa. The "islands" referred to in the last line are the controversial off-shore islands of Kin-men and Matsu.

by ASTRID PREVITALI, 1965

Love

Is a petal
of a hidden symmetry
drifting alone, lightly,
stopping to settle
once

delicate corners touch
flushed-white, veined;
entwining to clutch
a briefly detained
two

petals rustle quiet
secrets; cry it
between hidden leaves
and knowing retrieves
love.

by PHILLIP LEGLER

The Brass Spittoon

THE flood of '13 and the Little Miami
Put Dayton in every headline across the nation.
Grandfather gave up his ghost
When he jumped for a mare and there wasn't any.
He'd followed the runs of No. 3 Fire Station,
That one in matrimony
Grandma took for better or worse, would boast
The shiniest spittoon in the county.

The flood receded; Grandfather's fuming
Was three-alarm. But Grandma knew how to typhoon
His rocking chair — what's worse,
Could throw cold water on his steaming.
Chewing a plug, he longed for a brass spittoon,
Was swamped to swallow juice
As well as fire. That bloated him like the horse
He'd save and ride to death. His hearse

Wore a cuspidor's shine, a Cadillac.
(That was the year Joe Louis battered Schmeling.)
The Journal-Herald provided
A piece on his illness and attack.
Like a punctured balloon, Grandma began failing.
His last ride seemed to knock
All wind out of her breath; her breath subsided.
She could not save him or undertake

Hell and high water in that place.
Even before they'd wed and he'd taken the leap,
Even then she knew his fever.
Later, those nights at the station house,
Rocking and wearing a helmet, in shiny sleep
He joined the boys, sat spryer
With something else to aim at. That was Grandfather —
He liked a chew and he liked a fire.

"What are you mumbling?" Grandma whined.
Stealing her thunder he lost aim, sat up waking
 To bite his pipe or his lip
Or puff till she'd get her second wind
When, like a sky, she'd blow up a storm by taking
 Shape in a cloud: "An old
Timer like you," she'd nod, "can catch the gripe
 Wading in all that water and cold."

She reckoned she'd put his fire out.
He reckoned she'd flooded rooms enough to chase
 His feet upstairs like the kitchen
Mice when the flood came. It was about
That time he showed water-marks. Like the house
 Still stubborn enough to stand
Disaster, he'd kept his ground. Weather-beaten,
He answered all the calls to the end.

The waters rose; his room was a harbor.
When a mare swam up to his window, he gave her
 Greetings — "Good morning, there" —
As if recalling a long-dead neighbor.
Hearing a watered-down sigh, he'd try to save her
 And swim out of that sea.
His second ride was self-contained. Like the mare,
Grandfather wasn't what he used to be.

When people remember Dayton they think
Mostly about that city's famous Wright Brothers.
 I think of Grandfather Legler —
How overcome by his fire and smoke
And Grandma's tidal wave and the rising waters,
 He jumped from a window to rein
A horse and sound the alarm. It was heart failure,
But he was fighting fires back in '13.

by NORVELL JONES, 1967

Quotation

A SECOND hand statement of fact,
Or if not fact, existence.
Choice becomes circumstance.
Someone's words exact
A promise tersely stated
About my own belief,
Or founded in my life.
A promise thus extracted
Becomes too hard a pact
With someone else's eloquence
And my private impotence
Of word. A creation attacked —
Of spirit, random analysis,
Of mind, creeping paralysis.

by JUDY HARGRAVES, 1966

Quiet This

QUIET, this
Softening man
Who sucked his span
Oh honeyed bliss
From a kiss
Whose reaching tongue
Was swarmed by last
Years buzzing past,
Until it hung
Idle, a stung
And swollen mast
Whitening in the sun.

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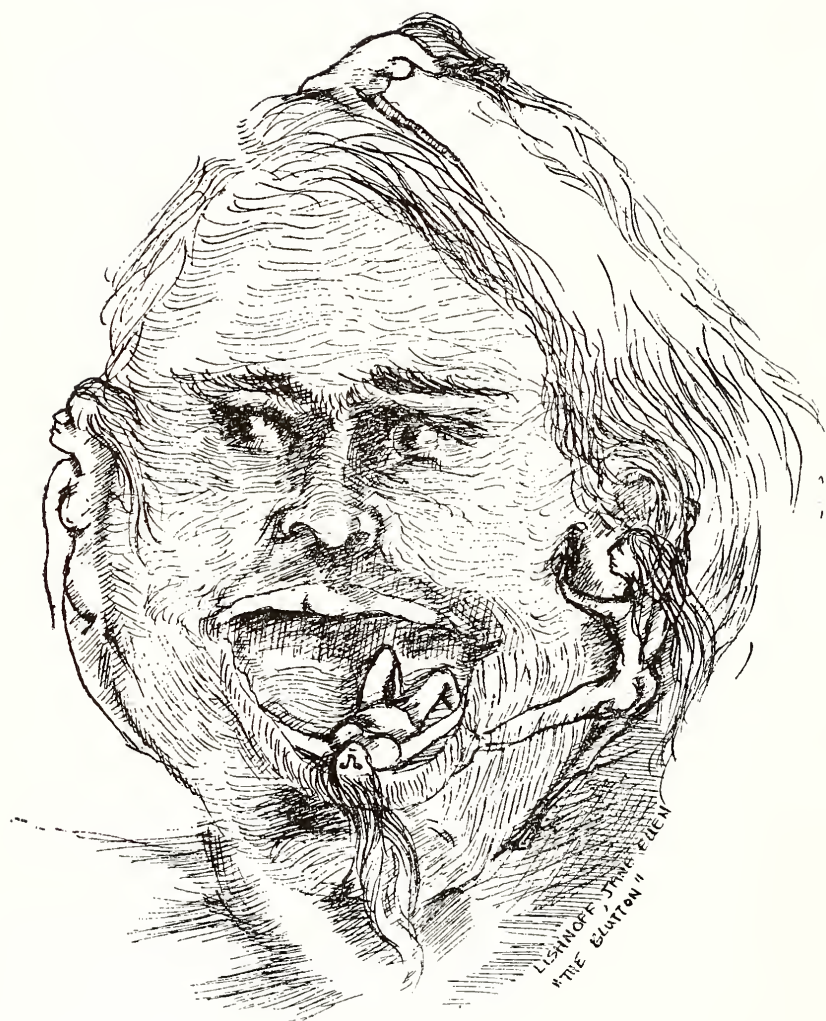
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by MARY PARKE JOHNSON, 1965

A TASTE OF LEMONS

Boley Award (\$100) Spring, 1964

IT CAME over the humming sound and soft intermittent clicks — a fragment of "Greensleeves" and the terse-voiced report of a missile launching.

The warmth and darkness resisted awareness, but the voices from the apartment below were compelling. I shifted to a new position. That part of the bed had not been warmed, so for a few minutes I began sliding my right foot back and forth in the icy crevice between the tucked sheet and the side of the mattress. I needed a Kleenex too and continued my footwork for a moment longer while sunk in contemplation over exposing my arm to room temperature. Nice for chilled burgundy and pastrami, I thought bitterly. I blew my nose and examined the arm. The hairs were raised on little whitish bumps from the cold, like a plucked bird-ugly. With a slight gesture the humming discord resolved into a musical anthology of recent semi-classical masterpieces. 7:05 a.m. On the count of seven I have to get up. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . six and a half . . . If you don't get up that cracked patch in the ceiling will fall on your face. Now . . . seven! God, it's cold.

Through the parted curtains, the frost-scratched hieroglyphics on the panes dimmed the pattern of the movement and dulled the colors in the street outside. Light snowfall obscured the tops of the highest gray buildings, descending from a vast whiteness like skim milk. Everybody seems to think New York is simply breathtaking in winter with the snow. But not when you have to see it day after day and walk three blocks through freezing slush to catch a bus that's drafty and stinking with still-faced employee types.

At first I had arrived with the usual visions of the great city's white magic — like a Gilbey's Gin ad. It had seemed the height of individual freedom — that hurrying to work on sharp, clear autumn mornings — the red-cheeked fat women and men's hat brims pulled low over eyes that would have loved me on sight but for the wind. And later of course would come the snow and B. Altman's and bulky packages with red ribbon carried on crowded elevators — "Up" . . . "Six, please" . . . "Down, sorry" . . . "Excuse me." Oh well, why should I be different? Just because I had left home to become a success, to prove myself, have money of my own and that wonder of all — independence — why should I be chosen from millions who come wanting the same thing? The curtain panel fell into place — 7:25 a.m. Let's get going, friend.

I wandered around in the half-light, stumbling occasionally over articles of clothing which often turned out to be just what I was looking for and made a

pass at the bathroom. Breakfast was short and interrupted by coma-like trances, conditions which were decidedly in my favor since I would never be noted for my coffee. With one last foredoomed attempt to execute the "February Look," I armed myself for the challenge outside. The knob on the apartment door was cold like everything else and caused an annoying little shock that almost hurt because I was expecting it. Beyond the door came the sound of the cleaning woman shuffling up the stairs with her gray mops and pails while the hall echoed her progress. We met on the landing.

"Good morning, Mrs. Kelsey", I said in winning accents.

"Humph, mornin'!" she said shortly and passed on, rattling a mop against the bucket with a vengeance. From the first day I had decided to make a game of trying to get Mrs. Kelsey to smile — a half-in-earnest game. It had gotten so that most of the time I'd win. But then sometimes I wouldn't. Today was a failure. Things could have been different for her and I guess some days she thought about that. Outside it wasn't snowing anymore. On the corner the little boy was selling his newspapers as usual.

"Good morning, Tommy." His smile was shy, but the happiness light was there. He handed me a paper.

"When are we gonna have another pitchin' session? You know I gotta keep in practice."

"In practice for spring practice. I see. Well . . . how about Saturday morning around ten o'clock? . . . That means of course if the sun's out and it's a lot warmer."

"Gee, that's great! Could I use your mitt? Uh . . . I mean maybe I could . . . ?

"You sure can."

"Oh boy, do you mean it?"

"Naturally."

Tommy could have been any small boy eager for the magic of baseball glory and beginning to realize it all with a place in the "Little League" — a child puzzled by the anonymity of living in an urban world and at the same time an adolescent one. From a father too tired and a mother too busy — from a world too old, he had put out tentative feelers and found me. Not such a great find after all for a ten-year-old, but someone who like himself thought the world a bit graying in spots. That I was an acceptable guinea pig for fielding techniques with the added attraction of having a superior mitt, purchased in a weak moment from Abercrombie & Fitch, could have been a part of it. I would have given him the glove long ago, but for a certain proud reserve on his side. Someday when he had earned it in his own mind — that would be the time.

"Meecha Saturday in the same place."

"OK, but remember, only if it's warmer and sunny."

"Oh, it will be," he said with great aplomb. No doubt he would make arrangements with the Manager.

On the bus I corrected a misspelled word and changed the opening sentence of a paragraph in one of my research articles. The woman beside me was not only curious but nearsighted and obviously adored garlic and Scotch whiskey — about 100 proof.

"Say, dat's nice. Dat's real nice. You one of dem fancy writers? You write all dose funny movie reviews?"

"Uh . . . no. No, I don't. I just do research for one of the other sections."

"Oh," she said. And I could see she was keenly disappointed.

But in a moment she was back again cramping my style so to speak. I made some stupid-looking nonsense mark on the sheet, then folded it and slid it into a large envelope with elaborate nonchalance. By that I killed her day completely.

The ride seemed especially long and I felt myself engulfed in a rather sad and gloomy mental mist that had been hanging on for several weeks — that letter from my mother, I suppose. On the surface certainly there had not been anything terribly revealing about it. There were the usual flashes of wit on the domestic situation — the friend who imitated her taste in clothes, the garbage man's callous disregard of hycacinths. The family was fine. My sister was in love. But there were those few unguarded remarks too, about missing my brother and Togo, the "special" dog killed last year and of course, Ogre, the man I'm supposed to call Father. In these I sensed something not quite right — a very real unhappiness. Or perhaps I only imagined I sensed these things. After all she was strong and a proud woman. We differed on many subjects and ideas and had dissimilar tastes in lots of areas. But the greatest one she was only partially aware of and that was on the man she married.

I did not hate him or even dislike him — I simply did not love him anymore. It was a situation that had grown up as I had grown up. We had the same temperament, I guess. He liked to impose authority and I, more than anything, liked to dispose of it. There was the inevitable clash of wills — the endless struggles over choice of schools, money, independence, obedience, this, that, around and around in a squirrel cage of tears, threats and curses — until one day I packed up and left the socially accepted women's college of his choice forever. Two weeks at an aunt's filled with a hell of recriminations that must have rocked the angels and spoiled my chance for the pleasures of paradise. Maybe even at one point my mother wished I had never been born — certainly the other party responsible for my conception made that quite clear. I was told to reconsider and a lot of other tripe, but it was all too apparent that I had pulled a real coup. The friend in New York who had always wanted me to come up for a visit finally got her wish, but she understood and put me up until I could find an apartment — the one I was now sharing with three others of my own age and aspirations. So here I am — the great career girl, but not so great as had been dreamed of; rich, but not quite so rich as expected, and with little left over, so that B. Altman's was only a window to press your nose against; independent, but not without having lost a certain warmth and closeness and rapport and love; happy, but not at all — just restless and vaguely dissatisfied — wanting one thing only and yet because of that, wanting everything. I was becoming a dichotomy of nature with an outside of nothing less penetrable

than steel — a smiling machine fed by reflectors which captured emotions from the faces of the people around me — and an inside of vulnerable flesh and sensation recording the slightest impression from a burgeoning world of fantasy. Pagliacci seemed to me the best of all clowns.

The bus lurched forward and a large shopping bag dragged against my leg. And now the windows were beginning to cloud up because of the heat that was perceptibly circulating inside. The realization fastened itself upon me that I had two choices to make: I could stay here and wait another year for things to get better. Perhaps with time, and assuming that there would come some stirring moment of epiphany, I'd see my place with the teeming millions and not with the terrible immortals. One simply did not sink to mediocrity merely because he was not hailed as the cultural phenomenon of his time at D.A.R. luncheons and presentation dinners or upon the cover of *Life*.

Or I could go home. Not the kind embroidered on kitchen samplers, but a starting point for remembrance of things past — but only the good things, the good times, the old loves. Wouldn't that piece of my soul that belongs not entirely to me revive at the proximity of its source? But there was the matter of pride to consider. I did not want to be the first to strike my colors. Pride and the average life expectancy are never at odds. And happiness sits up in a little box and watches — up close she seems so wishy-washy — but at a distance so heartbreakingly beautiful.

Getting off the bus, I hesitated over the great puddle of dirty, half-melting ice that was massed close to the curb. But my garlic-whiskey friend was in a hurry and made it plain enough in a few well-put words. The building where I had worked for two years looked vaguely unfamiliar — not what I would have chosen for preference. As a matter of fact, the street even looked strange — and the one down — and the one after that. Later in the office, the people seemed different from what they were the day before. And all day — the ride home again — the odd stone edifices — the queerly flickering signs — everything was somehow changed until New York City appeared to me the most foreign place in the entire world.

Dinner was chatty. Gretchen had a date with her "honey," Margo was gushing over her lizard luggage and the room streamed with her expensive silk underwear — all paid for by an indulgent "Daddy" unhampered by blood ties. Far from passing judgment, I almost envied her soignée dismissal of middle class morality. It left her without that nagging problem of making decisions. Leslie and I dutifully did a little homework, but as usual I was the first to quit. For a few minutes I wandered aimlessly around the room.

"Are you looking for something?"

"My cigarettes."

She looked puzzled. "They're in your left hand."

"Oh."

"Is something bothering you?" And then before I could answer, "you know,

I've been watching you lately and, if I may make it my business, I'd like to offer a diagnosis."

"Will the real Sigmund Freud please stand up."

"Anyway," she said, ignoring the interruption, "I think you ought to go home for a week, do a little spring cleaning in the family relationship and then return" — and here she gave me an oddly significant look — "to New York. Next month Larry and I are driving up to Vermont. We've talked it over and we want you to come. Brig Mason is supposed to drop around too. You remember him?"

Yes, I remembered Brig. There was something about him that confounded forgetting — like a first snow or the taste of lemons. He'd simply been put aside with a lot of other things. She was saying,

"He thinks a lot of you. Would you come?"

"I don't know. I appreciate your trying to help. But I just don't know."

"Well, don't decide now, but do keep it in mind."

"OK — goodnight O Great White Psychologist."

The tub was refreshing and due to my occasional mean streak, I poured about half a bottle of Margo's most expensive bubble bath into the water. An hour later, the sheets were cool and every muscle adhered gratefully to their surfaces. In the darkness I sank deeply into the undulating rhythm of "Adagio for Strings" with the accompanying soft intermittent clicks of static. Perhaps tomorrow I would take time off from *Time, Inc.* and buy an airline ticket. I would go home for a while. Perhaps I'd stay. Or would I? Or would I . . . ?

by SHELLEY TURNER, 1966

Autumnal

GUNNELING by the root-bank
The wind-foot bobs the baked leaves
Down the fluted furrow
Of the briney;
Wait on the moss rock
Until the sun hits
The small of your spine
At least;
You can't come back
Until tomorrow.

by ALICE PERRY, 1965

¿Cuando Sera?

LA NOCHE es larga
Y se vuelve vaga.
En mi fantasía creo
Que en lo lejos lo veo,
Pero sé que nunca volverá
Y que nada lo mismo será.
Contemplo así
Lo que vendrá de mi . . .
Deseo morir
Por no sufrir.
Pero sé que seguiré.
Y qué algún día pediré
Por aquel dulce día
Que acabará con esta tristeza mía.
La noche es larga
Y se vuelve vaga.

by DONNA MARTIN, 1966

Fragments

What youth — who, Janus-headed, stooped to fetch
Some cross and saw at once the earth, the stars —
Grown old, cyclopiian, casts no backward glance
To view the future closing in behind?



Alone! This sterile solitude
Is cause for indignation.
How can I, silent, celebrate
This celibate sensation?
Alive — Alone: the paradigm
Of impotent frustration.

by ADELE LASLIE, 1967

The Invalid

THE light that blasts on window panes
And bleaches curtains paler than your face,
Sifts through fabrics, slips into the room —
A milky touch that darkness won't erase.

Sitting bent beside the bed,
I stare at fingers idle on the sheet,
Your covered form which breathes against a weight
In limp release where bed and body meet.

How recently our bed was sand
On beaches, burning underneath the sun
Whose heat was ours until the evenings came,
In silence, slowly, like dream worlds are begun.

But dream worlds change while eyes are closed
In trusting sleep. A spider's web is growing
Around you like a veil the mourning wear;
You weaken daily in the spinning.

by ASTRID VON BAILLOU, 1965

Rebirth Untold

LIKE goblins stretch before a fire,
in banded forms, unloosed,
and gather shape by contrast from behind;
That's I as I leer at
mirrors in those eyes of yours.

A flame can lick the green and
turn to red and grey and black,
like autumn, and your love,
before the snow drops, silent,
and covers cruel, frost-nailed.

So don't come now before
the leaves fall, the wood
is chopped and hauled
to someone's house, and bears
sleep in circles of forgotten warmth.

Wait to scatter ashes in the spring.

by JANE ELLEN LISHNOFF, 1966

Dream of the Mapley Load

THE blanket crisply clung to my new feet
Like yellow grass gravely grooming pink-toed
Puberty. I yanked the pastures to my knee
And saw six children dancing round a tree,
Trunked with wooly dreams which meet
Beneath the freshly sprouting road.

The wood of my dark memories pleated,
twisting furrows. The Night Star sowed
My woods upon a beach. I watched the sea
Roll her growing waves blindly on me.
The six men planted sleepy wheat.
My tadpole turned into a toad.

The wiley winds sunk an angry fleet,
Clouding and crisply cooling my wrinkley-hoed
Meadow — barren feet, wooly scratch, stinging bee.
The six old men mourning effigy,
Covering my desert head with sheet,
Crating away the mapley load.



by SHELLY TURNER, 1966

Three Haiku

BEWARE Spring;
the one in the green tunic
does not always play fair . . .

A tragic death;
he was trampled by
a herd of wild rocking horses . . .

You may find
the phoenix burning in a robin's nest,
ashes in her mouth . . .



by MAUREEN EVANS

Songs of Love and Hate

I.

THREE drougthed tears, maybe four,
Crossed my mind and cheek
When I recalled the horn
Rimmed armor that you wore.

You had always worn it;
And didn't know how soft an eye was,
Or the trust that lets someone
Come close enough to touch it.

My eyes lay naked in a pan,
Preserved. While I watched
Them float, you ran your finger
On the surface. And I ran

To wrest your transparent shield
From you. Somewhere I slipped.
My nails caught your lids and tore
The flesh. Surely they will heal.

By now I hope they are —
But scarred invisibly.
I think mine are. And when
I left you they were raw.

II.

My old rebellious crutch slipped,
And I told you of the hate
That burned my eyes and throat and feet.
I stumbled and despite the heat
You caught me. Nothing less sedate
Than frozen rain could kill the coals.
Yet your fingers felt each seared hole,
Each invisible scar. Articulate
Cool hands spoke silently; I felt,
But did not see. My deaf eyes heard,
And dumbly would repeat each word,
And stop. Their meaning was withheld.
Then somehow I knew. Silence
Stilled my dry eyes to obedience.
Waking, I watched all pretense melt.
Cool, I understood and slept.

by ASTRID VON BAILLOU, 1965

Ne me dites pas de la jeunesse

YOU walk flat-footed, old heart,
and crush the crinkle-yellow into
streets of polished sand, apart
from signals and detours new
and unexpected like the beating of a pulse.

You, the jester of an unsung hall,
the idiot of an unborn soul,
hide beneath my wooden hands, recall
and ring the flat bells and roll
to see the world standing on its head.

You grew senile awfully quick —
within a moment, strung between
the spring and fall, a tick-
tock of someone's clock and one scene
unrehearsed, without a curtain call.

JAMES F. LEDBETTER

Washington and Lee University, '65

Afterthoughts

SHE lit a cigarette and made the morning seem,
eyes low, curtains drawn, nothing less than act of treason.
"You always search for all, for death," she said; "I never knew
that something so diseased could be your aim." Watching
skin grow olive under flame, I knew what morning brings
when honest eyes give thoughts of bed. "No," she said,
putting fingers to my lips, and sadly thought
how hard to say, you know that silence brings reward
but not to leave the thing unsaid — and so instead
she looked and said with eyes, don't you know
I live to feel a harness eased,
smell dead grass in old courtyards, feel nerves flutter
under lack of reason,
hear a dying bird, or know a change of season?

JAMES F. LEDBETTER

Washington and Lee University, '65

Partial Advice

IN THE still light of autumn's plenty
keep apart that part of you
that lives in silences, waits for unasked
catalysts that put an end to games, finish
shuffled parts meant for lesser players
tried against an opportune landscape;
what might be thinking, might be scheming
for the still close, click of winter's finish?

by TOBIAS SMITH

Light-on-Light: Song for a Spot Commercial

EXQUISITE Form
will lift me up
and restore
my figure:

surely Jim and Jack
will follow me
wherever I go,
and I'll dine at Twenty-One
forever.

by PHILIP LEGLER

See How They Run

(three civil rights workers)

THEY came a long way
From Ohio to Mississippi

shot and dumped down
leaving a slight impression
in the mud
leaving a slight impression
in the mind

heard in the wind
moving from town to town
like a storm
in the next county

They came a long way
from Ohio to Mississippi

on a clear evening
remembered
like a chair rocking
after an old man
goes into the house

MICHAEL H. McGEHEE
University of Virginia, '65

Charwoman

(with respect to the theme of *The Sibyl!*)

tenement

five-thirty-five
so humid, hot
(the) river leaks heat.
The room

ignorant on its lot

that

fills with shadows
uneasy and
unable to express themselves
grabbing for some
impalpable thing that
claims
possession.

street-level pane
scattering indifferent and
dusty light
about

elbows of Pipe . . . distant spasmodic
tinkling . . .

revealing the depth of the earth's stillness.

a wicker chair squats beside the watertank
its pressed cushion gently rising
and

a wizened head moves among the shadows.

Light

is an india rubber ball

dry-rotting,
in the corner.

framed in glass,
cold brick, dressed in gray,

sadly gazes upon the courtyard;
a cellar door stands ajar

and
the happy child
throws
his ball
against the
building . . .

the movement in the shadows marks
upstairs protests
of the small one's
bouncing:

(a tv program interrupted),

dismisses with a lingering gaze
as empty as the veins which carry cold blood,
lingering as the flesh which hangs from old bone,
dying as the mind which buries sad memories,
smothering them in loneliness.

crossing the dim veil of light,
the gray hair bends before the chair, again swallowed
by darkness

. . . silence

then

a soundless sensation
muffled thuds

de

scen

ding

through

the

stillness.

footsteps . . . ?

Awareness.

quick sharp raps at
the impersonal iron!

"HEY*"

the rusty door grates,
a red cigarette eye peers
myopically into the
gray sepulchre.

hey, Cibby!

. . . yeh?

hey, y'gotta plunger?

. . . what, y'toilet stuck?

ehh . . . yeah, wife's bitchin

it's stopped up.

. . . mebbe — y'cn fix it?

a fat hand picks

at t-shirt belly

feet shuffle

. . . scrutiny . . .

dunno,

haven't fixed one in a long time

. . . kid's ball

botherin' ya?

. . . well, I was watchin' t- . . . an' . . .

well . . . Christ! he wuz bouncin' it on

my wall!

kids 'been doin' that

f'years

on this street.

yeah? well let 'im

find another wall.

hey,

s'pose'at's how'at

ball got deh, eh?

! . . . ball?

what ball?

. . . uh,

dunno . . .

" . . . smothering them in loneliness."

. . . I think

there's a plunger

in the corner.

yeah? thanks, Cibby,

ya been a real help,

'bye.

through the silence
the weary child returns
up the street, midst other
laughing children;
bouncing his ball
stumbles, falls.

the ball is lost
to the pitiless
Gutter.

night

tenement

ignorant on its lot.



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by MARY PARKE JOHNSON, 1965

QUIET TENURE

THE shade was up and a wide bar of sunlight quivered over a metal ashtray that cast glinting brass reflections over the floor and seat. The train was moving very fast. Outside the landscape changed almost as swiftly as it was passed. An image of two trees like inverted umbrellas, and beside them a smaller one with gently falling leaves, caught her eye and was past in a moment.

The girl made a movement and the bar of sunlight now traced a square pattern over green wall. In an instant, a quick flash of gold caught in the light was gone; while hanging on the air were clinking tones of carved metal. As the coach car gradually filled up with smoke, her movements in the seat became restless and impatient. *Harper's Bazaar* slid elegantly to the floor. Strange how the cover mannikin never altered her expression, but stared out at the ceiling with the same frozen imperturbability. Once more, the shifting motion and grey-green eyes gazed down thoughtfully.

Somebody will come by soon and tell me I've dropped my magazine, she speculated. A safe bet. They're always so conscientious about vastly important things like that. And her hand which should have obeyed the natural impulse, now lay idle through human will in the patch of sunlit green wool.

It was a thin hand with small sharp bones. The fingers were long — over long. Perhaps the nails, tapered as they were, made them seem so. And the thumbs were not beautiful. The cuticle of one was ragged and two small places on it were raw where bleeding had recently stopped. It showed the ravages of concentrated thought.

"Miss, you've dropped your magazine."

"Oh . . . thanks." The smile curved and suppressed the hinted mockery. I told you so, she said to herself.

The hand returned to the sunlit patch and rested there, falling in with the gentle rhythm of the train. And so did she who possessed it lulled as she was, almost to semi-consciousness by the vibration and converging colors outside. For a long while it seemed she mused this way until once again her movements in the seat became restless.

It's stifling in here. God, I hate people who smoke on trains. Always these big fat cigars. Oh, marvelous. I'd give anything to open the window. I could leave, I suppose. But why should *I* leave? Why don't *they* leave? Oh well — so what.

Walking through the cars, she was aware of a pungent odor that surrounded an old man asleep in a corner. She looked at him with disgust and noticed that he bubbled at the mouth every time he exhaled. She smiled contemptuously but was immediately ashamed of herself. At that moment she wanted more than anything to have a blanket to cover him. With a look of ineffable sadness she moved

on to the other cars, matching her steps with the steady undulation of the train until she encountered the aroma of black coffee. The dining coach was empty except for two other people. She sat down in one of the chairs close to a window. A thin vase on the table held some poppy-looking kind of flower, drooping now over the glass rim with an appearance like that of a reproved child. The leaves were mottled with bruising perforations that looked as if someone had been stabbing them with a pencil point.

"Your order, miss?"

"Um . . . tea, please. Hot. And two do-nuts."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

A man seated three tables ahead and across the aisle was looking at her. So what are you looking at, she thought. And her eyes as they met his were angry and defiant until she turned them away. He did not stay very long afterwards and she watched his pants flop against his ankles before he disappeared through the door. An elderly woman, the only other person in the car, was carefully dabbing at the crumbs which clung precariously to the hairs on her upper lip. And the girl noted the proceedings with great attention because she was trying to get into her mind all the things that an old lady did — that her grandmother might do. But here she was going to her grandmother's funeral so it didn't matter and she really didn't give a damn about some silly old woman wiping crumbs off her face anyway, did she?

It would certainly be strange going back. She wondered what it would be like; how the house would be without that presence. How should I act, she asked herself glancing out the darkening window at the reflection of her face. Shall I cry? What if I can't? Then she began to create the scene in her mind. No, maybe she'd better play it without tears and be very restrained — bravely carrying her sorrow. Everyone would say how strong she was then, wonder how she did it, look at her with great pitying glances and squeeze her arm silently. But she must be careful not to appear unnatural about it. Maybe if she just dabbed at her eyes once or twice or something. At this, she looked into her pocketbook to be sure she had a handkerchief. There was only a blue, lipstick-smeared crumple of kleenex — really not at all suitable. She would have to give up the dabbing idea. Yet there should be something in keeping with the mood and setting. And before her rose an image of the house where she had spent those larger moments of her childhood; a place to visit in summer, or spend Christmas, or get well from tonsils. Now looking out of her window on the obscured landscape, she was even more conscious of her own face mirrored there. A clump of hair was slipping from the bobby pin behind her ear and she pushed it back into place, studying with great care the small black hat nesting in the upswept hair-do and the large eyes beneath. Oh, yes. You're looking quite smart and very expensive. But that's part of New York; her part anyway. She could have picked somewhere else to live. But I guess if people keep telling you enough, you really do get to thinking that you're beautiful and talented. Except that you shouldn't always believe everything you hear—like "Of course there is nothing wrong with us." and "No, you won't have to spend the summer in Connecticut again."

The waiter brought the meagre supper and set it before her. The tea sloshed over the edge of the cup and the label on the bag hung limp and soaked on its flaccid

string. To give an interesting quality to her meal, she broke off a quarter of one of the do-nuts and sank it to the bottom of her cup with a spoon until it bobbed to the top all bloated and crumbling. It reminded her of the game she used to play with her soup — soaking up all the liquid with chunks of bread and leaving the mass of vegetables to be eaten last. In her grandmother's house she had been allowed to dawdle over meals like that.

Those visits had the quality of, eventually, dissociating her from her parents for when they were not around to bring her back to them through discipline as in their presence, her mind and spirit met with complete freedom. In their absence there was a kind of gentle, peaceful aloneness like the cool, deeply-feathered greenness of overhanging trees. She could think secret thoughts and create a pattern for them. There was provided for her an environment that her imagination might easily transcend, because the reality of the world at hand was so close to the one she had molded to her pleasure. And always her Grandmother's smiling acquiescence to trailing through the avenue of grapevines in "dress-up regalia — the gray silk hem of a mysterious courtesan's gown swishing over the grass and fallen pine needles, catching now at a thorn, now at some protruding bush — or to winding through the maze of guarded paths, picking Japanese beetles from all the roses, dipping into the folded petals, the prickling, squirming sensation of the captured insects — a nickle for every twenty-five caught and sometimes the large mayonnaise jars were half full. And later she remembered the sinking feeling that came when she was told that she'd have to come home or that another brother or sister was to intrude upon the oriental richness of her existence. Now, she thought taking the last part of a do-nut in her fingers, when she went back there would be much to intrude upon her. She could already sense the changed atmosphere of the house. There would be that unreality of mourning, boring almost, with its tedious stillness. Having to look properly sorrowful and yet grateful for the well-meaning condolences. And there would be none of the warm color inside, for only a few lamps could be on. And tomorrow — tomorrow at the grave it would be cold, but the sun would be brilliant and the trees winking with bronze and red and yellow flutterings. It had been like that when her grandfather died. It was really so awkward trying to be sad while there was such an obvious abundance of life force — yet not for so long that it could be wasted in protracted lamenting for what was gone.

"Miss. Miss."

"Oh . . . yes."

"I'm sorry, but we have to close the car now. The next stop is yours I think."

She heard the name of her destination as a subconscious echo.

"It'll be about ten more minutes."

"Thank you." And she got up to leave, paying her bill, tipping the waiter — all automatically.

Later as the train slowed and halted she peered out the window at the dim faces waiting and the squared intervals of light that were the windowpanes of the station. There was her father by a chained post fidgeting in his overcoat, and because it was raining and because she knew how things would be at the house, she handed down her suitcase to him unsmiling.

Revision 1-14-65



by ASTRID VON BAILLOU, 1965

Bronze Cast

As if sudden spring held the branches taut
for only one moment in its coil of sun
against a platinum sky, we watched blind
before the melting process at our feet.

Three steps across the silver ice
before it cracks, becomes elixir
for the dead but not for you and me;
we reach the bank and watch the frost come back.

You weren't aware of my tin-drum dreams;
the kind that beat alloy
with the falsest stirring of a secret charm
and chased a shadowed form to sleep.

by ADELE LASLIE, 1967

Soliloquy

HOW unlovely it is, my dear,
 To coexist with you,
Harmonious as two feet in tennis shoes
 That joined in prankish knots,
Bind us to a mutual direction.
 Unbalanced when alone,
We sometimes fall together — rebellious.

Kick up your heel, old shoe!
 Heedless, my ever-selfish heart,
You walk on air until I drag you down
 To tumble in a clumsy heap.
We laugh and rise again to recommence
 Our stumbling, forward steps,
As on the ground, the rubber soles grow thin.

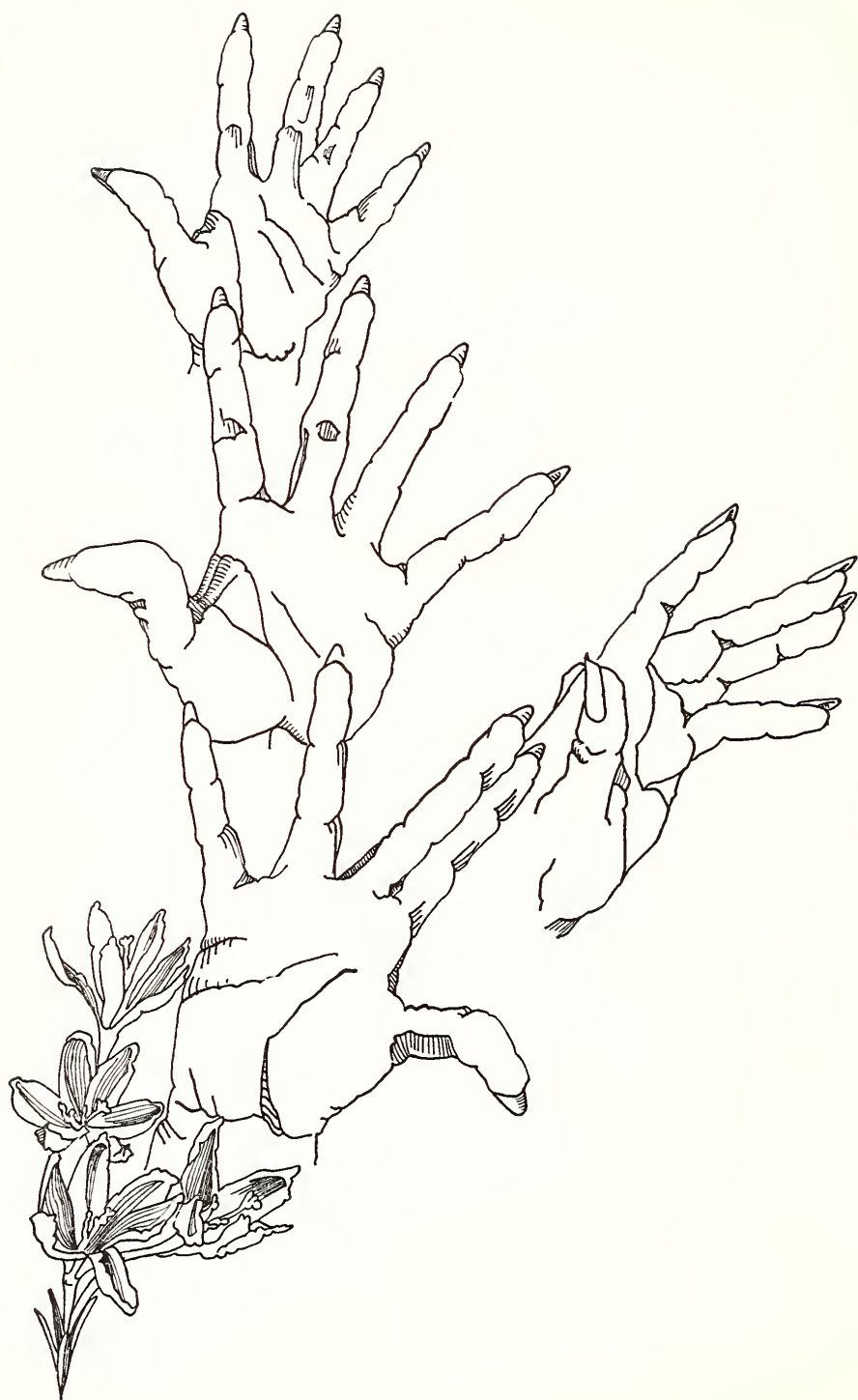
by SHELLY TURNER, 1966

Three Ace Days

THERE are days
When the reason why goes behind a cloud
So that you can't see it,
And unless you'd seen it before,
You would doubt there had ever been one —

Those days
It seems easiest to give up
And just be friends with the fat girl,
Which you almost do
Were not the cloud inconstant.





by PENN WILLETS, 1966

THE GIFT

PAULA slowly inched back the cafe curtains over the sink and peered out the window. The hedge was too high. She pulled open a drawer, and stood on it to climb up onto the counter. Now she could see the back of Oldfields. The high arching windows over there were open now, the sheets over them had been taken down. Someone in a white uniform was scrubbing one of them. Paula closed the curtain a little more. She wondered if that person had to wash all the windows in the mansion; Paula hated doing that job, but at least she had only a couple to do. A van was parked by the back doorway which resembled the entrance to some medieval castle with its black stone archway leading into a courtyard. Huge crates were standing around waiting to be taken through the dark passageway by a crew of men who kept pouring in and out. Paula knew the crates contained china and glassware, at least five of them, since she noticed red and white stickers that resembled "Handle With Care." Two of the men were gingerly carrying immense dress bags out of another truck. They looked terribly heavy. She pulled the curtain apart a little wider and got up on her knees to see how many other bags such as these might be in the truck. Then ten men brought out of the van a grand piano. From her kitchen, Paula could see how its rich cherry wood gleamed from frequent polishings.

Suddenly a tall, distinguished looking man of about forty appeared in the archway. Everyone stopped working as he began to speak, pointing to certain crates and shouting orders. "A smoking jacket on your moving day!" thought Paula. "Well, he doesn't have to do anything so I guess he can wear it. I'd like to get Casey one of them sometime, but that would sure break me for the month. And where would he wear it anyway? Maybe if the Hills come over for Canasta, but Hank always wears those sport shirts with the funny sleeves."

She realized that she still had her eyes glued to the stranger as he turned and went inside. His gray hair made her think of the men in the Sears catalog in their sports jackets, standing around in their sophisticated poses. She wondered where his wife was; probably she was already moved in and was relaxing in lounging pajamas somewhere inside. Paula pictured her as having silver blonde hair, long and curling softly at the ends, tall and very slender with high cheekbones, arching eyebrows and eyes made up perfectly with shadow. She probably knew how to keep the gray out of her hair too.

Paula jerked the two curtains together and for a moment just sat there looking at the sink and coffee cups still sitting there with the egg shells still in them. When she climbed down from the counter she quickly opened a drawer and yanked out a blue-checked smock. It was ragged at the edges and covered with grass stains. Jerking her arms through the holes and savagely tying the sash, she headed out the kitchen door, grabbing a trowel and pair of shears from their nail on the wall.

The yard was small, a plot of neatly-cropped grass surrounded by flower beds where now roses were in full command. Paula smiled as she stood on the back porch and looked at them. Just then she heard the groan of another van laboring up the driveway. Quickly sitting down beside the first bunch of roses, she began

industriously poking at the fine dark soil around the base of the bushes with her trowel, covering up any bare roots two or three times and then patting down the dirt around them with her fingers. She counted her roses — twenty bushes this year! Casey had given her two for their anniversary and she'd planted them just in time. She noticed that soon they would need some more nitrate soil to keep the beetles down, and made a mental note to tell Casey to get it at Brack's because they gave you two sacks for a dollar ninety-eight this week. This spring she had been lucky because the red roses had outnumbered any of the other colors, and they were true reds this year, a deep lustrous crimson. She decided to cut a bunch now before Sammy got home for lunch, for in a day or so the petals would fall. She was in the midst of cutting the last rose when she heard Sammy in the kitchen.

"Hi, son. I'm out here. Come on out!" she shouted.

A stocky, blond haired lad of nine came bounding down the steps and ran to her side. Out of habit he plunked himself down beside her and started looking around for a possible weed he could snatch out of the flower bed.

"Those are pretty, Mom," said Sammy. "You really make the best flowers in the world I think."

Paula laid down the roses and hugged him. She was about to ask him how his morning had been when he pulled himself free, demanding, "Are those new people nice in the big house? I didn't know they were coming so soon. I want to go over and see if there's any kids."

Suddenly Paula got to her feet and handed the bouquet to him. "Wait here while I go get some paper to wrap these in. I want you to take them over there." In a moment she was back and wrapping the long stems carefully in wet newspapers, instructing her son, "Ask for Mrs. DeBuys, I think that's their name. Just tell her these are from the Brents over in the cottage and we're glad they're here, and if they need anything, to tell us. Go in the back way. Run along now. Here, let me tuck your shirttail in first."

From a hole in the high thick hedge she could watch the little figure marching along the path with the bouquet held out in front of him so that the water would not drip on him. He disappeared behind the van and then she couldn't watch him go into the archway. It seemed to her that she stood there for ages, first on one foot and then the other before she saw him running down the path to her.

"Boy, you should see that place!" he panted. "I've never seen so much stuff — pianos and dishes and dresses all over the place all stacked up."

"You gave the roses to the lady then?" Paula questioned eagerly.

"Yep, She was upstairs. The man took me up."

"What does she look like?" demanded his mother.

"She's beautiful — she looks like somebody in the movies! And she is really nice. They gave me some candy."

"Oh, well, she liked the flowers then?" asked Paula quietly.

"Yes, they did a lot. But it's funny, Mom. She—"

"She what?"

"Well, the man took me in her room and she was sitting by the window. He told her I was bringing her the flowers and we live next door. So I went over and held them out to her, but she didn't reach for them. She just sat there sort of staring. The man took them and put them in a vase. She really was happy and said to thank you and then she asked what kind of flowers they were. Boy, I sure don't see how she doesn't know what a rose looks like. Anybody knows—"

Sammy couldn't finish his sentence because suddenly his mother was hugging him so hard he thought he would burst.

by JANE ELLEN LISHNOFF, 1966

The Proud Lover

IT WAS a long slow process, and who would have said,
Meeting that way, in February, with winter's dry
Winds, I'd ever want you. Oh, I was a cocky one, wasn't I?
Buttoned up against you to the last
And always with a half believing eye.
The winter swept by, hurried by,
And I, so proud, remembered the cold nights past,
The dreams of opening to you, catching snowflakes with my head
And thighs, looking at the sky
And kissing your face against all that wonderful black.
And so we kept our separate hearths and kept our inside fires fed.
Now it is cold again. I add another blanket to the bed,
Tie a woolen kerchief on my head,
And place another log upon the fire before the deep
Snows come again, before the dry winds come back
To curl me up in my white flannel and shrivel me to sleep.



by ASTRID VON BAILLOU, 1965

The Harness

YOU offer dreams like virgins
Strung and led before a eunuch's eyes
Whose all attempted sins
Are lost in contemplating only circled schemes.
Admit he screams,

Or are you deaf to me?
In silence I retreat to the centaur
Self which holds the key
To lock the two figures into the alter forms,
To none conforms.

The hoof of my minded soul
Holds the silver nail which you gave
But always runs; a toll
Exacted from the gate at which it scarred starts,
Divided parts.

Don't ask me to go back
And claim the bet you polled on me
For I have coursed the track
Which runs concentrically, always smaller still,
The goal until . . .

by JANE ELLEN LISHNOFF, 1966

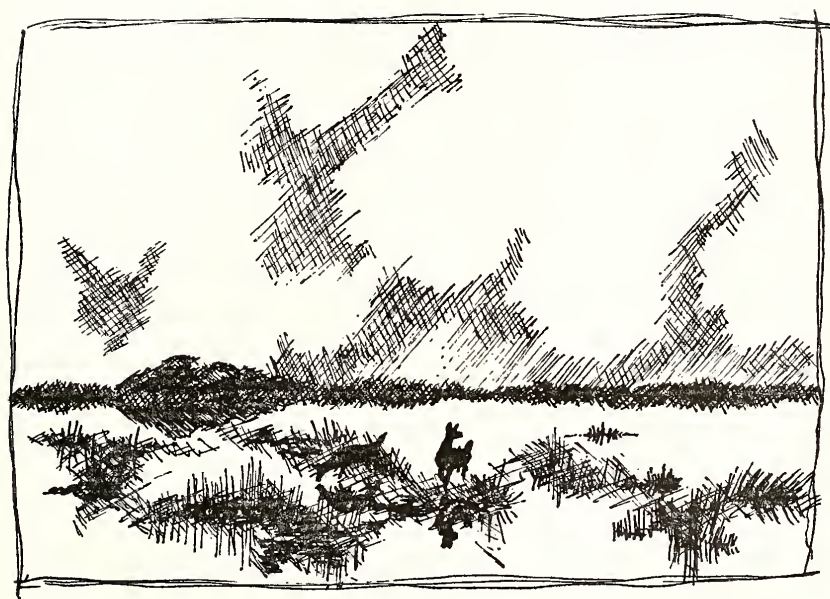
Dream of the Winter Hunt

WINTER came and gathered me
Up in its teeth, biting and blowing
A barked pattern up a tree
I've often climbed. The wind was showing
My skirts print and itch a full flowing
Thigh. The night fire breathed deep
And tucked me away with a warm glowing,
With the last flakes falling and tracked to sleep.

I dreamed I saw the huntsman flee,
Frozen in tracks, scared and growing
More long and lean, stretched from his lee,
On fours, pawing at the hard, unknowing
Pavement, yelping and crying at the tired towing
Of heavy chains, strangling to keep
Warm, losing and slowly lowering
On the last flakes falling and trapped to sleep.

I dreamed I saw a child, on knee
Bent and weighted, fiercely throwing
Snow on a cold bird, free-
ly hiding the unfree thing, not knowing
That the wolves will come, or the frostbite going
Through limbs will get you. Creep
Close to the fire, scared child, going
With the last flakes falling, fast to sleep.

Then morning called me from the deep
Yawning and stretching, with the first cock's crowing
And the last flakes fallen and tracked to sleep.





by SHELLY TURNER, 1966

Crises

AT DINNER they talked
About Viet Nam;
(Eating heartily)
They were so concerned.
Then, disdainfully
Someone extracted
A long black hair from
The creamed potatoes —
What cries of horror!
(And dinner, of course,
Was all but ruined.)

by MARIANNE MICROS, 1965

Despair

I rake,
gather dead remains
of autumn, swear leaves
will stick together
in a sweetless hive.
Each leaf
falls colorlessly,
limply, in a heap,
the unlighted blaze,
dying out, of fall
colors.
This mountain that I
build is unsteady.
Leaves scatter, the mound
blows apart, touched by
a breath,
like a house of cards
easily toppled
by a child's whisper.
I drop the rake, kick
my pile,
take a burning match,
wanting ashes, not
these rebellious leaves
running in the wind.
I leave
them, though, to scatter,
put my rake away,
go into the house,
listen to the wind.

by PHILIP LEGLER

The Lizard

I NEVER knew how to get rid of him.
Nights, sometimes, he crawled in my room
Along the baseboard, his scales flashing in the moonlight;
Once I discovered him sliding out the cold air duct
Like some strange fish whose history
Swam in my dreams, leaving his shadow.

One summer, finding him crouched on the porch railing,
I stared at him to change his color,
Melt him into the splintered wood.
When he sat like a stone, but eyeing me,
I ran and looked in the mirror just to make certain,
Rubbed, three times, my rabbit's foot.

Then returned later, having gained confidence
And a magnifying glass to bargain with the sunlight,
Set him aflame like a leaf or bug.
One day, seeing the dog bark low at the fireplace,
I may have helped him escape, opening
The flue in the chimney the bats got down.

Months after, I found him again and again
But was never positive about his shape or size;
Usually he grew larger, flicking his tail,
Like something you keep to yourself.
Not seeing him for days, I thought he was a frog,
He looked so puffed up. Of course, he was older.

Now I have conquered him, so small a thing,
And publicly announce I have kept him with me
All these years, a secret locked in a closet.
Admitting him, I know he'll diminish
Like a reptile grown in a science fiction movie.
If I tickle his stomach he goes to sleep in my palm.

My Uncle Billy Darrow taught me that,
Just as he taught me to shoot a gun.
But yesterday has a way of swimming upstream,
Bolting the doors or projecting itself on a wall.
It's hard to bring it down to scale:
Even in my hand, he casts a small shadow.

COLD TURKEY

THROUGH a wide valley flanked on one side by the Coastal Mountains and on the other by the Sierra Nevadas flows the San Joaquin River. In the summer the sun fills the valley with the dry heat of its radiant energy. And this is the vital force which produces its abundant crops, for it is a fertile valley. And because of its fertility it has many small farm towns, such as my home — Visalia. A large irrigation ditch or canal flows around the edge of the town. And ever since I've known and probably as long as the canal and the Poplar Road bridge have existed, the kids of the town and the surrounding farms have congregated at the bridge and swum in the murky waters. I, as the rest of the kids, learned to swim in the irrigation water — the lifegiving force of the valley. But I guess I really wasn't aware of the water's importance or really aware of much of anything until one day in August when I was twelve, well, almost twelve.

I was stretched out on a towel near the canal's brink, watching Angie Dickson, sitting cross-legged in the sun and unsnarling her wet black hair with a large comb. The sunlight danced on her smooth wet shoulders and arms in jerky little steps. Looking up, she smiled around a strand of stray hair and asked me when my brother Don was coming down to the canal. Tossing a thick blond braid over my tanned shoulder, I told her that he'd said that he was coming down but that maybe our turkeys had started hatching and he'd had to stay and help. She'd glanced quickly, as though she didn't want to notice, towards the empty road leading to our place. But I had seen her, and when she had realized that I'd seen her, she'd blushed behind the cascade of hair that now swung over one eye; then she sort of glared at me for having noticed. I liked Angie, really I did. Although I guess I really didn't have much choice seeing as she was my older brother Don's girl. Anyway she'd always been nice enough to me. But sometimes I didn't think that Momma liked her very much, because she'd always get upset when Don would come home late and would say that it was Angie's fault. But I guess that was just because Momma always thought that everyone should get to bed early. One time I'd even heard Momma say that Angie was just out to marry Don because he was a college man. But Daddy just told her that she'd been paying too much attention to that old gossip, Mrs. Phipps, and to forget all about it. Actually I didn't see why anyone would want to get married before they started getting real old. But Don said that was only because I was just eleven. I could really feel the sun glaring down on me, like it was trying to melt me into a puddle which it could evaporate. But I didn't start melting and persevered; because all the kids were always trying to see how brown they could get in the summer; and because it was the thing to do.

I wouldn't have noticed Angie quietly gathering her baby oil, sunglasses and stuff, if she hadn't first told me to tell Don that she'd gone home. Then she had folded her legs under her and had risen to her feet. Modestly she had tugged the edges of her suit down over her round bottom and had hoisted her straps. While digging her toes in the dirt, she had said, "It's too hot out here to wait for

anyone." Then she turned and left. Shading my eyes from the sun with one hand, I watched her swing off down the road, the dark rope of her hair swaying in beat with her steps.

Later, when the sun began descending towards the horizon, I scrambled to my feet and, running, plunged into the brown, lukewarm water of the irrigation ditch. I swam furiously to the other side, then leisurely turned onto my back and watched the boys diving off the bridge into the water. The arcs of their lithe bodies were silhouetted against the white sky, cut the smooth surface, and disappeared in an ever-widening circle of ripples. Suddenly someone or something grabbed me by my braids and dragged me beneath the murky waterline. Momentarily I struggled to break free, then submitted, realizing that it was Don and knowing that he wouldn't let go until he was ready and not before. Upon going limp, I was released and allowed to kick my way to the surface. Don soon appeared beside me and, treading water we faced each other.

"Any new turkeys yet?" I questioned.

"Nope, Sis." He answered, squinting towards the shore in search of Angie.

"Angie's gone home. Said it was too hot to wait." I volunteered. Then changing subjects, I challenged him to a race. "Bet I could beat you back across, since I've been practicing."

"Not today, Kathy," he answered. "I got to talk to Angie this afternoon."

"That's all you ever do anymore." I complained. "Talk to Angie. You'd think you were married to her or something."

His expression wilted and became serious. "Now be a good girl." He told me, then added, "you better start home soon. It's getting late."

"Sure." I said, splashing him in the face. He ducked, then smoothly swam back to the bank and climbed out of the water, while I watched.

Soon after he left, I got tired of swimming and emerged from the water. Winding my towel around my waist and anchoring it inside itself, I headed across the fields towards our place, which was a fourth of a mile from the town. I kept my eyes on the ground because the setting sun blinded me and because there were sand stickers in the untended patches of dust between the raisin, cotton, and vegetable crops. Because the heat of the day still blasted up from the ground, even though the sun was setting, sweat trickled down my back and along the backs of my plump legs.

At the ranch, the green patch of grass that was our front yard was being revived by the water being sprinkled by the irrigation system. Momma's pride was her grass, for most of the water in the valley was reserved for crops and washing and such and there was little grass as a result. But being from Louisiana, Momma said she couldn't tolerate it without some grass. I guess she never has really accepted the hot dry climate of our valley, and doesn't really want to accept it.

Going around to the back door, I slung the towel over the clothesline and went into the kitchen where Momma was peeling vegetables.

"How're the turkeys coming?" I questioned.

"Fine. I guess your father and Davey are out in the incubating shed now." she answered. Davey was my younger brother who'd only been nine then.

Looking up, Momma noticed the pinkish tinge developing under my tan and

exclaimed. "Katherine Wilcox, whatever have you done to yourself? You look like an overdone lobster."

"I guess I didn't realize how hot it was." I said, bracing myself for the usual lecture on skin cancer, body oils and all that. But instead Momma just said, "Well, hurry up and change; and then come and get the table set. No telling when we'll eat. Fool turkeys. Worse'n having children born," she muttered, as I swished out the swinging door and into the hallway. The heat and sun had been shut out of the house in the early morning; and it was still cool and dark. I went to my room, changed into some shorts, then flopped across my chintz-covered bed. I lay very still so the stiffness from my lightly-starched blouse wouldn't irritate the warm soreness I was beginning to feel in my shoulders and along the backs of my thighs. I watched a thin line of light creep under the drawn blinds and shimmer in the mirror, then fade.

When I awoke the light was gone; and the clash of voices drifted into my consciousness.

"Don, are you sure?" I heard Momma query my brother. Her voice had risen to the point of cracking.

"Yes, Mom. We're sure!" he answered.

"How could you . . . How could you do such a thing? You'd think at least that she'd taken some precautions or something." Momma continued.

"Now, Emma," said Daddy in a calm business-like tone. "Let's not get hysterical."

"My son has to marry some girl; and I'm supposed to stay nice and calm." I heard her say.

Then I heard Don's voice. "Now Momma, Angie isn't just some girl. She's my fiancée."

"Your fiancée, is she." Momma challenged. Then, there was only the stillness of the evening and the clatter of silverware, as Momma set the table.

I turned over and slowly arose, almost afraid of making the least noise. I sensed that this was a conversation which I shouldn't be hearing. Silently I crossed the room and went to the window, and raised the blinds and then the window itself. Immediately a blast of hot stagnant air seeped into the dark warm room.

Don's voice broke the oppressive stillness.

"Dad, we want to get married a week Saturday. Angie's parents think that would be best. I'm going up to Fresno and try to get a job some time this week."

"Don, are you sure that this is what you want to do," Dad interrupted. "You realize what this means. Don't you? You'll have to quit school. It's quite a responsibility that you are taking on yourself. Maybe we could work something else out, if Angie's parents . . ."

"Dad, I couldn't do that to Angie." Don almost shouted.

"Well, she knew what she was getting herself into didn't she; or did that mother of hers put her up to it just so she could latch onto you." Momma ranted.

"She's not that kind of a girl, believe me!" Don yelled back. He sounded like he was really beginning to get annoyed with Momma. And Don hardly ever gets mad.

Silently I asked myself, "Why did they have to scream when Don was just

getting married?" Then disgusted with their fighting, I slung one leg over the window sill, and then the other, and slid to the ground. As I walked across the yard towards the turkey and chicken sheds and the barn, the powdery earth of the barnyard rose in little puffs around my ankles. I could hear the voices of my parents and brother cutting through the evening, but I could also hear the occasional clucking of the hens in the stillness of their shed.

I went into the incubating room where Davey, who sat on a tall stool with his chin propped up by his cupped hands, was intently watching the incubating equipment. I turned to leave because I didn't want to talk; but he heard me and swung around.

"Kathy, have they finished dinner yet? I'm tired of watching these stupid old turkey eggs." he said, as he wiggled around on the stool.

"Not yet!" I answered.

"Well, then what's all the noise about. Mom's really teed off about something, isn't she?" he asked, tilting his head to one side and squinting through the sandy shock of hair falling into his eyes.

"They're having an important discussion." I volunteered, as I plopped down on a stack of feed sacks.

"'Bout what?"

"'Bout Don getting married." I answered sheepishly.

"Why'd he want to do a stupid thing like that?"

"Says that he's gotta."

"Nobody's gotta get married, do they? Egads, I don't want to have t' marry a stupid old girl ever." he said, as a look of horror crept into his expression.

"Not everyone's gotta get married. Just people like Don." I reassured him.

"Is he marrying that Angie?"

"Yes."

"Gosh, she can't even throw a ball straight."

"Neither can you."

"Yeah, but I'm not grown and she is." he said with disgust.

"O.K., Davey, let's drop it?" I asked. Then I asked him how the eggs were doing.

"Haven't heard a peep." he answered.

Just then a whimper came from the equipment. "Davey, quick, go get Daddy! Right now and hurry." I told him.

If those turkeys were hatching, it was going to be a mess getting them out before they were suffocated. It's like you have a drawer full of eggs one minute and then the next a batch of spastic, bleating turkeys and lots of cracked egg shells. Soon after Davey'd dashed out the door to the house, I heard the sound of running feet in the yard and a second later Daddy breathlessly entered the room.

"Which drawer is hatching?" he asked.

"That one." I answered, pointing; and then I asked, "What shall I do?"

"Stay out of the way." he answered. Sliding out the drawer, he carefully removed a small motionless grey object from a cracked shell. He inspected it carefully.

"Is it alive?" I asked.

"No," he answered; and then told me to go tell Don and Momma to get right out to the shed; and then to go get a box from the egg room. "Go on. Hurry!" he commanded me.

As I ran out the door, I heard the screen door to the house slam. Then I saw Momma and Don coming across the yard towards me. So I went to the egg room and got the box.

When I returned, Don took the box from me and told me to stay out, that I'd just be in the way. So I went outside, where Davey was sitting in the dirt with his back against the wall of the shed.

"Are they dying, Kathy?" he asked in a whimper.

"I don't know. Maybe." I answered.

"Daddy sounded mad." he added, wriggling his toes in the dust.

"Not mad, just worried, I guess." I told him, as I squatted next to him on the ground. "Now be quiet! *Please.*"

About half an hour later. Don came out the door.

"You two'd better come on to the house." he told us, as he walked across the barnyard. We got up and followed him. Davey ran to his side, asking,

"Don, are all the baby turkeys dying?"

"No, They just never lived. Something went wrong with the humidity control and they drowned." he said very quietly. Davey was quiet until we entered the kitchen, when he blurted,

"Don, why you gettin' married?"

"Because I am. That's why. Now you go on to your room and get to bed. It's late." he said.

"Aw, Don."

"I mean it. Now scat."

Davey clumped down the hall to show his indignation and slammed the door to his room.

Don sat down at the table and stared right through me. Because I was hungry and hadn't eaten yet and because I couldn't just stand there, I went to the cupboard and took down two plates. Then I dished up the warm remains of what had been our dinner for Don and myself. (Momma and Daddy would eat when they'd finished cleaning up the shed.) I put the plate down in front of Don.

"Thanks, Sis." he said. "But I'm really not hungry."

"Don, I'm sorry." I said.

"Sorry for what?" he asked with surprise.

"For everything. The folks being mad. The turkeys dying. I wish I could help."

"That's O. K." he said, sliding his peas around his plate with his fork.

Silently I ate the cold peas, overdone ham and soggy potatoes, while Don just sat. Finally he began eating. Well, not really eating, but just sort of shoveling food into his mouth out of force of habit.

"Kathy, how old are you now? I never can keep track." he asked me after he had finished.

"Almost twelve." I answered.

"One of these days we're going to have to have a long talk, little one. Don't let me forget." he said, putting his silverware on his plate, taking it to the sink, and pouring in some detergent.

"Don," I asked hesitantly. "Why're you and Angie getting married so soon."

He fidgeted a little, then he answered, "Because Angie's going to have a baby."

"Oh!" I gaped. "I see, I think."

"No. You don't see. But someday you will." he said viciously above the sound of the water gushing from the faucet. A froth of soap formed under the spout of water. Turning the water off, Don came back to where I was sitting and sat back down.

"Kathy, we've always been buddies, haven't we?" he inquired.

"Sure, Don."

"Try to remember that because people are going to be saying some pretty nasty things. And I don't want you to be hurt, even if they are true."

"What things?"

"Things about Angie and me," he answered, refusing to let his eyes meet mine.

Don didn't say anything more and I didn't understand and didn't want to understand; so I took my plate silently to the sink and started to wash the dishes.

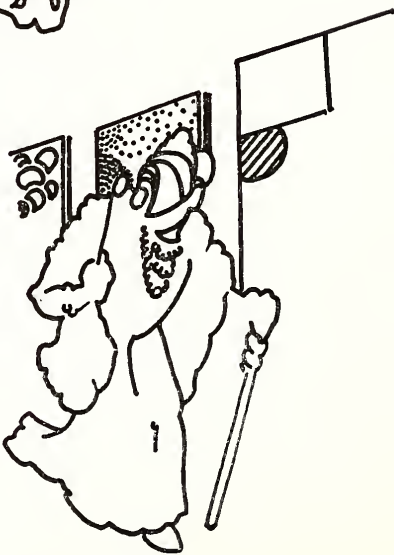
Soon I heard Don get up and walk out the back door. It slammed shut.



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by MARY CANTEY, '1968

WINGS ON HER HEELS

THE slanting rays of sunlight streamed through the long drawing room windows as Madame Dufort became increasingly aware of the nearness of the encroaching cocktail hour. She flicked an imaginary thread of lint from her silk slacks, managing at the same time to steal a glance at her watch. Her visitor droned on. "Maman! Où es tu? Maman!" A slight girl of about seven or eight raced breathlessly into the room and flung herself upon her mother's lap. "Oh Maman! Nous jouait . . ." Madame Dufort pulled her daughter close to her, laughing.

"En Anglais, ma petite, en Anglais!" The child looked up with curiosity, and catching sight of the prim Englishwoman, jumped down.

"I beg your pardon. I didn't know you were here. I'm Gabrielle Dufort."

Madame Dufort looked down at her little girl, smiling. "Gabrielle, this is Miss Trantham."

The child curtseyed. "How do you do."

The guest smiled with one side of her mouth.

"Miss Trantham has opened a dancing school, and says she may be able to take you. We've just been discussing it. Suppose you make the final decision, darling," she said, stroking the child's tousled hair fondly. "Would you like to go?"

Gabrielle's eyes danced. She whirled around. "Really, Maman? Oh, really . . . can I?" The yes in her mother's eyes caused her to jump up, clapping her still baby-plump hands together. "Oh, oh, oh, oh, *oh*!" She laughed, turning around and around, her arms spread wide as if her joy would buoy her up in flight. "I must tell Mimi!" she exclaimed, collapsing on the carpet. But there was no being still. "Can . . . um . . . *may* I wear my new green dress, Maman, and no socks?" She bounded up, clapping her hand to her mouth to suppress the inevitable giggle peculiar to little girls upon the utterance of any news even vaguely fascinating. She hopped on one foot over to the piano and back, all the while singing "Un Flambeau" under her breath, missing only a few words, since it was a Christmas carol. Stopping abruptly, she impulsively raced over to her mother, and flung her arms around her waist.

"When, Maman? When can I go?"

"On Friday, darling. Now," she added mildly scolding, "You haven't said a word of thanks to Miss Trantham." She gently disengaged her daughter's arms from around herself, and gave her a light pat on the behind.

"I should like very much to attend your school. Thank you for inviting me. I'm sure I will enjoy it," Gabrielle chanted mechanically. She glanced at her mother.

z "All right, you may go now, darling. You'd better get dressed. Isn't Mimi taking you out for supper?"

Gabrielle nodded and started out. Then, suddenly remembering, turned back.

"It's nice to have met you, Miss Trantham," then skipped out, whistling gaily through a new space in her teeth.

Through it all, the guest had remained motionless, acknowledging the child's speech and actions with only an occasional sideways smile. She stood now.

"I really must be going; I hadn't realized it was so late." Madame Dufort opened her mouth for a polite objection, but her guest didn't stop. "I've enjoyed talking with you, and Gabrielle is charming. Such an energetic child. I'm sure she'll be an asset to our class," she recited, as they began moving towards the main hall. "Do have her brought early so she can get all the necessary chatter with her friends out of the way before we begin. I always encourage this; it could be distracting otherwise." She paused as she stood in the open door.

"Of course."

"And here is my card should you wish to contact me. We're not listed yet, you know," the angular Englishwoman explained, fishing in her purse.

"Thank you. And thank you so much for coming by. I assure you she's looking forward to it."

"Then we'll see her on Friday at seven-thirty. Fine. Goodbye."

Madame Dufort closed the heavy door and sighed.

"And *that* was when Maman asked me did I want to go and then I said yes, and oh! she may not make me wear socks. *You* won't will you, Mimi?" Gabrielle babbled as she and her young governess walked briskly along the Champs Elysées.

"We'll see," Mimi laughed at the child's contagious enthusiasm. "It all depends on how you behave yourself until Friday." She looked down with a twinkle in her eye. "At the moment, your chances are fair to middling." Gabrielle's eyebrows began to knit themselves into a frown. "What did Madame's guest say?"

"What?" the child shouted above the honking horns.

"I said, what did Miss Trantham have to say?"

"Nothing much, I guess," Gabrielle reflected. "I don't think she said anything. I don't like her!" she announced, stealing a glance at Mimi's face.

"Gabrielle, I'm ashamed of you! Of course you do," Mimi scolded as they turned off the noisy avenue. "She had the kindness to visit Madame to invite you herself, and heaven only knows how long you've been after everybody to go to dancing school. Now not another word about it!"

Gabrielle whispered "sorry" in an inaudible voice. They walked on in a silence which was soon interrupted by a fresh-faced young sailor's admiring whistle at Mimi. Gabrielle giggled profusely upon hearing it, then waiting a discreet second or two, turned around to peer wide-eyed at him. Mimi pulled her along.

Once they reached the Bois de Boulogne, Gabrielle could not stay still. All through supper she was up and down out of her chair, and her meal was hardly touched due to her constant chatter. She even squirmed during the evening puppet

show. Mimi did not reprimand her seriously that evening and as a result, the child remained gay, agreeable and active until at last, in the cab going home, her head grew heavier and heavier, falling at length against Mimi's arm.

Gabrielle awoke later in the night as the sound of talking and laughter filtered into her room from the main hall. Her parents must have been coming in from the party. She rolled over to sleep again, but the bright moonlight bothered her and her excitement about Friday was rejuvenated. So she lay there listening to the voices. Papa's — strong and deep, but always laughing, teasing. Maman's — soft, so soft, soothing and caressing. How beautiful they were! And how proud she always was to be with them. When she grew up, she was going to be just like Maman — always the most sparkling and beautiful woman at the party, laughing musically with everyone, and whirling across a dance floor as lightly as a swan might. Gabrielle sighed and became aware of the silence in the house. "They must have gone to bed," she thought, but still she could not sleep.

The floor creaked as she stepped upon it, and her long white flannel gown just swept it as she tiptoed out of her room, being careful to avoid the other noisy boards which she knew so well. Down the long hall and up the staircase to the third floor she crept, silent as a spectre, until she reached the old musician's balcony over the ballroom and nestled into the familiar corner. The moonlight sparkled in the room, even glancing off the tip of the second chandelier, making Gabrielle think of the many nights those chandeliers had blazed brilliantly on the fairyland of silk, satin, laughter, music, and flying feet below. No one had ever suspected that she watched it all, nor could they imagine how very much she longed to be down there among them. Her mind began to wander, skipping from one party to the next, until they all blended together into a sparkling fantasy, and she was asleep.

The remainder of the week dragged for Gabrielle, and she was constantly asking Mimi, the cook, or her mother how long it was till Friday. She had painted such a glorious picture to all her schoolmates that Miss Trantham was besieged with pleas to "admit my daughter." And although few little boys (if any knew about it) informed their mothers of Gabrielle's good fortune, the women heard the news via the grape vine, and added their applications to the deluge. Gabrielle had had every stitch of clothing she intended to wear laid out on a chair since Wednesday, and would have dressed then had Mimi, who had by now become somewhat exasperated, not become short with her.

At last it was Friday! Madame Dufort, at her wits' end, sent Gabrielle out for a walk with Mimi, but walk, run, play as she might, Mimi couldn't tire the little girl. Her store of questions was inexhaustable. What time would they leave? How long would it last? Would there be many people there? The steps wouldn't be hard to learn, would they? Would Miss Trantham be fussy? Apprehension seeped into her excitement to such an extent that she was barely able to gulp down the light supper which had been prepared for her upon their return, but she managed somehow, and raced upstairs to get ready over the exclamations of the cook that she would surely die of indigestion on the dance floor.

"Such a flurry and to-do!" Madame Dufort laughed, coming in in the middle of her daughter's excited dressing. She sat down on the bed, radiant in a long, pink heavy-satin gown. "Darling, Papa and I would love to take you tonight —

your first night — but there is a new play opening, and we are expected, really obligated, to appear. I hope you understand." Gabrielle's face fell. "I'm so sorry. But I've brought my favorite perfume for you to wear. Come here." The sparkle returned to the child's eyes as her mother dabbed ever so tiny amounts of her lightest cologne on her neck and wrists, knowing it would fade away in a half-hour.

"Pardon me, young lady, but have you seen my daughter?" M. Dufort asked, completely poker-faced, from the doorway.

Gabrielle laughed. "It's me, Papa! *I'm* Gaby."

"Ma foi! This sophisticated young woman of the world, *my* daughter? You can't fool an old fool."

"But it is, Papa," Gabrielle said delightedly, "I'm just dressed up."

Her father turned her around. Well, I believe you're right. I'd never have guessed!" He hugged her. "In that case, I can give this to you." He took out a small jewelry case which she tore open excitedly, her eyes wide upon the sight of a gold circular bracelet. He took it out for her, showed her the inscription on the inside,

"I know how it feels to have wings on your heels . . ."

Love, Papa

October 16, 1964

and clamped it around her wrist. She threw her arms around his neck, and he kissed her, murmuring, "Be brave, little girl," and rose to wait outside the room as his wife kissed Gabrielle goodbye.

The car drove up to the front door of the reconverted home and Maurice came around to open the door for her. She kissed Mimi and got out, looking back at her with an expression of utter fear. Mimi smiled encouragingly and she went in. The large entrance hall was brightly lit and filled with chattering boys and girls, some older, some younger than she, but in the swirl of hellos, gossip, and giggles of excitement, she didn't really feel like talking. There was a knot in her stomach or something.

Her best friend, Suzanne, was talking to her. "Gaby, I've been looking for you. I tried to call you before I came, but the line was busy. I was so excited! Gosh what a pretty bracelet. It's not new, is it? Oh, poor Yvonne — there was no more room when her mother called, and she's just *dying* to be here. Maybe we can go see her tomorrow, and tell her about it."

Smiling weakly, Gabrielle mumbled something about putting her coat away and pushed her way to the cloak room where she remained, wandering nervously among the hanging wraps, until she heard a shrill woman's voice summoning them in. She obeyed. Inside the large former-ballroom, the children milled around confused until Miss Trantham reappeared, dressed in a saggy beige lace dress, blew a whistle, and piercingly instructed the girls to sit on one side and the boys on the other. Gabrielle tried to sit by Suzanne, but the seats on either side of her were taken, and she had to sit by Étienne Arden, whom she despised. The whistle sounded again.

"Quiet, children! Now! Everyone cross your feet . . . *not* your legs . . . your feet. There! That's better. We will always maintain this position when we're sitting down. Is that understood? Now, I would like to welcome you to our class . . ." and she droned on, carried away by her own description of the beauties of dance. The children began to squirm restlessly, shuffling their feet,

giggling and punching each other until another middle-aged lady, fingering her watch nervously, came up to report that the pianist and violinist were ready. Miss Trantham came to and launched into another description, this time of the box-step, which would be their first undertaking. She and her companion demonstrated. "Now! When I blow the whistle, I want all the young gentlemen to go over and choose a partner, 'we'll practice a few steps, and then the music will begin."

The scream of the whistle caused the little boys to leap to their feet, but once there, they appeared not to know exactly what to do with themselves and ambled lackadaisically over. Gabrielle prayed she would get a partner. She did, though she didn't know him at all. Almost before she realized it, they were out on the floor, stumbling through the trial steps, and in time to the music, they were even more awkward. She would get better as time went on, she reassured herself. When the music finally stopped, she longed to sit down; she'd not said a word, other than "Oh, dear" and "I'm sorry" since they'd begun dancing, and she could think of nothing now. The knot in her stomach tightened, and her hands perspired.

"Change partners, please." Jean-Paul Jourdan came up to her shyly. She had played with him in the park several times last spring and now managed a smile. But as he took her hand, he seemed to draw back from its clamminess, and she felt herself blushing. They moved to the music like wooden dolls — stiffly, artificially. It was all wrong to her, and she felt confused and out of place. She stepped on his feet and as he winced, she looked at him meekly and apologized, but it kept happening. She hated herself and began watching her feet to see if that would help and to avoid meeting his annoyed gaze. The whistle screamed out, and Miss Trantham rushed over to them.

"Do not . . . absolutely *do not* . . . ever look at your feet. You must seem unaware of them, as if they didn't exist at all." The music had stopped and the whole class turned to look at them. Jean-Paul's ears grew brilliant red, and Gabrielle felt her own cheeks becoming hotter and hotter. Miss Trantham pulled at her arm. "And girls, rest your hands lightly, *lightly* on your partner's shoulder and hand. Don't drag him down!"

The steady beat, beat of the piano drummed again through Gabrielle's aching head, and more self-conscious than ever, she stumbled in time to it, concentrating all her strength on fighting back the tears. The music stopped and began again, stopped and began again, and again, and there were new partners, some she knew and some she didn't and sometimes there weren't any at all, and she'd have to dance with another girl or Miss Lambert, the assistant. She burned with shame. "Be brave, little girl" echoed in her ears, and she tried to be. The shrill whistle cut through her misery.

"Now class, we will line up for the Grand March, after which punch and cookies will be served in the drawing room which is to your right as you go out the door. Each of you will remain with your present partner, take your place in line just outside the door at the end of the room and follow Miss Lambert and me in. Wait! Not yet. First we shall demonstrate." And with exaggerated majesty, they swept down the length of the ballroom, turned, and glowing with self-satisfaction, retraced their steps.

"Did you all see? Now. You are to proceed out the door, not breaking formation until you are well out into the hall. Now I don't want any pranks. Regality, stateliness, smoothness are the key words."

Murmurs of apprehension accompanied the children out of the room. Unable to speak over the tightness in her throat, Gabrielle appeared to be absorbed in finding a place in the line, and moved forward rigidly clutching her unfamiliar escort's arm as if for support.

"Smoothly, smoothly," Miss Trantham called as the child passed before her, and Gabrielle blushed and hurried outside where she broke quickly away from her partner to rush to the punchbowl. The cool spicy liquid slid around the heavy lump in her throat, and she gulped it down quickly, extending her arm immediately for another glass.

"Gaby, Gaby!" Suzanne was excitedly tugging at her arm. "Gaby, come over here; I've got to tell you something."

Gabrielle followed her gladly, elbowing her way through the crowd to a less populated spot where Suzanne stopped and held her breath dramatically. Finally in a rushed whisper she confided, "Gaby you'll never guess. You'll just never guess who's been asking me to dance."

"Who?" Gabrielle queried conspiratorially.

"Marc — Marc Grosjean — three times! Do you believe it?"

"Marc Grosjean! No! You're so lucky. When?" Gabrielle forced the proper degree of envy and admiration into her voice, disguising her jealousy and the memory of her own lack of partners.

"Well, the last time was just now — for the march. Oh I never dreamed he would! He's two years older than us, you know."

"Yes."

"Oh Laurette . . . Laurette!" Suzanne waved to a tall girl at the edge of the crowd. "Come over here for a minute."

As the stranger flashed an I'm-coming-as-soon-as-I-can-get-out-of-this-mob smile, Gabrielle murmured "excuse me" and rejoined the crowd around the punchbowl, maneuvering her way through the jostling, laughing children for a refill. Moving with the brimming glass presented greater difficulties, however, and before long, one of the overeager children knocked against her in the fight for refreshment. Gabrielle was just able to stop herself from falling sideways, but the punch spilled all over her dress and that of Étienne, standing nearby.

"Ohhh!" shrieked the offended child. Look! Just look what you've done! My dress is ruined . . . all over me . . . You clumsy . . . Just look!"

The crowding children stood back as Miss Lambert came with a cloth, but Gabrielle didn't move or speak as her own and the other girl's dresses were patted as clean as possible.

"Please move so we can get the glass up," someone said, and she walked dumbly towards the ballroom and the piano. Sitting down automatically, tense and painfully embarrassed, she began to pick out the right hand part of her last recital piece. The blood pounded in her face, and she wished fervently that someone — anyone — would come over and begin to talk.

The whistle shrilly began the second half, and she moved through it mechanically, her head swimming, her feet heavier than before. There were fewer partners now, and no conversation. Then suddenly, everything blended together in a wild, swirling, unending nightmare, almost as if she had lost consciousness.

The fine, misty rain cooled Gabrielle's cheeks as she stood outside, waiting

for the car. She didn't remember how or when she'd gotten out there, who had helped her with her coat, or really anything that had happened in the last hour. Everyone else seemed to have gone. She closed her aching eyes, opening them again only when she heard the screech of brakes by the curb. Maurice lept out and opened the door.

"Mademoiselle, you'll catch cold. You shouldn't stand out here like this. Now get in . . . I'll turn up the heat."

He hurried her into the car, and went around, mumbling to himself. No Mimi. Gabrielle said nothing, but the ache inside her seemed to grow more intense. She leaned back. The car was warm, and her face burned again. Slowly, she became aware that they were moving. Lights flashed by — multicolored neon signs, street lights, car lights, traffic lights. Tonight had made her hate them. She shivered. The gold bracelet felt cold on her arm, and touching it slowly, she sighed and slid towards the window. The rain ran down the glass, and pressing her hot face to its soothing coolness, she stared out at the gay and brilliant city.

by MARY CARY AMBLER, '1967

Goodnight, My Love

THROUGH the dank surface of darkness
In a shiver of silver
Stillborn silence sleeps
The first frost.

by SHELLEY TURNER, '1966

Once in the Tinsel Forest

ONCE in the tinsel forest,
You have a choice
Of hearing out oracles
And pearl-casters
Who have been the denizens
Of no place else,
Or sitting on a hummock
Under a tree
And writing with your fingers
In the dry dirt,
Recalling what they told you
When you were young —
If you just stay in one place,
Someone finds you.

by JANE ELLEN LISHNOFF, '1966

Somewhere Between the Dead Squirrel and the Rosebush

"GIVE me the content life," he said,
Crossing his legs, eating his morning cereal,
Spreading the news, like a used napkin, in his lap.
"A few kids, a clean home." "That's all?"
I said, lighting a cigarette, putting in the toast
And yawning the sleep out of my eyes. "Is that all?"

The morning strained and fed our hungry life.
The *Daily* read, "Young woman sacrifices self
To mouth of East River." "Ridiculous," he said.
"Reason: starved and thwarted lover."
"Disgusting," he said, pleating his soft head,
Playing with the egg still left
In his bridge, blowing his nose into the dead
Face — not letting it digest, but fall, head first,
To the pit of it all.

"After the morning, the cleaning and the bath,"
I said, "I will create something beautiful and silent,
Like the young girl, I will, after the tea
And the talk, bury her, my faithful dream,
Somewhere between the dead squirrel and the rose bush."
"Is that all?" he said. "That's all."

by PHILIP LEGLER

God with a Broom

HAVING fallen from grace
Down the flue,
It rose out of the fireplace
Not a true

Phoenix, more like a mouse,
Crawled up the shovel,
Hunched in its little face
The kind of evil

Found in today's newspaper.
Then it opened
Wings (there was no vapor)
And darted, stiffened

Against the curtained air.
It must have heard
My feeling for it there —
Almost a bird

Dropped in our livingroom
That caged and held it.
I chased it with a broom
And swatted, felled it.

Its wings withdrew, let go.
I'm sure I needn't
Convince you that I know
A bird from a rodent.

by KATE DELANO CONDAX, '1968

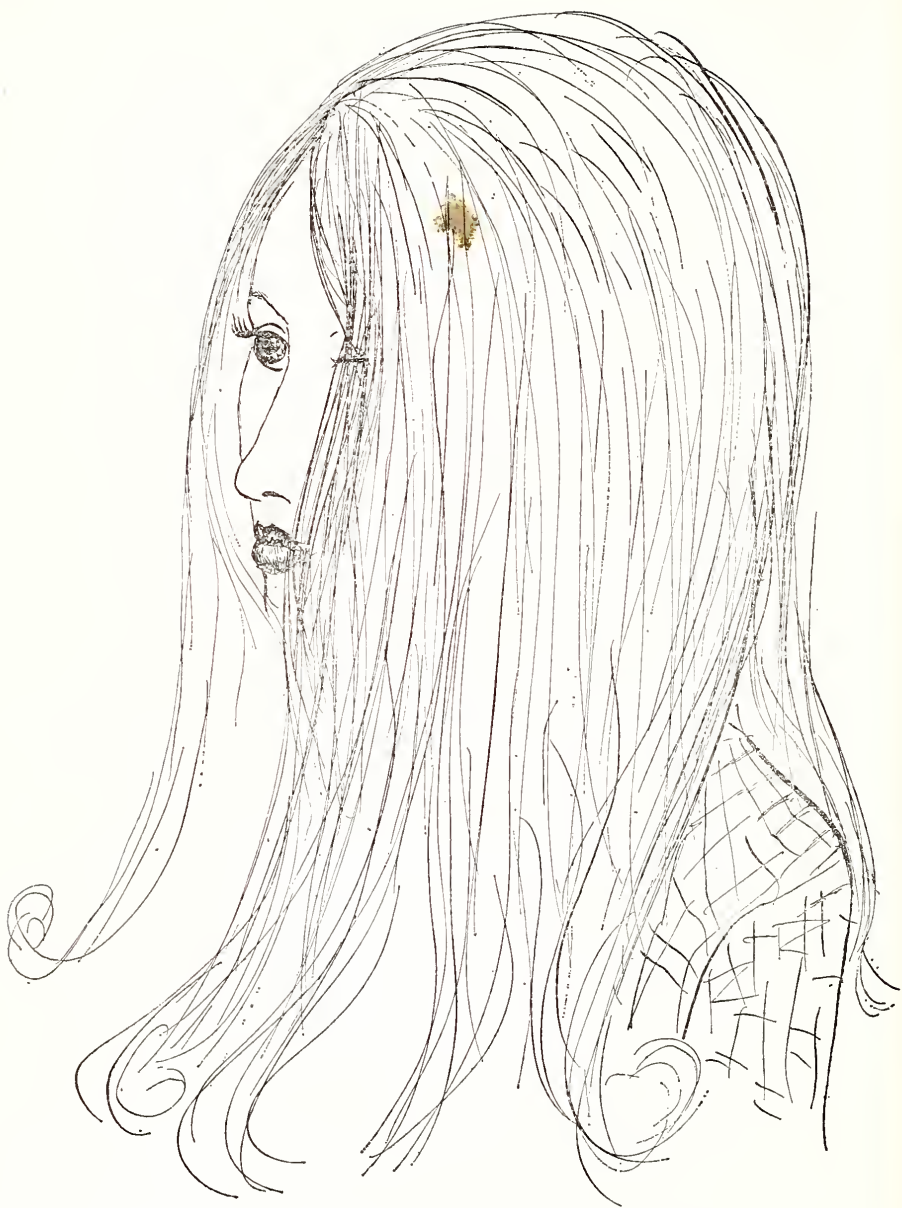
A Walk in the Country

LAST winter these wide fields were hard and bare.
Climbing old stone walls, I've walked today
Where stifled fields lie hot with fallen hay
And scuffed-up dust clings to the cloudless air.

Rich smell; I crush ripe apples underfoot.
Last winter I was sure the buds would grow —
Each branch, then but an incline edged in snow
Now bends beneath the weight of heavy fruit.

Wild eyes meet mine — a brown doe leaps to flight.
An instant's meeting; then a shadow, gone.
Still bounding by her side, a well-grown fawn;
Twin tails up-turned, two fleeting bobs of white.

Loudly the mockingbird sings from the lime,
And weeping willows wait for summertime.



M. Hickman

People Should Be Able to Tell

HE WAS walking a little ahead of her as they went up the stairs and into the hotel, hand in hand. She hesitated at the door, but only for a moment when he looked back at her once with a smile. The lobby of the old hotel was dark and nearly deserted except for a few old men who sat hunched in corner seats in the shadows, riffling slowly through old newspapers while staring straight ahead. Perhaps they noticed the young couple walking up to the desk, and wondered if the girl could be twenty yet with her long brown hair swept back behind her ears, tied with a yellow ribbon, and the fresh rosy face with the wrinkle of a frown beginning. And perhaps they didn't notice at all. Elaine was wondering if they thought she was coming here to sleep with Brad — upstairs in some musty little room with a dirty window and one big bed with blankets people had burned holes in. She tried to look straight ahead at Brad's shoulder as they walked toward the desk. Her lips felt dry and she swallowed several times. She hoped they didn't really think she and Brad were going to do it. Did she look like the type who would? No, people were always telling her that she looked fifteen and still had that "innocent look." Brad was talking to the man at the desk. But what was the "innocent look?" Did she have it now? Did these human fixtures around the room notice it? Brad let go of her hand as he signed the register. He wouldn't look like the type, would he? Her grandmother was always saying he had such a clean-cut look, with his neat black hair, clear complexion and limber, tall build. He had gone to Andover — he had that certain look about him — people should be able to tell.

"You want a double bed, I take it?"

Elaine stiffened behind Brad as she waited to hear his reply to the clerk, her eyes glued to a bulletin board that told about church services, reading it again and again.

"Whatever you've got — least expensive."

Elaine wanted him to say "single bed"; she knew what the clerk was thinking as she stole a glance at him. He was smiling in a terrible way, his two gold front teeth mashing down on his bottom lip, biting, his chubby hands raking in the money Brad had put down. Suddenly Elaine found she was wishing she wasn't here at all, that she didn't have anything at all to do with this scene being acted out. How ridiculous, though, when they'd been planning this weekend in Washington all term. It was going to be fun, of course it was. And this stupid clerk doesn't matter at all, she told herself.

"C'mon, we're going up in the elevator now, honey,"

"Oh-uh-oh. You sure you—"

"Yes, I'll just leave this bag off. We'll come right down."

Elaine took his hand and wondered if he could feel how hot her palms were. She wanted him to say "We'll come right down" again, louder. They were following a fat porter in a shabby tan uniform towards the elevator. This was all wrong, this is what happened when she was with her parents at a hotel. Why couldn't Brad carry his own suitcase? She didn't like having the porter in the elevator, but at least they were the only people in it. What was he thinking, his broad black face passively watching the lights on the floor numbers flash on and off. Then they were walking down a narrow hallway, but at least it had a carpet and wasn't dark, as she had pictured it. Brad squeezed her hand as they stopped by a door and the porter fumbled for a key. Suddenly Elaine realized that they were waiting for her to enter first. How silly — here. Gingerly she stepped into the tiny room. It was stifling hot. The porter went to the windows, at least there were two of them, and they didn't look as dirty as she had pictured them. The room was painted white, with some old Chintz curtains of a faded green, and a bed with a yellow spread that took up most of the space. Brad was tipping the porter and he was leaving, muttering, shutting the door. What was he thinking — would he talk to the other porters downstairs?

"You're scared, aren't you honey? You really are." Brad had his arms around her and it felt good to lean against him. They hadn't had a chance at the station, and anyway, they didn't believe in that sort of thing in public.

"Well, I guess I am," she murmured against him. "I've never — we've never been like this. You know how I am." She remembered how she had always refused to let him get her a room at the Holiday Inn when she visited him at college. It just never seemed right, even though everyone else was doing it. Her parents — that's why she told herself she didn't want to. If they knew — right now — but she and Brad were leaving in a moment; she'd just come up while he left off his bag, and she was staying at the YWCA.

"I've missed you."

"Yes, a lot Brad — I have too. Looked forward —" Brad was guiding her towards the bed.

"No, really. We've got to go downstairs right now, I mean it," she murmured, and was faintly conscious that she wasn't saying it very loudly. It was just like she had always pictured it — having an affair, that is. They weren't alone, though, everyone knew — everyone knew they were up here, downstairs they were all chuckling about it, the porters and the old men in the corners. It suddenly occurred to her that if she had kept her hands in her pockets they might have thought she was married. But she looked too young — everyone knew. But she wanted Brad, wanted him to kiss her and hold her the way he did when they were completely alone, which wasn't very often. Now they were — the door was locked, the people downstairs — she'd never see that clerk again or the fat porter's bland black face.

"Just five minutes, Brad. We really . . ."

She loved him and she wanted him as he wanted her and told her so; she found she was in his arms on the bed, and she didn't want him to stop kissing

her. She knew five minutes, three times five minutes had gone by, and Brad was telling her he loved her the way she liked him to, whispering. To Elaine it all seemed a dream, his weight on her and the pounding of her heart. It was pounding so hard that she felt it must be there in the room with them, making everything throb. Was this the time — was it going to happen? They had talked about it now for three years, three years at least. How easy it would be — right now — there's nothing to stop . . .

An hour. She was sure that they had been there an hour. That would make them think — downstairs.

"Brad, we really should go."

"Yes, you're right. Say, you're shaking again. It's all right. You're funny, Lane" Brad sat up on the bed and looked down at Elaine, her flushed face among the rumpled pillows was anxious, tense, her hair wet with perspiration at the edges of her forehead, her eyes sparkling, frightened. She got up from the bed slowly, not looking at Brad and walked into the bathroom. It was like in *Marjorie Morningstar* — she remembered something about the girl in a man's bathroom . . . afterwards, washing her face. The cold water felt good. She took one of the tiny bars of guest soap, unwrapped it, and washed her face vigorously.

"Brad, what are you doing?"

"Changing my shirt. We're still going to the National Gallery, aren't we? It's open till five."

"Yes. Good. I really want to see that. Especially Rhisdale. We studied him so much first semester. Mom and Dad will be glad to hear that we went to the gallery. There's a concert there later tonight — Debussy. We should go."

As she spoke, Elaine was looking out of the bathroom window at another building directly across, very close. It was a drab brick structure and some of the windows had no curtains. She wondered if it was a hotel. Suddenly she saw two people standing at a window, a man and a woman. Their window was slightly higher up and in a moment they would look down and see her. They were young, the man in his undershirt and the girl with something bright pink and gaudy arranged around her sloppily. They were standing very close together, and the man had his arm around the girl; this was all that Elaine could see. How can they stand at the window like that? She pulled the curtains together quickly.

"Elaine, what's taking you so long?"

"Nothing. I'm coming." She carefully combed her hair into its usual sweep behind her ears, but it wouldn't stay, since it was still damp and curled into tiny wisps around her face. Otherwise, she was quite satisfied with herself after putting on some lipstick and arranging her thin strand of pearls around the collar of her blouse. She looked as though nothing had happened, no one would be able to tell anything. She would look very sophisticated, very casual as she walked out of the hotel, and she would not look at anyone. Soon they were walking through the lobby, Brad tall, cool and neat in his black topcoat with Elaine, calm and serious, bundled in her fur coat, her eyes a clear stony blue gazing straight ahead. She was thinking that her grandmother would be proud of how they both looked — especially Brad — he certainly had that Andover look today — people should be able to tell — she had just been with him while he dropped off his suitcase, and now they were off to the art gallery, especially to see the Rhisdale landscapes.

by SHELLEY TURNER, '1966

The Quality of Mercy

WHEN she was a little girl
It was just her way
To always
Pick up wounded birds,
Even though
They were ungrateful,
Trying to escape her hand.

Continually wresting
Sparrows from the cat,
Even when
They died (which they did),
She said that
What mattered most was
Someone had tried to save them.

Yet, when one regained his strength
And the time came to
Release him,
Parting was so hard
She wished him
In her hand again,
If only to bury him.

by JANE ELLEN LISHNOFF, '1966

When I Was Ten

WHEN I was ten

I ate worms, slept with spiders, and made friends
With the local cowboy, fireman, and sooth slayer
Who happened to live on my block. I can remember when,
On all night campings out in the jungle (of Central Park),
Joe, my Indian friend, and I
Stole the enemy's gig and sacked the harbor,
Not for the loot, mind you, but just because
An enemy must be stopped.
It's like hating string beans or girls
Or peeing in the fat guy's yard, (when he isn't looking).

When I was fifteen

I joined a band of gypsies who happened to be passing through
The downtown area. With a carefree glance and an old pack
There I was, roaming the lovely countryside,
Still looting, eating someone else's beans,
And spoiling the land for miles.

Now I am twenty

I eat scrappings of this and that, sleep with the local
Cowboy, fireman, sooth slayer, (who ever happens to be on the block).
Lost in the jungle of my fifth story nest, I can't remember
When I last paid rent, visited the dentist, or had my urine checked.
But I get on, eating beans, kissing the fat guy,
And letting the enemy get away with it.

by PHILIP LEGLER

Autumn Evening

DARKNESS is coming,
the hills
lifting their paths
to silence:
woods speak louder
than words —
our heads are
in the sky.

Down to the bone
our fingers
graze the valley's
weedseed;
a wind blows
over the land
and we have
left our yard.

Darkness is coming,
the hills
lifting their paths
to silence,
like touch
before anything's said
we feel
the afterdusk.

by MARY CARY AMBLER, '1967

A Plastic Wreath for the Cemetery

SECRETARIES, clerks, janitors and foreman
Rush the terminal before the dank night sets in.
Salvation Army with its seasonal Claus
In prostituted trou, draws
People harping for a bit of honey.

In disappointment damning an unseasonal sun, he
Practices cats cradle having outgrown dradle.

A humanized horn's Sugar Daddy Blues clocks
Winter with a series of quicksilver shocks.
"When Daddy comes, smile, light the candles—"
The warmth from an unborn ember.

From semi-crossed brows Jakey finally loves,
"Mommy, why should the grass turn green in December?"



Awaken Come Morning

IT WAS when I was nine and my brother Robbie was eleven that we first went over to Fulcher's Lot.

I'd never seen Ol' Man Fulcher and I hadn't seen but one of his kids. The boy I knew was named Bertie, and all I knew about him was that the boys at school said he was a dirty fighter. I guess they were the right ones to say about that, since they used to fight with him an awful lot. What I thought about him was that he was pretty messy looking and that he was the one who always got sat down first when we had spelling bees.

My father was a Major in the Air Force then, and Robbie and I lived in Virginia with Mama. Every weekend she'd leave us with the Egons, our neighbors next door, and she'd go to visit Daddy where he was stationed. I guess because Mama was away was why we went over there in the first place. Now when I think about it I sort of wonder.

It all started when Mama saw Robbie and Joey and Mason Egan walking home from school on one side of the street, and Bertie Fulcher on the other. Bertie was going along by himself without saying anything, but Robbie and Joey, Robbie's best friend, were calling him chicken and daring him to cross.

"Ya, ya, Lousy Chicken won't even cross the road. Chicken Chicken Chicken. What're you afraid of, Chicken? Afraid of being on the same side of the road as decent folk? White trash! Lousy Chicken!"

Robbie and Joey could get real mean when they wanted to, and I was surprised that Mason wasn't going along with them, since he was worse than both of them put together. I found out in about two seconds why he kept his mouth shut.

"Robert, you and Joey get in here this minute." Mama was as mad as a wet hen, and they both came. They knew better than to walk slow when she was saying Robert instead of Robbie. They came into the kitchen where I was, and I followed them onto the porch where Mama was sitting. Right then I was glad that it was Robbie's full name she was using, and not mine.

Robert, why were you and Joey making all that noise out there?"

"What noise, Mama? We were just walking home from school."

"Don't give me that. Why were you tormenting that child?"

"We were teasing him, Mama. We were just kidding. We didn't mean any harm."

"You didn't mean any harm. Well what else could you mean with three against one?"

Nobody answered.

"You are not to taunt that boy. You don't have to be friendly with him but you must be civil to him. He's only a child. He can't help it that his name's Fulcher." Mama was very serious but she wasn't mad anymore. "Do you understand me, Robbie?"

"But Mama . . ."

"Do you understand?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Joey?"

"Yes, Mrs. Warren."

And that was all she said.

On Friday morning before we left for school, Mama told us all the usual stuff about how we should be good at the Egans' and be polite and have good manners and go to bed on time and not act up and most of all, not torment Bertie Fulcher. Then she made sure that we'd laid out our clothes that we wanted her to take over to Egans' after we'd left. She never said anything to us about Fulcher before, so I guess that's why it kind of stood out from the rest of the orders that morning.

At school that day Robbie's class was playing kickball on the blacktop when my class had free play. That was in the morning and it was kind of windy and you could hear things over longer spaces because of the wind. I heard Robbie and Joey and the other boys yelling like mad so I went over to see what was so exciting about the whole thing. Mason Egan had just gotten on second base and Billy Campbell was up next. Billy kicked a fly ball and was out, so then it was Robbie's up. He let go with a great kick and he started running like mad toward first. He was past second when Rusty Miller got the ball and threw it toward home plate. Bertie Fulcher was the shortstop and as Robbie ran by him on his way to third, Bertie stuck his foot out and tripped him. Just like that, he stuck out his foot and tripped him flat. That made the third out and Robbie's team lost the game, but the worst part was that when the boys started to go over toward Bertie Fulcher to make him answer for doing that, the dumb teacher Ol' Mrs. Malloy, came over and made them all go in. I saw the way the boys looked at Bertie, and I was glad I wasn't in his boots.

The rest of the day was just like any other day, and after school was out I started home to the Egans'. Robbie and Mason said they'd be in later on.

The Egans had four kids, a girl and three boys. Mr. Egan worked downtown at the bank where he had his own office with some big soft chairs in it. When Mama took me down to put my Christmas money in my very own brand new savings account, we went to Mr. Egans' office and I sat behind his desk in his chair while he went out front. The chair was awful hard, but I guess that was so he wouldn't get too comfortable and forget to work. He must not have minded too much, because when I said that his chair was pretty hard, he said, "Firm chair, firm mind. That's what I always say." I heard Daddy tell Mama that if it wasn't for clichés and puns Mr. Egan'd die a mute man. Only I don't think I was supposed to hear it.

I guess Mama left us at Egans' because they were the only ones who'd have us. That must have been the reason, since she'd never give any other. She said that they were responsible people and she felt she could trust them to take care of us. That was too bad, since Mr. Egan was pretty mean whenever there weren't any other grown-ups except Mrs. Egan around to see him. He used to yell a lot, and hit near as much.

Mr. Egan hated the Fulchers and the colored people in our town. He once saw Carter, his youngest boy, talking to Bertie Fulcher and he spanked him right there in the street. He said he'd beat the stuff out of any of his kids who talked to them or played on their lot, and that went for Robbie and me when we stayed at their house. Once when Mason lost his ball in the trees on Fulcher's Lot he went after it, and when Mr. Egan found out he like to had a fit.

Robbie and Mason were late coming home that night, and Mr. Egan was getting madder by the minute. When they did get home . . .

"Well well, fancy meeting you two here. It was nice of you to come."

"Hi, Daddy."

"Hello, Mr. Egan."

"Why are you boys late?"

"Daddy, we were waiting for Bertie Fulcher."

"And what business did you have with that son-of-a whore?"

"We were just gonna teach him about fairness, is all." Then Mason told Mr. Egan about the game that morning. Mr. Egan started in on how niggers and Fulchers didn't deserve schools in the first place if they couldn't act like civilized people. He didn't do anything to Robbie and Mason but he told them that they could lay for the Fulchers all they wanted as long as they didn't go to their lot.

"You boys aren't to go over there, understand? There's no need for them to get you into that God-forsaken hole they live in. They taint all they touch, and they're not going to get hold of any more kids than those they can produce as long as I have anything to say about it. You keep away from there, you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

The next morning after breakfast Robbie and Mason and I went out to the backyard. Mr. Egan was on the porch reading the morning paper and complaining about something, so there wasn't really much we could do and get away with, him being that close and all. We were playing dodge ball in the street when all at once a tin can came flying through the air from Fulcher's Lot. We all looked that way and saw Bertie Fulcher, laughing like mad at us. Mason yelled a name at him but Robbie didn't say anything. He just stood there and looked off into space. Bertie threw another can and this time it hit Mason on the leg. He and Robbie both yelled then, and they both dared Bertie to come over. He didn't move so Mason picked up one of the cans and sent it back at him. He missed, but Bertie threw again and pretty soon there were tin cans all over the place. As fast as Bertie threw them, Robbie and Mason threw them back. I saw Mr. Egan watching but he didn't come out. I wondered why not.

Soon Bertie called behind him to his house and a real big guy came out to help him. With the big guy there things were getting really bad for our side until Robbie picked up a rock and heaved it for all he was worth. The throw was a beauty, and the hit was dead center. The rock hit Bertie on the ear. He screamed and soon there was blood all over the place. Mason stood there with his mouth open and Robbie got all pale and white. Mr. Egan came out then and the big guy, who had run over to Bertie and was lifting him up, yelled over at us —

"You like to knocked his head off, you filthy pigs. That's what you are. You coulda killed him, you lousy bastards." Later on I wondered why he should call us that.

Mr. Egan's face was very red. "Robbie, did you throw that rock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good for you, boy. It's about time somebody showed those bastards what this town thinks of them. Good for you. You got to get up early in the morning to put one over on a Warren. Somebody ought to have told that boy that. Yep, somebody ought to have told him."

Mr. Egan was pretty darn happy, only Robbie didn't look too pleased with himself. Later on in the afternoon while Mason was in town getting his hair cut, Robbie told me what he was going to do.

"Jan, I'm going to Fulcher's Lot tonight right after supper. I got to make sure Bertie's all right."

"Robbie, why? You know what Mr. Egan'll do if he catches you over there, or even if he finds out."

"I don't care. I've got to go."

"Then I'm going with you."

"There's no reason why you have to go too."

"I'm going if you do." I wonder if I thought that might discourage him.

"Okay then — right after supper."

Supper that night was the longest thing I ever did. It seemed like Tuckie Egan and her mother would never stop talking about material for clothes for their dumb "fall wardrobes." Robbie wiggled around so much that Mr. Egan sent him away from the table.

After it was finally over, I went upstairs to Mason's room where Robbie was. He was ready to go, but he waited for me to get out of my dress and into some Jeans. Mr. Egan made us get dressed for meals, and even though I thought wearing Jeans was just as dressed as wearing a skirt, he wouldn't even let me tell him about it.

Mason said that the rose trellis outside his window wouldn't hold Robbie, so we went down the tree outside Tuckie's room. We went around the side of the house and snuck through the hedge along the fence so Mr. Egan wouldn't see us from where he and Mrs. Egan were in the kitchen. They were in the kitchen an awful lot that night, as it turned out.

When we got over to Fulcher's Lot, Robbie was shaking. His face was all white and his lips looked cracked the way they used to get in the winter. He must have really been scared that the big guy would beat up on him, I guess. I wasn't as scared of that as I was that Mr. Egan would find out where we were and come after us.

I'd expected Fulcher's house to be old, and I'd expected it to be dirty, since his kid was so dirty. It wasn't too old, but it looked old because it was filthy — filthier than anything I'd ever seen. The house was wood, but it didn't have any paint on the outside, and the front porch had all kinds of bottles and tin cans all over it. The porch screens were torn and kind of hanging on to the nails around them, and all the windows that weren't broken or boarded up had dirty looking rags on the inside like curtains. There were steps leading up to the front porch, only one of them was all busted up so you couldn't walk on it even if you wanted to. There were a bunch of trash cans over by a brick incinerator but they weren't any of them empty, and there were flies all over them. The whole yard was all thrown around with boards and bricks and stuff, and there was an old couch sitting right there on the front lawn, if you could have called it a lawn at all. The springs were hanging out of the couch just like they didn't have anything else to do with themselves, and there was gravel all over everything. Robbie and I stood there and stared for a long time, and then he took hold of my hand. "Come on . . . let's get it over with." That was the first time he held my hand when nobody made him do it since I was five, maybe.

We walked up to the front door and Robbie knocked as loud as he could as fast as he could. A girl with long red hair answered it . . .

"What y'all want?"

"We want to see Bertie."

"Jest wait fer one second. He ain't bin feelin' too good of late sinc't a couple a them kids from over yonder throwed a rock at 'im."

"No ma'am."

Then the girl went into the house. I guessed that she must be the one who sold herself for the "Wages of Sin," whatever they were. Mr. Egan was always talking about it.

"Y'all wait there in the yard. Bertie'll be along direct."

We went over by the couch and all of a sudden the big guy we'd seen that morning and another guy who was almost as big came over to where we were. "Well it's the rock thrower hisself come over fer t' pay us a visit. What y'all want here?"

Robbie was the bravest boy I ever knew then. "We've come to see Bertie. To see if he's all right."

"What you care about that fer?"

"I didn't mean to hurt him. . . . I want to tell him that I'm sorry. I really am."

The guys looked at each other for a minute. Then the biggest one stuck out his hand to Robbie. "You really are sorry, ain't you? Well sorry, How'd ya do. I'm John Fulcher and this here's my brother Barry. Yer a good fella fer comin' around here."

Robbie shook his hand, just like a man would do. "I'm Rob Warren and this here's my sister Jan."

Right about then, Bertie came out the front door. He didn't look bad except that he had a bandage over his ear and there was some blood on it. Robbie walked up to where he was standing. "Bertie, I'm sorry about this morning. I didn't mean to hurt you or anything. I was just so mad I couldn't even see straight."

"Aw . . . that's okay. I guess I had it comin' t' me for startin' with y' in th' first place."

"Yea, well, it was my fault and I'm real sorry."

"It's okay."

And then, before I even knew what had happened, Robbie and the Fulchers started to talk and soon it was like they were old friends. Robbie promised to show Bertie his baseball cards the next Monday at school, and John started off to the back of their lot with Robbie to show him his car that he was building over. I stayed out front and talked to Bertie and I began to feel real sorry that the other kids at school didn't like him, because I sure did. Then Robbie and John came back and we talked and laughed until a car with a bunch of ladies in it pulled up in front of the house. The girl with the red hair came out and started talking to the other ladies and John said that she was their sister Cam, and that the ladies were her friends who had come to visit her. I was surprised that she had so many friends because there were eight of them in that car, and five more in another that pulled up right about then. All of the ladies had their faces painted up like they wanted to be in a show, or something. You could even see the paint in the dark — that was how much they had on. All of them were wearing coats, too, and that kind of made me think a bit, since the night was hot for that time of year. I just figured that Cam had a bunch of pretty cold friends.

After the ladies and Cam all went inside we talked to John some more until cars with men in them began to drive up. Barry went over and talked to the different men as they got out of their cars and John said that they were friends of his and Barry's. He told us that they were going to have a party with Cam's friends. If they were having a party it sure was a quiet one, because the only noise you could hear after that was the noise that the night always made.

And then, before we wanted it to be, it was time for us to go home. John said he was sorry that we had to leave but he had things to attend to, and besides,

our parents were probably looking for us anyhow. He looked at his watch and told us that it was half after ten. Then he walked to the end of the trees with us, and saying goodnight wasn't easy like it usually was.

It's kind of funny that with all his big plans for getting out of Egan's, Robbie never even gave a thought to how we were going to get back in. The whole time we were away it never occurred to me that we'd have to go back. That was how well we'd seemed to fit in, dirt and all. After John had gone away and we'd started across the bare space into the street I chanced to see that the light was on in Tuckie's room. It was just a glance the first time I looked, but after that I couldn't take my eyes away from her window. I kept praying that she wouldn't be in there, but the harder I prayed, the surer I was that any second she'd march right up to the window and stand in front of it. The idea of spending the night under the hedges didn't have too much on its side right then.

Robbie was walking along beside me but he hadn't said anything since we left Fulcher's. I figured it was about time to ask him what he thought.

"Robbie, the light's on in Tuckie's room. You think she's in there?"

"Huh?! Oh, Jan . . . Boy, wasn't John a neat guy? Would I ever like to have him for a brother. That Ol' Bertie sure is lucky. Wow . . ." and Robbie drifted a thousand miles away from me.

If getting back inside was going to be my problem, I didn't want any part of it. I wanted to go upstairs, go to bed, and be done with it, but I didn't want what I knew would come if Mr. Egan found out where we were that night. He probably knew we were out, but I figured we could get away with telling him we'd been in the deep basement and had had the door shut so we couldn't hear him call us. He hardly ever went down there anyhow. Most likely that excuse would work, only we had to get into the house before we could try it.

When we got to the tree I left Robbie to stand guard while I climbed up to see if Tuckie was in her room. She was, and that was the problem. There were two other ways left to get in — one was the rose trellis and the other was to knock on the kitchen door and hope that whoever answered wasn't Mr. or Mrs. Egan. The second way kind of used itself up when I saw Mr. Egan at the kitchen window, talking to his wife. I started getting a funny feeling in my stomach when I thought of what would happen if the trellis gave out while one of us was on it.

"Robbie, what are we gonna *do*? The Egan's are in the kitchen and Tuckie's in her room. How are we gonna get back in?"

"I don't know, Jan." Thank goodness Robbie was out of whatever kind of mood he was in before. "Boy, are we ever in trouble. Mason said that the trellis wouldn't hold me, but maybe you could climb up and open a door for me. Maybe it would hold you."

"I guess that's all we can do. Darn it, I wish we had a key. That would be so much better."

"I know Jan, but we don't. Hey, the Egan's are out of the kitchen now. Why don't you try going in."

"Okay, but what do I tell them if they catch me?"

"Tell them you were out looking for me. Say that you saw me leave and you were looking for me when you got locked out."

"But then you'll really get it."

"Going out was my idea in the first place. Go on up."

So I did. I climbed up the trellis and went in Mason's window and it was that

easy. Or at least I thought it was that easy. I didn't stop to remember that Mr. Egan always looked in on us when he came upstairs for the last time at night. I worked it just perfect, and what Mr. Egan saw when he opened the door wasn't Mason and Robbie sleeping happily away, but me leaning out the window telling my brother to get around to the kitchen door so I could let him in.

"Well what have we here? Mary Mary quite contrary, perhaps? Or Doctor Livingstone, I presume?"

I didn't dare say a word.

"Young lady, where have you been tonight?"

"I . . . I wasn't anywhere."

"Don't give me that stuff. You weren't in this house at all this evening. We combed it from top to bottom and you and your brother weren't anywhere to be found."

"No sir. We were in the basement with the door shut. We must not have heard you call us."

"Oh really. I was in the basement tonight also. Funny, I didn't see you there."

"The deep basement?"

"The deep basement."

"Oh . . ."

"Now where were you?"

"Nowhere."

"You were outside, we both know that. Tell me where you went."

"Nowhere."

"I don't intend to stand here and argue with you, Janet. You will tell me where you were this evening."

His face got very red. I was really scared and all the time I was hoping Robbie would run away so that Mr. Egan wouldn't catch him. I couldn't tell him where we'd been.

"I will give you one more chance. Tell me where you went."

"I can't."

"Janet . . ."

"No!!"

That was when he slapped me. It was the first time anyone ever hit me in the face and it knocked me almost across the room. I wanted to run away and hide but I couldn't move. I guess all the noise must have woken Mason up, because he sat up in bed and watched everything. Mr. Egan started to take off his belt and from where I was I could see Mason's eyes get bigger and bigger. They weren't any bigger than mine must have been, let me tell you that. I was so scared I was shaking all over the place, and when Mr. Egan told me to come over to where he was I couldn't even move right.

"You come over here right now. I'll teach you to refuse to answer me like that."

I must have managed to move a little bit, but I never walked over to him. He came to me, and nobody had to tell me that it didn't make him any happier to have to do it.

I guess I yelled pretty loud after that, because when it was all over and he went down to get Robbie I heard him stomp back up again and tell Mrs. Egan

that Robbie wasn't there. Then he came into the room where I stayed every weekend and told me not to think that Robbie was getting away with anything, because he'd have to come back sooner or later, and he'd get him when he did.

Robbie did come back, only it was during the next morning instead of that night. The Egans had gone to church but Mrs. Egan said I could stay home since I didn't feel much like sitting in a pew for two hours. I was in the kitchen when I saw Robbie coming across the backyard. He was walking very slowly and he had a big bruise under his eye. I ran out to where he was.

"Robbie, where you been all night? Mr. Egan's so mad he's gonna split a gut."

"I went back to Fulcher's. I heard him yelling and you crying and I went back to be with John again."

"Did you see John? Did you stay at their house all night?"

"Yes, I saw John. He was with those other men we saw there last night and he was drunk and he made me . . ." Robbie was crying then and I figured they must have really been awful to him for him to cry. "They were all drunk and they took me upstairs to where all those ladies were and there was this one lady in a room and they made me do what they did to her. It was horrible — John wouldn't help me. He just kept drinking and cussing at me and then he . . . Oh my God. That poor lady. All of them in there and her, and she didn't want me near her but they wouldn't let her move away and I didn't want to be there at all but I couldn't get out. I couldn't get out. Bertie stood at the door and they all held me in there and all the time he was laughing at me and I couldn't get out. I tried and tried but they blocked the door and they hit me and they wouldn't let me out. I tried not to do what they wanted me to, honest I did. I really tried but there were all of them and John and Bertie laughing and I tried all I knew how. Honest I did. I tried Jan . . ."

"Why did you stay so long? Why didn't you leave when they did?"

"John wouldn't let me go. He said he was going to make me stay there so he could have more fun tonight. He said the fun was good for business. I ran away when he fell asleep."

I didn't understand what they made Robbie do, but he was crying so much that I pretended I knew. He went into the house and sat on the porch with his back to Fulcher's Lot. I sat with him until the Egans came back, but when Mr. Egan saw him he sent me out of the room. I heard him talking to Robbie, though . . .

"Where have you been all night?"

"Fulcher's Lot."

"Was your sister there with you?"

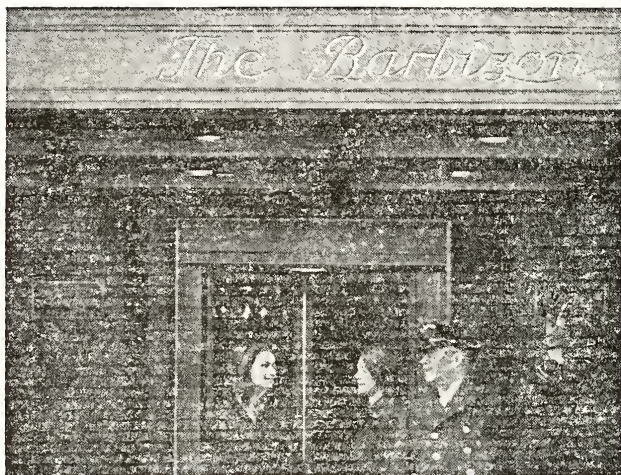
"Yes sir, until you caught her." Robbie sounded very tired, but when Mr. Egan hit him he didn't cry. He must have cried himself out before then, I guess.

Mama came home soon after that, but she wasn't mad at us so much as she was at Mr. Egan. She said that it was his hatred that made us want to go over there in the first place, and that he permitted us to go when he had no right to do it. After she saw where he'd hit she took us home faster than anything. She never left us at Egan's after that, but for a long time she worried a lot about whether Robbie'd have a scar on a place where the belt buckle had hit him.

by ADELE LASLIE, '1967

Trap

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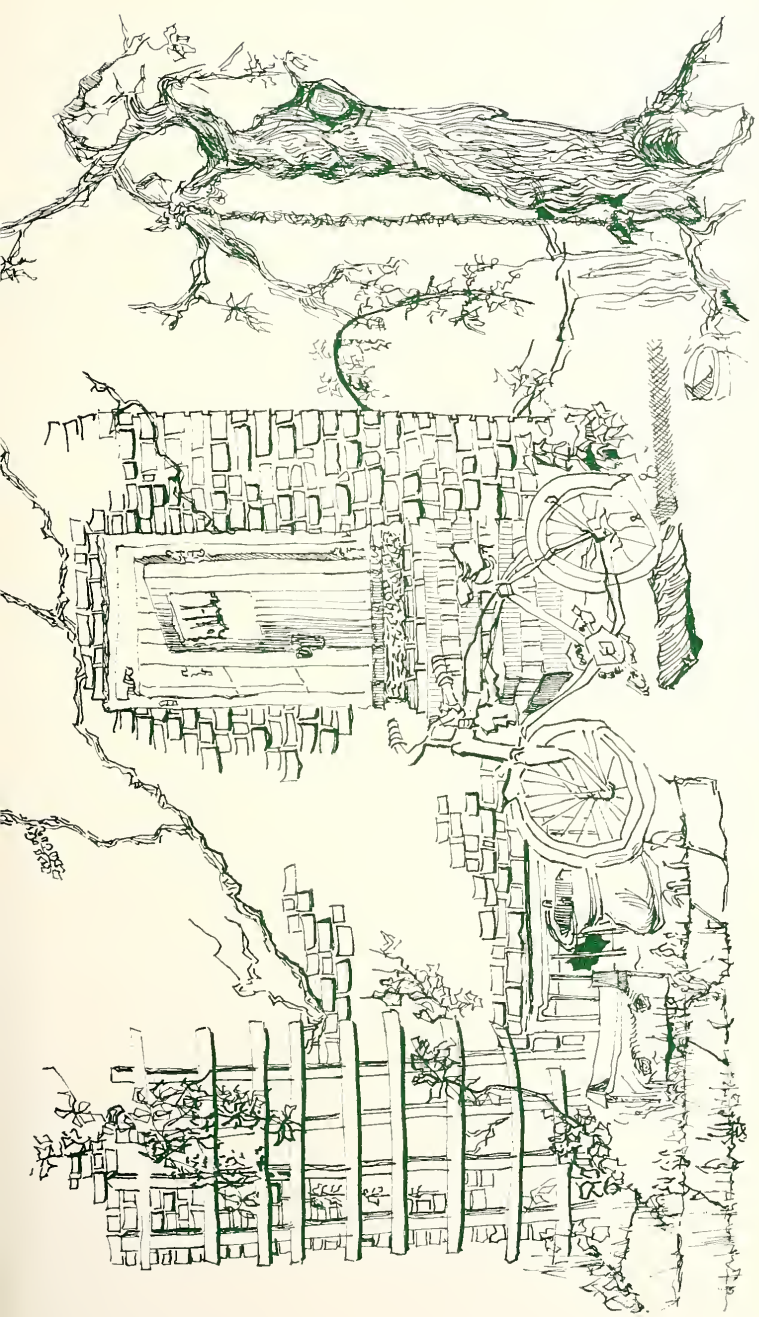
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by MARY CARY AMBLER, 1967

The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring

MY NAME is not Ishmael nor is it Scheherzade. Neither is my story a complete fiction of the conformist. There is likeness in a shadow and difference in an echo. So no matter what I say or sing, what happens to the flowers of spring.

"Ring around the rosy, Pocket full of posies, Ashes, ashes, We all fall down. Rosy, posey, schmosey. What's a rosy? I want a rosy. Just a little one."

But even in the summer the Maine coast is rocky, sandy, and dry. And if one goes out far enough the flowers completely disappear.

Mrs. Jones sat on the shore knitting back and forth, so-on and so-forth, in and out, repeat, repeat. If only it were not straight knitting, it might be a little more interesting.

Susan and Billy were playing ball on the shore . . . simply playing, easily playing, still playing. Susan and Billy always played together and little Echo followed. An echo doesn't copy or imitate, it follows and reflects. So Susan and Billy threw the ball and Echo ran around them singing "Rosy."

Mr. Jones, a Boston lawyer, commuted every day, and every weekend he would drive down east to visit his family. Today was Friday, and Mr. Jones was coming early to meet his family on the beach for a cookout. Mr. Jones was a successful advocate.

Mrs. Jones watched her children play on the sand dunes. William would be here soon and she would not be responsible — or he wouldn't get as angry if anything went wrong. Now Mrs. Jones could start the embroidery, for as long as the children played on the soft sand nothing could hurt them. The nearest rocks were to the left and over the ridge at least two hundred yards away. She could easily spot the children before they got that far. Often she wondered how Billy could be happy playing with his two sisters. Didn't he want to be with other little boys? She could always entertain the girls, but it would have been so nice for Billy to have had a brother. Another child was simply out of the question. Four children always seemed a little vulgar, sort of communist earth-mother type. A few flowers on the sweater would dress it up, make it more delicate for a young lady. And dark-haired Susan was such a lady . . . sometimes too much of a perfectionist, so willing to please that she wouldn't let herself relax. After three psychology courses and all the modern technological advantages that Manhattanville College offered, Mrs. Jones was sure that she let herself lapse into that lackadaisical haphazardness with her own children's perfection. Probably William's parents were responsible . . . they always seemed to demand a little too much. Smiling within and without, Eliza Jones proceeded to pull her dress above her knees. William thought that knees were ugly, so Eliza would uncover them only when she was alone.

The children seemed to have lost their ball over the ridge . . . but they would

have to cover two football fields before they escaped. Perhaps if she checked over the ridge she would be assured of their safety. No, she would just enjoy the sun for a few minutes more.

Warm sunlight slows the thinking process, almost cooks the brain cells. In the same way, a minute french-cooked egg can become a three hour hard-boil. Anyway, Mrs. Jones could hear the children over the ridge, why must she check.

Towards the late afternoon, Mrs. Jones was able to discern a familiar blue car coming around the far end of the cove. She knew the children would be the first on the agenda, so she thought it best to check the latest news forecast over the ridge. As she expected, the children were playing happily. But there seemed to be a fourth child completing the circle in blindman's bluff. Ah, yes, not far to the right were obviously the parents . . . also picnicking. With a strong whistle, à propos to Boston taxi hailing, Eliza gained their attention, waved, motioned to keep the children away from the rocks, and confidently returned to her husband.

William swung out of the car faster than usual and gave Eliza the warmest greeting that she'd had in ages.

"That bastard Steinman! He tried to force me to support Metzger for mayor. He knows what a sham it would be. He's going to bribe me . . . I don't know how he possibly can. But he said something about throwing stones at glass houses and letting dirt smear the contents. I'm going to make his campaign Hell."

"Why don't you take your shoes off and relax. It's been a hot day and a hot week and you're probably reading into the story. Fantastic as it all seems — even if what's-his-name could find something he would look ridiculous if he tried to spoil your reputation."

Just after William had asked the children's whereabouts, the three paraded over the ridge but without their usual bombast. When Echo saw her father, she alone ran calling, "Goody, goody, Daddy's home, Daddy's home."

"And what did my Yahoos rip up today?"

"Daddy, Mommy, the funniest thing. We were playing up here tossing our colored balloons — you know the gassy ones — and singing the potato bug song, and playing football, and doing the witches' dance, when Billy said that the troll lived under the hill, and he knew how to find it," or so the Joneses could weave together from their noisy brood.

"But I didn't want to see the Troll," cried Echo.

"So we ran over the ridge to hunt the dragon out," added Billy.

"As I was jousting for King Arthur we heard Echo call out, so we rode to our first task, to kill the monster." Mrs. Jones thought she would have liked to see the scene in which Gwenivere joined the Round Table knights.

"The dragon disappeared because Echo was being stupid. If she doesn't grow up, we won't play with her. She wanted to know something about a funny costume and why I ran from her when I didn't even see her."

"There was a funny-looking, tall man with his family and a pet dog in a cage. They said that the dog was happy in the cage as long as it was taken care of. But

he was such a big, unhappy man, and she had long, dark hair. But the little boy played with us." Echo's further reflections seemed to center mainly on the fact that the mother was "juicy" when she was eating and she wouldn't give Echo any.

"So the dog was Gollom, and we were the soldiers, the knights, the dwarves, the hobbits and the fairies," the children continued to plaster their adventure together.

"But the King Shadow wasn't fun to play with 'cause he wanted to stay in the water and King Arthur couldn't go in. The Daddy was silly too 'cause all he could do was keep staring."

Each child demanded . . . but who can ever really know:

Echo wanted to look for flowers in the Hall of the Mountain King. But the safari would be too long. Hunting lions in the grasslands was too good in that season. So she found a playmate wading in a pool where the high tide had been. Echo had been watched as she watched the Shadow King collect pretty shells, and diverted the King's attention with her gay chatter. But the King had a high calling and to prevent his diversion the gods sentenced her to silence. All she wanted was the florabunda. Although she did cry and call, it was years before the groundlings realized her existence. Then the shadow became real, or the copy did not exist . . . or does a shadow simply disappear in the sun. And in the whiteness of Snow White with a little soundling, the blood brothers were bound by a pact that could never be broken. What happens when untouchables ascend in a ballyhoo to mesmerize small children, yelling, "Stop, thief, wait look into my eyes." How many dogs have friendly faces, and who can say that they've left a child no worse than they've found him. Did the Menchkins build an Emerald City of wormwood reverberating:

Oh darling, scantling, weakling, sibbling. If you, darkling, have an inkling, in a twinkling be a changling or a swathling godling?

The children were cranky, it could have verged on a frenzy . . . a disabling laugh, almost a primitive, tribal step, stomp, step, interspersed with beats of:

"Potato Bug, come out tonight,
come out tonight,
Potato Bug, come out tonight and dance . . .

"Ring around the rosy,

in the light of the moon.
We'll have dinner together . . .

Pocket full of posies,

You know what I mean,

Ashes, ashes,

And I'll have the potato for dessert."

We all fall down."

Billy kept twisting and starting the walk home. Only over-active imaginations. Too long in the sun.

Mr. Jones headed for the beach where he would only find stale footprints in a ruffled sand.

Mrs. Jones lead the children to the station wagon.

by SHELLEY TURNER, 1966

The In-Crowd

PITCHED nights out in the dark
Thoroughbreds will kick and skirmish
Secretly.

Gathered mild in morning,
Bearing warmarks, matted, hidebled,
They stand friends.

We then ask which one
Did what; peer at their soles to see
Who is shod.

And not one will tell-on,
Gingerly tending torn bits, knee
Cogged with sod,

Burdocks adorning
Forelocks. They, waiting to be fed,
Make amends.

Nodding in, their lark
Lost in feed-finding, they relish
Feed and be.

by JANE ELLEN GLASSER, 1966

In Answer to an Unreasonable Spring

A YEAR has kept the full patch. The grass grows high
And earth willing, laid out like a woman after loving
Or a man after the meal. Today you smile and ask me why
I tender my planting with such care, coveting
Seedlings a year grown and growing, stroking the hair
Of a proud love whose ways turn with a fly's wing,
An ant's weight, a fresh wind to an old, bald, unfair
Thing, like a woman seedless from too much reaping
Or a man dying from over-eating. Last night I loved you where
The grass grows high, turned by a fly's wing blowing
A fresh wind to scatter the seeds of one year's sowing,
Asking why I tender my plot with so much care.
It is for the blooming without reason
That I plant and keep my crop in windy seasons.

by CLARE LOYD, 1966

Wist Lucie

CHILD of my nature, I have no right,
I have no rights, to you, owned by none
And owing none. You were long since won
By them who begat when I began my fight
For you. A bit of Rima, Heloise and Eloise in white,
Hands on knees, talking to a dandelion.
I gave you shells, a Ouija board, some cinnamon.
You saw a wooden angel, eyelids tight,
And asked the color of her eyes. Wise
Butterfly, sun mottled imp, I heard you say,
"No eggs," when you found what they would have been, if wild.
You grew flowers for me and wouldn't come till they had eyes.
Your mother says, "She has a mood today."
I smile and know you are my sometimes child.



by MOLLY TROMBLY, 1966

Newspapers Fade

NEWSPAPERS fade;
Time shuffles by,
But no progress made.
An ancient mule's eye
Looks into despair.
The mud barnyard
Crumbling to dust
Cries for a guard —
Answered by just
The silence of air.

Dry weeds rustle
As the hollow
Wind whistles,
Trying to follow
The departing clouds.
Rotting paint blisters
As the worldnight
Parches or festers,
Muteness the blight
Of separate crowds.

by LIN CAMPBELL, 1966

Poem

CRACKED, black leather-like plastic shoes
Creak on the street, keep time to rattling, bleached boards;
Stubby, big-veined hands, gray
With grit from a sand-stone's spews,
Push a cart, and a bug-drone buzzes a lay:
"Scissors, knives, shears, and blades —
Sharpening cutlery is my trade."

Bagging brown slacks, tea-colored shirt
Peek from a pea-coat with one anchor button;
A caddy's cap, crumpled,
Covers white hair where work's dirt
Lurks; from under the bent bill, eyes, crinkled
From sunlight, sing along
With the voice's edge-sharpener's song.

Grinding gravel, the artist stops,
Puts down his foot, begins to pedal;
Toes strain through sole-holes — Push!
Slowly the stone starts to lop
Over itself, over again, and then
The whetting wheel wheezes,
Whirs when the scissor's edge teases.

Thick thumbs get hot from the wheel's hum,
Silver sparks shoot, and blades shine bright when sun-struck;
Sharpened, cleaned cutlery
Goes back to its giver; numb
Fingers fold a coin-purse, tightly tuck
It away. Cart starts, creaks,
Moves on, gray, squeaking. Antiques.



by SANDY SWAIN, 1966

Reading the Illiad in the Reference Room

"IF EVER I burnt you the fat thighs
Of a bull or of a goat,"
Grant me this wish:
That the mooned wood upon which I sit
 (and accordingly dream, prying under last year's
 glass sidewalks and the small rain
 which lamp-spatters them grey
 like the birds' throats which sing
 just before the busses start)
Will never split under the weight
Of all the institution eighteen year olds but
Will glossify
With the polish of horncolored tweeds.

This wood upon which I am
Will be polished by the thighs of other wools.
Mentally, I fetch Chryseis, of the lovely cheeks.
I don't believe Achilles laughed when
The goddess of the White Arms
Twisted a lock of tangerine hair promising
 (beneath one bubbled laugh)
"The man who listens to the gods
Is listened to by them."

by SHELLEY TURNER, 1966

Reason

He: How do you know the moon is chaste?
She has been around so long,
And does things like tow the tides,
And makes things grow when she decides.
So how do you know you are not wrong?
She: I was never burned by the moon.

by DIREXA DICK, 1967

Poem

DREAMER of dreams born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my mumuring rhyme
Beat with light wing against the ivory gate.





by JANE ELLEN GLASSER, 1966

The Last Game

THIS is the last game
Played in the dark, blind-folded, turned around,
Pointed in the wrong direction. I came
Here, looking for an old coat, grounded
Somewhere, some time ago, in this lot.
Buried now, and winter, it's cold
Searching for the warm thing, and the rules
To find, in the dark, you, hiding where I am not.

by JILL BERGUIDO, 1967

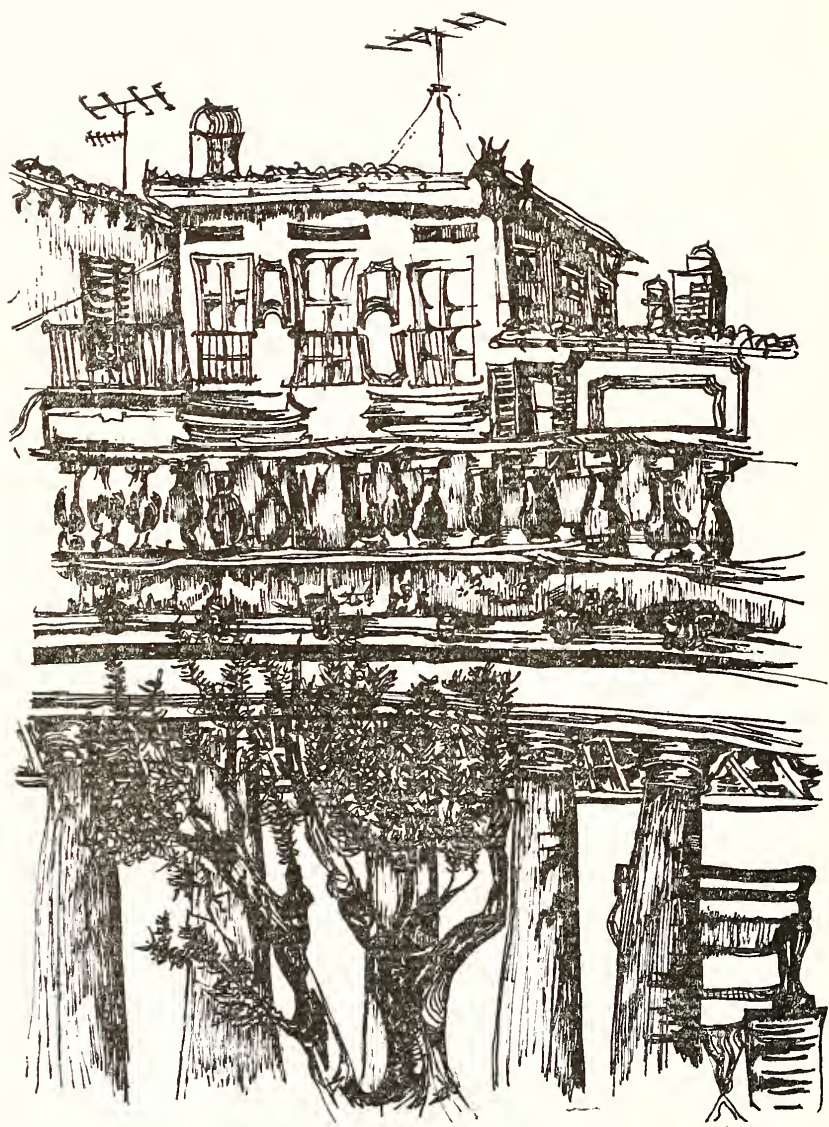
Landscape

SPREADING itself like a storm cloud
Over a valley, the city dump
Grows daily larger, as the crowd
Around it grows sleek and plump
On what is left of the summer
Harvest. The tinny objects, strewn
About like lost souls, simmer
In their reflection of ruin,
Which awaits them in the form
Of rusty ashes. That blackened
Stove is powerless to warm
The smallest of loaves, so slackened
Is its pace through time and wear.
A four-legged tub stands
Cracked and in need of repair,
While within it, sluggish bands
Of larva multiply their numbers
Silently. Heaps of rubble smolder
In the breeze that never slumbers,
And every day the wind blows colder.

by CLARE LOYD, 1966

View from a Dead Daisy

IN A field of daisies one grew in the shadow
Of a tomb. It bloomed the evening of the day
You picked it. Its wither began when you took it away.
If it did not die by sun or bugs or wind blow
You said, its seeds would fall on rock and not grow.
One petal was scarred by some earlier touch anyway.
In a bowl on show it began to bend and sway
As the bowl's old water slowed the sap in its flow.
In a box it has recollected life and dust
As all things must when once in bloom.
After all, it began to die when it was born.
It is all dry and shades of grey and rust.
Yet not much time has passed for the shadow's tomb
And most likely other flowers have come and gone.



At the End of a Year

MARIO squinted as the sun suddenly shot around the buildings and he loosened the bindings of the tattered brown awning which shaded his leather stand, retreating underneath it to arrange the wallets, boxes, cigarette cases, and bookmarks on the shelves. Each evening he would wrap each piece in tissue paper as he closed his stand along with countless other leather merchants on either side of the Ponte Vecchio in Florence. Mario was proud of his stand — certainly it held the best location for catching the tourists as they wandered on and off the famous bridge of shops over the Arno River. It has been a good season, an unusually large and wealthy influx of tourists, and he would be satisfied with his income when business slackened off in these last two weeks of August. And the women, the American ones especially, had been plenteous and eager, thought Mario to himself as he glanced into the small mirror he kept tacked up on the back of the stand. His black curly hair had a habit of flopping down over his eyes when he became excited as he bargained with the tourists. Tossing his head on purpose to make the hair fall down, he scrutinized himself in the mirror. The women told him he had "passionate" eyes. Well, maybe, if they said so. They were very dark eyes. He winked at himself. Yes, maybe they are — "passionate." He pronounced the word slowly, sounding each syllable of his new American word. His English had improved since he'd been in the business; the women loved to teach him little phrases. This week would mark the end of one full year; he smiled as he banged his cash drawer open and shut. Straddling an empty crate he lit a cigarette to wait for the tourists to come wandering by. They usually appeared about nine, some giving the stand a brief survey as they hastened towards the Piazza della Signoria where they met the tours, promising to come back later. Sometimes they would. But there were too many other stands; he was glad to have work at night. Mario took a long pull at his cigarette as he watched the girl walking towards his stand, her tall willowy figure unhurried and cool in a blue cotton sundress, her skin dark with fresh tan. Her light hair falling loosely from her shoulders was drawn back behind her tiny ears by a light blue ribbon. He could not stay seated while she approached. She picked up one of the small leather boxes, opened it slowly, and then shut it, running her long fingernail along the inset gold trim.

"Quanto costa questo?" Her voice was calm, confident; Mario knew he couldn't cheat her.

"Three hundred lire, Miss," he replied, grinning, thrusting his hands deep into the pockets of his jeans as he watched her.

"Well, let me have four of them please, will you?" she commanded, opening her shoulder bag.

"Sure. And would you maybe like to see the wallets, Miss? They are making them a new way." Mario unwrapped a dark blue coin purse and unsnapped it for her. She had money, there was no question in his mind; by this time he knew how to tell. Maybe she was alone in Florence; maybe she didn't know the night places.

"No, I think the boxes will do," she replied coolly, handing them to Mario to be wrapped. He purposefully spent a long time searching for tissue paper when he knew exactly where it was, fumbling with the boxes.

"Are you here in Florence for the first time, Miss?"

"Yes, I am," she replied, running her hands slowly over the boxes on the shelf. He wondered if he dared ask her something more. The other women had seemed so eager to talk when they were shopping.

"Well, how do you like it — Florence?" He discovered to his surprise that he was still talking.

"Lovely. So much to see. I'm studying art here. Now I really have to go. The Uffizi opens at nine, doesn't it?"

"You are going to spend such a beautiful day in the museum? That is a shame. Well, maybe you will let me show you some other beautiful places here sometime." It was easier to talk to her now. She was trying to hide her interest. He fumbled with the wrapping. "Have you ever been to Fiesole?"

"Fiesole? That's up on the hill." She gestured over her shoulder. "Where the writers lived in those villas?"

"Yes. And at night, the view — it is magnificent, Miss. You must see it."

"Well, maybe I will. So, thank-you. And good-bye." She took the packages from him and turned to go.

Suddenly Mario blurted out, "Are you by yourself in Florence? Do you want to go to some places at night?" He was walking after her and caught her arm. She whirled to face him. If she was angry all was lost. But her frown relaxed into a half-smile and she stopped to listen. They stood there on the walk beside the river and leaned on the stone bannister, smoking. He knew she knew what he was now, and he knew that she was alone in Florence. They made plans for the evening; they would go up to Fiesole for dinner in her car. Mario knew a place.

The heat of the August morning hung thick around the little stand as the hours crawled on towards noon. Business was slow; it was too hot. Mario moved his crate further under the awning as the sun rose higher. He thought about the evening ahead with Elizabeth. A pretty name, you could sort of roll it on your tongue. They would go to Trastevere up on the hill; the pasta there was the best and was cooked with herbs. Mario smiled remembering many evenings. Most of the American women loved it because it was "very Italian," whatever that meant, and romantic, dining in the darkness to music from a hidden orchestra. Usually they expected a little something from him up there and it wasn't hard to comply, the hand on the knee and a kiss every now and then. And then there had been some bad times up there too. Now that he looked back on them they seemed funny; the ones who suddenly broke out in tears at the table as they announced in rasping tones that they would have to leave Florence in a day or so, that is unless Mario would make them stay with him. Then he would tell them, affecting great sadness, that he could not afford the time to go out every night when he had a stand to tend in the early morning. If this did not work he would confess sorrowfully that his elderly parents were very sick and he had to rush straight home each night. Now, smiling to himself as he sat there under his awning, Mario wondered what his parents in Milano would think of that tale.

Noon finally arrived, its sweltering white glare moved in on the little shop, and Mario left for the siesta hours. Around the corner there was an inside bar where it

was cool. His table was at the back of the room, as far as possible from the hot square of the doorway. For lunch he always had lasagna and a good wine, followed up by an apertif to nurse for the last hour. Leaning back in his chair he rolled up his sleeves and lit a cigarette. He never ordered any more; they knew what to bring. An expensive habit, this feasting at lunch, but he loved it and the money from the nights took care of it easily. Too bad the season was nearly over. Sometimes they still kept coming through October, though. Mario grinned as he watched the waiter approaching with a bottle, and thought about Elizabeth. Maybe if she stayed long enough, well, he could be very comfortable this fall.

He wandered along the Arno for an hour before opening his stand again, wondering if he might see Elizabeth returning to the museum from lunch. The afternoon seemed endless as he stood at his stand and the heat prickled at every pore of his body, rising from the pavement. He pulled out the old crate and sat there smoking, thinking about the evening. The sweat was heavy on his forehead, and his old grey handkerchief was too damp now. Elizabeth would be cool in the museum: that blue dress would still have the crisp look. He wondered if she were still there. A slender girl with her brown hair piled up neatly on top of her head over snapping black eyes and dimples, came bouncing up to the stand and grinned coyly at Mario.

"How much will you sell the wallets for?"

"Oh, for you, Miss," crooned Mario jovially, "twelve hundred lire."

"Too much. I know where I can get them for a thousand," she retorted pertly, pretending to glower at him.

"O.K. I give it to you for nine hundred lire because you are pretty. Which one?" She was pretty, very pretty. Mario watched her face as she turned over several wallets. Might be a good idea to make arrangements; she might want to. There's tomorrow night. But somehow he couldn't begin a conversation; he didn't want to ask about tomorrow night. He could have kicked himself as he watched the girl triumphantly marching away. She looked back over her shoulder at him; he turned away to the leather boxes.

Five o'clock finally came with the long slow chimes of the campinelle, sounding louder at this hour because the air was just beginning to be still. All along the Ponte Vecchio and on either side of it the shop boys began to wrap up their leather at the end of another day. A few tired tourists limped across the bridge, some with shoes in hand. And the shop boys grinned to themselves. Mario had begun taking down his stand a half hour earlier this evening. He wanted to have plenty of time to bathe and dress.

He was at her hotel fifteen minutes early, dressed in his dark blue suit. In the large mirror by the entrance he surveyed himself. The suit fit just right over the shoulders. The other men wore suits just like this; many of them were sitting in the deep cushioned chairs in the lobby now, some in little groups, muttering softly, some alone, just staring at the wall, or at their fingernails. Their women would be down soon. And for those who just waited, the lobby was a good place to make arrangements. Mario stood at the entrance to the lobby with his hands in his pockets and suddenly felt like making a speech. None of them had a catch like Elizabeth, he was positive. After a moment he sauntered up to one of the smaller groups standing by the mantle; he was going to tell them how he made the arrangement. However, when he joined them he said nothing. They were talking

about the tips they had gotten after a big night, grinning out of the sides of their mouths. After listening a moment he turned away.

At seven he asked the clerk to ring Elizabeth's room. He approached the long mirror once more and straightened his tie. He stared at the elevator door until it opened and Elizabeth stepped out. She saw him immediately and smiled warmly. To Mario she looked radiant in her light pink suit with her blond hair swept gracefully upwards at the nape of her neck. His eyes riveted for an instant on her diamond bracelet, and then she took his arm. Sitting in the car at the door to Trastevere, Elizabeth gave Mario the money. It was enough for an elegant dinner with extra for him left over. And maybe they could go somewhere afterwards. There was more than enough. He smiled as he opened the door for her, slipping his wallet deftly into his breast pocket. The maitre was ready for them since Mario had called ahead, and led the way to a corner table half hidden behind a fountain where the water sparkled with the lights around it.

"This is wonderful, Mario!" Elizabeth beamed at him as he seated her. "I'm so glad you knew about it."

"Yes, it is. I am glad you like it. I would say — it is a place for only beautiful women." She said nothing, only turned away towards the other tables in the darkness. For several minutes they did not speak. Mario was puzzled. Usually the women liked to have him say things like this. The arrival of the head waiter broke the silence as they bent their heads to the large menu card. During the meal conversation came easier. They talked about Mario's leather shop, and he told her with pride about inheriting the stand from his father two years ago when his parents went to Milano. After dinner they wandered over to the edge of the terrace to look down at Florence in the valley, a flood of twinkling lights before the dark hills began to rise again. He pointed out the Ponte Vecchio to her, a string of lights across the river, and she tried to point to where he kept his stand. The bill had been high, but Mario found that there was plenty left over to go on to the Lido, a small nightclub on a side street off the Piazza della Signoria. Before they left Mario decided that they could each have only two drinks if he were to have some money left over for himself.

The entrance of the Lido was barely noticeable on the dark, narrow back street where Mario parked the car. At the door they were shown to an inside staircase leading down to a dark room where the forms of the dancers were shadows on a wall of red glow. They made their way slowly among the dancers to a small table on the edge of the crowded dance floor. Having ordered drinks they watched the dancers, she with her chin in her hands, he following her gaze but looking more at her, at the very nice way her hair shimmered when the light from the doorway found it. Mario wanted to dance with her; he waited for a slow song. Elizabeth moved lightly, barely leaning on him, still following his steps. He tried to hold her closer and she pulled back; they danced only once. They sat and sipped their drinks, watching the others. Mario wished she would look at him. He knew it was one a.m., but he didn't mind if they stayed on and on, silent, at the table. But at two, she told him she wanted to go because she was tired. When the bill came he counted out the money carefully; the last of Elizabeth's money would just cover it. Well then, he just wouldn't leave a tip.

He looked up from his wallet to see Elizabeth smiling at him and he had to return her grin. He took two more bills from his wallet and laid them down.

She would never know they were his. Suddenly he felt good all over, the warm blood rushing to his temples, to his cheeks, and nothing else mattered.

She had really seemed happy in the lobby of the hotel when he had left her. Yes, definitely happy and very sleepy, Mario reasoned with himself as he set up the stand the next morning. It was going to be another hot day and she would probably spend it in the museum. He wished he could meet her there; they could go out to lunch and he would pay. Sure, why not? But he would not see her unless she came by and she had told him yawning that she would probably sleep until noon. So that would mean at least three more hours — if she came. Mario kicked at the bottom board at the back of his stand and rubbed the dust off the sides of his shoe again and again. He should have asked her how long she was staying; maybe she had gone today or was leaving tomorrow. She had said she taught school. Then she would have to be going back soon. He found himself chuckling at the idea of her teaching school; she certainly didn't look old enough to be out of a university. Why hadn't she said anything about tonight? Wasn't he good enough? Hadn't she had a good time? Maybe she hadn't liked the dancing part. The day stretched endlessly ahead of him. The heat was already beginning to gnaw at his neck and arms. His mind was on Elizabeth; he was thinking about her hair. She must be a natural blond, the way it had sparkled so in the candlelight. Mario suddenly noticed that there was a young woman coming towards his stand. As she drew closer he saw that she was dressed beautifully; her beige suit was tailored perfectly to her trim figure and she wore one thin strand of pearls at her neck. Something stuck in Mario's throat. He swallowed hard. The woman glided up to his stand and he stood up. She looked at him coolly and smiled, not seeming to notice the leather wares. He knew in a moment that she had not come to the shop for this. There was something about the way she stood there; she must have heard about him. He should take the cue now, but found himself just standing there stuffing his hands deep into the pockets of his pants, focusing his eyes on a point beyond her head as she spoke.

"I've heard of you, Mario. I've heard good things about you." Her voice was even, low. She was very rich, there was no doubt in his mind. Her face was hard, the smile on her thin pale lips was wrong. When Elizabeth smiled her whole face smiled.

"Do you want to look at the wallets, Miss?" Mario's tone was matter-of-fact as he unwrapped two new green wallets for her to see.

"No, no. I don't." Her voice was cool and she was trying to smile. "I need an escort tonight — I'm alone. I'll pay you well."

Mario looked her directly in the eyes. "I am sorry, Miss. I am busy this week. There are many other men; maybe I could talk to some of them for you."

"No. You needn't. Well, if you think you could . . .," she stammered, not looking at him but at her hands, twisting the large rings around and around.

They walked together down the dusty road a little way and up onto the bridge itself where Mario met his friend Antonio and the woman made arrangements and disappeared.

"What, am I seeing things, Mario?" demanded his friend jovially in Italian, clapping him on the shoulder. "You bringing something like that right to my lair? What a day, what a day!"

"I'm not feeling well today, too much wine last night I guess," stammered

Mario as he ducked under the encircling arm and backed off towards his stand. "So tonight I turn in early. Ciao' ". He set off briskly back to his stand, then slowed down, remembering he was supposed to be ill.

The only visitors during the next lazy hour were the summer flies buzzing languidly around his face; he fanned them away with an old newspaper. Another hour till noon, and maybe she wouldn't come. Maybe she had left Florence. It suddenly dawned on Mario with a sickening turn in his stomach that the reason she had not mentioned anything about tonight was that she had another man she was going to meet. Yes, it was — absolutely, awfully — possible. He dug a hole in the dirt with his shoe. She was a lovely woman, he had seen the boys watching her from their stands, the staring goons. He decided that if she did not come by twelve-thirty he would close the stand for the whole siesta and leave. Twelve-thirty crept up and passed. He was still there, dabbing futilely at the large beads of perspiration all over his face with the wet handkerchief and straining his eyes to watch for her coming over the bridge.

Finally he grew so hot that he knew he had to get out of the sun. He began piling up the leather without even wrapping it, shoving it into the drawers. Nothing fit, the drawers wouldn't close. He swore. Suddenly he realized that someone was coming up behind him. Turning, he found Elizabeth standing there, looking cool and happy in a bright yellow sleeveless dress that set off her dark tan and glistening hair.

"Well hello!" Mario managed to say after a moment of a strange, stranded feeling when he had kept wiping his hands on the front of his trousers.

"Hello, Mario," she replied slowly, smiling as her hands moved over the smooth leather surfaces of a few boxes still left on the stand. "I was just on my way to the museum." Her long fingernail traced the gold trim of a dark green box. "I thought you might still be here."

"Yes. Yes I am," stammered Mario, immediately realizing the stupidity of his reply.

"I think I'd like to go to that restaurant I've heard about, Tre Scalini. It's a short way out on the way to Pisa." Elizabeth looked him directly in the eyes and read his quick acceptance. Nothing more needed to be said. Giving him a wide, brief smile, she turned to leave.

Mario suddenly found himself wanting to grab her hand to keep her from going. But instead he shoved both of his hands deeply into his pockets and watched her walk away, her dusty feet in their leather sandals both dainty and deliberate in their stride. Once again he felt the rush of blood to his temples, pounding, and if she hadn't still been so near he would have shouted with joy.

There was a rosy gold in the sky like the deep red leather boxes with the gold at the edges, as Mario walked briskly across the Ponte Vecchio on his way to Elizabeth's hotel. He was wearing his white coat. His black hair was parted neatly on the side and the stubborn piece plastered down with water and tonic. The air was so still, so strangely quiet that his own whistling was the only sound he heard. The lobby of the hotel was nearly empty save for the men in the deep chairs, dressed in dark suits, their fingers drumming on the tables. Mario did not like waiting; he wanted to see her standing there now. He did not want to sit with the others, drumming on their tables. The concierge was ringing her room. Trying to imagine how she would look Mario put his hand to his hair to make sure the

tonic was still working. After what seemed like five of the longest minutes he had ever spent he saw Elizabeth emerge from the elevator, looking fresh and cool in a white chiffon dress which seemed not to touch her shoulders, but to float around them. Mario jumped up from his seat and went forward to meet her, trying to take all of her in with his eyes.

"You look beautiful," was all that he could say when he came close to her.

"Why, thanks," she replied smiling as she took his arm and they started towards the door. The men in the lobby all looked up as she passed through. Usually Mario would enjoy their stares for a different reason; tonight he found he wanted everyone to think that this lovely woman was his own.

Soon they were speeding down the wide straight road leading from Florence to Pisa.

Elizabeth laughed to see the intensity of his face as he took the little car to ninety, and he joined her laughter, the warm wind whipping into their faces.

She's happy with me, I think she really is, maybe she likes me, Mario thought to himself as they sped down the road with the sun going down before them. On the other hand, maybe — no. He did not look at her, but pressed the accelerator harder and the forest along the road became a blur.

The little restaurant *Tre Scalini* was hidden just underneath the crest of a hill with the River Arno twisting slowly far below, winding towards the twinkling lights that were Florence. They sat on a stone terrace where two violinists wandered among the tables and the only lights were the candles. They had not spoken much as they sipped their cocktails; she had been gazing down at the river and he at her as the candle flickered on her blond hair. Suddenly she had turned to him.

"I forgot to give you the money. I'm terribly sorry," she stammered. Mario surprised himself as he reached over and put his hand on hers.

"We will take care of it later."

She withdrew her hand, opened her mouth as if to say something, and then turned back to the view. Mario reached for his water glass and drank half of it in one gulp. She must be embarrassed, she must know now that I feel strongly for her and she doesn't know what to say, he reasoned with himself, staring at her over the rim of his glass. She is surprised that I care for her.

During the meal they spoke of the day each of them had spent, of how hot it had been. She had been thankful for the cool museum. Mario told her about the tourists who had visited his shop, the ones he had fooled and the ones who had fooled him, and she laughed with him. He wanted to stay at this table with her until dawn; even if they did not speak, it would be enough. He was enjoying this new feeling. He wanted to tell her about it and see how happy it would make her. But after their coffee and apertif she seemed anxious to leave, drawing her thin sweater around her shoulders and shivering. When the waiter appeared with the bill she became quite flustered, even when Mario smiled and drew from his wallet more than enough to cover the check. As they walked to the car she did not speak. But as soon as they were seated she opened her purse and began taking out her money, unfolding the large bills one by one. She had hardly begun counting when Mario stopped her hand.

"I am paying tonight. I want to. Please," he said softly, moving his arm around her shoulder. "You are, as you say, my date."

Quickly Elizabeth pushed away his arm and crammed the money into his pocket.

"What? I'm sorry, but you have somehow gotten things mixed up." The words came tumbling out. She placed both hands on the dashboard, now speaking more slowly. "I went out with you because I thought you only did this for money and now you . . . Look, all I wanted was an escort" . . . She was still speaking, but he no longer heard her words as he stared mutely at the wheel, not able to believe what she had said. An hour ago he had been so glad. Today he had known for sure. Somehow he managed to start the car and they moved slowly down the drive onto the road. They did not speak at all driving into the city.

In the lobby of the hotel there were many people, faces without eyes, the dark faces with the dark suits. And Elizabeth's face had turned away from him after she said good-bye and he found himself stifled among the dark suits, they were all around him, staring after the white coated figure bolting out into the street.

by MARY CARY AMBLER, 1967

Two Haikus

NOT age, chill or pain . . .
But the leaves wither within
The strength of themselves.

In the striking light
Of the quick December sun
Our snow only piques.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The following essay by Bettye Hobbs was judged by the BRAMBLER Editorial Staff to be the best contribution from a member of the Class of 1969. The chart which Bettye refers to in her essay is quite elegant, but unfortunately we could not reproduce it. We can assure you that the essay is intelligible and enlightening as it stands. Bettye is from Shaker Heights, Ohio and a graduate of the Hathaway-Brown School. Congratulations, Bettye, and keep up the good work.

by BETTYE B. HOBBS, 1969

The Musical Structure of "Lycidas"

What pleasure will there be in music . . . if it is empty of voice, empty of words and of their meanings, and of the numbers that talk? Such strains befit the woodland choirs, not Orpheus, who by his songs held fast the streams, and added tears to the oaks by his songs, not by his lyre, and by his singing compelled to tears the shades that were done with life: It is from *song* that he had these praises.

— JOHN MILTON, "Ad Patrem"

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

— JOHN MILTON,
"On the Morning of Christ's Nativity"

INTRODUCTION

On first reading Milton's "Lycidas" aloud to myself, I was struck most forcefully by the beauty of the poem. Thinking over this reaction, I began to realize that my response to "Lycidas" was closely akin to my responses to much of the classical music I have heard. Recurring themes stuck in my ear and were echoed, developed and complicated with new themes in later lines. Thus, I came to the somewhat unfounded opinion that the structure of "Lycidas" is musically based and that, in fact, the poem could be correlated in its structure and development to a symphony.

After research I found, happily, that my parallel between "Lycidas" and a symphonic work is a valid one. While I found no written opinion that correlated exactly to mine, I did find that in the many analyses of the poem the critics supported my hypothesis, although they never dealt with it as such. That is to say, in illuminating the meaning and structure of various parts of the poem they made it clear to me that the development of thought falls into musical order of its own accord.

The very natures of poetry and music force them together as allied forms of expression. The element of sound is predominant in both, and because of this coincidence harmony and euphony are necessary tools of both the poet and the composer. To say that "Lycidas" is the best example of the elements of music in poetry is too broad an assumption, but the poem illustrates beyond doubt the extent to which poetry can be based upon and enhanced by musical structure. The correlation is primarily a tool to bring to one who understands music a richer and more appreciative understanding of the poem.

"Lycidas" is a long complex poem in which the development of thought is often obscured by seemingly irrelevant passages; for instance, the "Flower Passage" and the denunciation of the clergy. The whole idea is based on two antithetical concepts — the pastoral and the Christian attitudes toward death and rebirth — and the emergence of one from the other is a complicated and difficult process. Also, the ideas are present with typical poetic frugality, and in many places Milton is downright cryptic. Therefore an analysis of thought development is necessarily complex and long. To help myself and the reader I have made a diagrammatic chart of the thematic development which should be used when reading the paper so that the progression is easier to follow. Also, that the poem is logically divided into eleven different sections or "paragraphs" I have found from many sources. I have made these divisions in the copy of the text, although they are not usually shown, because in reading the paper and following the chart, it is easier to refer to the poem in this form.

On the whole, I have found working with "Lycidas" very stimulating and enjoyable, if somewhat overwhelming. The development of thought seems to be quite logical, and the parallel to music makes it more understandable and appreciable.

THE MUSICAL STRUCTURE OF "LYCIDAS"

I have found that John Milton's "Lycidas" is musically based and, in fact, that the poem's structure corresponds directly to the structure and development of a seventeenth-century musical work. The concept of a close relationship between music and poetry is far from new. In *The Republic* Plato set down a definite scheme of correlation between music and poetry in education. He believed that to be fully educated one must study poetry for the coordination of the mind and music for the coordination of the body, and that the combination of the two makes a complete education.

Considering the whole body of Milton's work, we find that music was a great influence on its form and that on the whole his work is an interpretation of both music and poetic techniques.¹ The poet's father was a skilled student of composition technique, and Milton himself lived and wrote in the shadow of the Elizabethan era when the predominate aspect of poetry was in its intimate alliance to music. Wylie Sypher maintains in his essay on Milton that he is the most baroque

and most polyphonic of seventeenth-century poets.² In musical terms this is somewhat of a contradiction, because in this century the music was fundamentally changed from the traditional baroque style and to be accurately classified must be called "Seventeenth-Century Baroque" and not simply "baroque." That is to say that the baroque of Milton's day was no longer polyphonic or based on counterpoint, but a monodic style in which there was a basic theme and secondary melodies serving merely as accompaniment. In this era it was customary to create as a thorough theme a bass melody or *basso continuo*.³ Mr. Sypher is correct, however, in that in "Lycidas" there is a complex combination of polyphony and homophony.

There are three identifying characteristics of seventeenth-century baroque music which can be found in "Lycidas." First, there is great emphasis on pomp, vastness and boldness which is manifested in a pronounced effort to produce an elaborate decorative piece of art. Second there is an increased interest in creating a tone painting based on the influence of Italian poetry. Finally, there is a unique treatment of harmony seen in the striking transitions from one color to another and the mixtures of various colors.⁴

In the non-technical sphere there are two important aspects of seventeenth-century baroque which effected Milton's creation of "Lycidas." At the beginning of the Italian Renaissance there was injected into music a new lyric and romantic spirit which greatly affected the contrapuntal style of the day.⁵ This factor is most evident in the polyphonic sections of "Lycidas," and its relevance is confirmed by the predominance of the Italian pastoral mode so closely associated with the neo-classicist humanist of the twelfth century renaissance in Italy. Also, in the Counter-Reformation of the seventeenth century the Roman church saw the propagandistic possibilities of the newly adopted dramatic musical style and used it in the religious struggle with the Protestant reformers.⁶ In "Lycidas" we see Milton using the Church's own weapon to criticize the corruption of the Roman Catholic clergy—an important issue in the Reformation.

Having shown the functional and historic bearing of seventeenth-century baroque music on Milton's work, I shall now try to correlate the development of idea in "Lycidas" to the development of a musical composition. It is important here to keep in mind that in this poem Milton does not adhere strictly to the musical style popular in his day, but combines it with the contrapuntal baroque of an earlier era.

"Lycidas" is fundamentally an elegy for Edward King, a drowned schoolmate and fellow poet of Milton's. In the first paragraph (1-14) is the initial statement of the *basso continuo*. There is here a clear expression of intent — the eulogizing of Lycidas. This theme is complicated from the beginning by the first subtheme which is presented in harmony with and is barely distinguishable from the main theme. This subtheme is introduced by the ambiguous statement, "I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude. And with forced fingers rude. Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year" (3-5). The laurel and myrtle in the first two lines are symbols of fame, specifically poetic, and the unripeness of their berries symbolizes the unripeness of Lycidas' fame. Also it is a symbol of the lack of maturity in Lycidas' poetry. The fourth and fifth lines symbolize both the harshness and crudeness of the cutting off of Lycidas' life and work and the immaturity and unripeness of the speaker and his poetry. This doubly-based subtheme is primarily the comparison between Lycidas and the speaker — between Milton and Edward King.⁸

The second complication introduced in this paragraph is the water-music theme which is carried throughout the elegy. Again a two-faceted idea, this theme is presented in lines ten through fourteen. Thus, in the first paragraph Milton introduces the thorough theme of mourning, but as in most musical compositions the presentation is coincidental with those of several minor "melodies" which will be developed later, and which are, in fact, components of the major theme.

The second paragraph continues the development and complication of the major theme by the introduction of more subthemes. Here the third subpattern is brought to the foreground and played in counterpoint with the main mourning theme. It is the element of mythological allusion which begins in the invocation to the nine Muses.⁹ Then, in lines eighteen through twenty-two the speaker restates the first subtheme, the parallel between himself and Lycidas, and develops it in counterpoint with the third. In this paragraph the mourning theme is pushed into the background and is more authentically a *basso continuo* in that the other melodies are played above it. Then, in the last two lines of the paragraph a new sub-theme is introduced. It is the representation of the poet as a shepherd, and it constitutes essentially the beginning of an idea which comes close to rivalling in predominance the mourning scheme. It is the identification of poethood with the pastoral or the relating of the poet to the forces of nature.¹⁰ Because this pastoral theme is presented in the last two lines and is wholly confined to them, we may say that it is presented contrapuntally with the other ideas.

The third paragraph picks up this poet-pastoral theme and develops it. Here the *basso continuo* is almost completely obscured and can be found only in the reminiscent tone so common in elegy. This whole paragraph is the development of the pastoral theme, but in it we hear the strains of the musical factor of the second subtheme. We see the poet here in close alliance with nature, with music as the liaison between the two. Thus, the musical and pastoral themes are developed homophonically with the underlying thorough theme found in the tone of reminiscence.

In the fourth paragraph the *basso continuo* is played in terms of the pastoral subtheme. More precisely, there is a homophonic overlapping of thematic development in that now the relationship between nature and the poet is seen in the fact that nature and the poet-speaker both are mourning the death of Lycidas.¹¹ It is difficult to say here whether the mourning or the pastoral theme is stronger because the two are interwoven so closely. Basically it is an expression of the loss felt both by nature and the speaker at the death of Lycidas. The stanza presents an emptied nature in which the surviving poet feels the loss of Lycidas in the sense that the change is a loss to his ear.¹² Here we come upon a new complication in the poet-pastoral theme. The speaker says that he can no longer hear Lycidas' song in nature and that nature's own music which accompanied that of Lycidas has also been stilled. But note the inference in the last few lines that the voice of nature is not stilled by grief; that is, that the death of Lycidas is not a loss to nature but merely a numbing of the poet's sensitivity to nature.¹³ Also note the subtle interweaving of the music and pastoral themes and that of the parallel between Lycidas and the speaker. Here we find a new subtheme which is closely related to the one of parallelism. In the new melody (theme) Lycidas is seen as the shepherd of the poet, without whom he is without the sympathy of nature and as helpless as untended sheep.¹⁴ This idea harks back to the pastoral description

in paragraph three and is developed in close homophony with the others in the stanza.

The fifth paragraph begins with the restatement of the water theme. This is further developed in the last three lines in connection with the watery tomb of Orpheus. Here we come to the all-important Orpheus theme. Cleanth Brooks and John Hardy maintain that the whole verse of paragraph four leads up to the paragraph five where the poet expresses a naturalism which "divests nature of any sanctity and the poet of any super-natural function."¹⁵ This seems especially true in light of the reproach with which the speaker asks the nymphs "Where were ye?" (50). This reproach comes out especially forcefully in the likening of Lycidas to Orpheus. Here the idea harks back to that expressed at the end of stanza four where Lycidas is seen as the poets' shepherd. First, the deaths of both Lycidas and Orpheus involve water. Lycidas was drowned and Orpheus was killed by the Bacchides and thrown into the Hebrus. The mention of the Lesbians in the last lines comes in with the second theme of music in that the Lesbians were rewarded with the gift of song for honoring with a temple Orpheus' remains, his head and harp.¹⁶

The Orpheus image is very important to the development of the poet-pastoral theme. Orpheus is the artist conventionally mourned in pastoral elegy. He is closely allied as a poet and musician to both the Druids and Christ, two allusions in "Lycidas," in that he is the harmonizing and civilizing agent who causes order to prevail in the world by his power over universal nature. Milton transfers these symbolic implications to Lycidas' death and rebirth and to the role which he plays in the poets' world.¹⁷ In history the Druids are England's first poet-prophets who preached monotheism (and thus are connected with Christ) and whose music created peace.¹⁸ The poet shows the lasting impact of Lycidas upon the poetic world by associating him with Orpheus, whose premature death and musical power over nature kept alive his importance in the pastoral elegy.¹⁹ Finally, in suggesting that the failure of the nymphs to save Lycidas is like the inability of Calliope to save her son, Milton further develops his theme of the relationship between nature and the poet by suggesting its weakness. The idyllic harmony of nature is ended by the death of Lycidas as it was by that of Orpheus,²⁰ and the passage as a whole is a somewhat pessimistic commentary on the relationship between the poet and nature, suggesting through the water image that the poet has no special place in nature, but rather that "his name is written in water."²¹ All of these ideas are developed simultaneously in homophonic harmony. The paragraph is like a musical work also in that the tunes (ideas) are called up from earlier passages and developed here. This is akin to the method of musical complication whereby a composer will restate a portion of a theme and develop it separately, combining it with new subthemes, thereby creating a liaison between passages. The Orpheus theme is the most important here in that it is a combination of music, water, mythological, poet-pastoral and, underneath, mourning themes. This paragraph is one of the most thematically complex and one of the most important in the poem because of its function as liaison between the preceding and following passages.

The sixth paragraph is also a combination and development of previously stated themes. First, it echoes the strain of the first paragraph in which the speaker mourns the premature death of a budding poet and thereby pulls out one aspect of the theme of parallelism between the speaker and Lycidas and develops it further. Second, it recreates the tone of reproach voiced in paragraph five and thus comes

back to the poet-nature theme to develop it further in this aspect. The reproach idea is developed coincidentally with the premature death theme in the dissertation on the unjust whimsy of fame. The speaker renounces the ties between the poet and nature by saying that it seems unjust to be as laxe to the pastoral-poetic muses when "the blind Fury" can snip the thread of life so easily.²² Note here the despair over the observation in the first paragraph on Lycidas' premature death. This again is the development of a single aspect of an earlier theme. Here is a faint echo of the desire for fame expressed in lines twenty through twenty-four combined with a more subtle drawing of the parallel between Lycidas and the poet-speaker.

Here also is the restatement of the mythological theme which is now brought to the foreground. This theme overrides all the others, which are played homophonically with it. Mythological allusion is particularly strong at the end of the paragraph when Phoebus Apollo speaks. His speech, though, combines several other themes. First, it is based on the philosophy of fame and fate. Second, it rings in the music theme in the line, "Phoebus replies, and touched my trembling ears" (77). This line refers to the traditional conflict between Pan and his flute and Apollo and his lyre — between pastoral and heroic traditions.²³

This reference also ties in the reproach aspect of the poet-pastoral theme. The conflict was resolved with Apollo as victor and the Muses allied with him in disdaining the pastoral tradition.²⁴ But the full implications of this allusion are further reaching than this. By considering the passages which follow and Milton's theme as a whole, one sees that he considers the pastoral to be true poetry, and its guardians to be the same as those of the higher classical tradition. In effect, as we shall see in the upcoming paragraphs, Milton is casting aspersions not only on the protective abilities of the Muses but also on those of the higher pagan deities. In other words, he is setting the stage for his upcoming statement of Christian belief by inferring disdain of the protection of Apollo and the Muses as opposed to the all-inclusive protection of a Christian God.²⁵ Remember that both Apollo and Jove (82) are pagan deities, and the transition from pagan to Christian philosophy is facilitated primarily by Apollo's proclamation that is effect his "Kingdom is not of this world."²⁶ Thus, in this paragraph Milton develops several of his original themes and hints at the introduction-to-come of a new theme. Note that the *basso continuo* is still present in that all the other themes are developed in relation to the basic mourning of Lycidas.

Let us now consider this transition as it continues in paragraph seven, keeping in mind the fact that in a musical composition the original theme is often changed entirely by the development of parts of it which leads to new melodies. This paragraph begins with a direct address to the "fountain Arethuse" (85). Brooks and Hardy postulate that this and the reference to the Italian river Mincius (86) call attention to the interruption of the pastoral theme before it is picked up again in the following line.²⁷ This follows logically after the disparaging tone in the preceding stanza. However disillusioned paragraph six, this verse renews faith in the natural world by showing that the sea is also an important part of nature and that, while Lycidas met his death by water the sea is a neutral element. This neutrality is shown by the remarks of Triton and Hippodotes that they knew not of Lycidas' worth.²⁸ This idea harks back to the original statement of the pastoral-poet idea and plays it in the original tune, overriding the resentful note sounded in the middle stanzas. Musically speaking, the theme has overleapt its complications and reverted to its original statement.

Note also the reversion to the water and mythology themes which are combined here homophonically with the pastoral.

The sea symbol here is a complex one which combines both old and new ideas. In the last two lines of the paragraph Milton hints at the concept of a force which transcends the natural one.²⁹ While the sea here is obviously associated with the deaths of both Orpheus and Lycidas, it is also used to symbolize the idea of rebirth which is to appear more definitely in later passages. All the "resurrection images" have to do with the sea: Alpheus flows under the sea to Sicily where he mingles his waters with his beloved Arethuse, Orpheus' peace-giving fame is kept alive by the Lesbians who fished his head and harp out of the sea, and men are resurrected "through the dear might of him that walked the waves" (173).³⁰ Thus, the significance of the recurrence of the water theme here lies not only in that it re-emphasizes a formerly stated melody (idea), but also that it is a harbinger of an idea to come. Thus, these two paragraphs are essentially transitional stages between the pagan and the Christian frame of thought, and they are akin to the transitional parts of a musical work which look both backward and forward.

The eighth paragraph temporarily completes the transition from pagan to Christian. The stanza begins with a short throwback to the pastoral and mythological themes. Camus is the note of the mythological, and his "mantle hairy" and "bonnet sedge" (104) are those of the pastoral. But in the one-hundred and ninth line the Christian theme is brought in with the allusion to St. Peter, which, although it is smoothed by the recurrence of the water theme, is a definite transition. Thus, although Milton has somewhat accommodated this figure to the pastoral mode by putting him in the context of one of the original nature themes, he hardly attempts to disguise his Christian character.³¹ St. Peter discusses the shepherd theme in realistic terms. This is entirely congruent with the developments thus far in that it illustrates Milton's point of the effectiveness of the Christian God as opposed to that of a pagan deity; that is, by making the Christian realistic, he contrasts him to the false and unreliable pagan. In another way this speech is a recurrence and development of a former theme. Again we find the rebelliousness against the fact of death that we saw in the fifth paragraph, only here it is in Christian terms. In effect, Peter asks why such a good shepherd as Lycidas when so many bad shepherds remain alive.³² In a very real way this is a final development which leads up to the resolution of the mourning theme or *basso continuo*.

It is a bitter stanza in which the music theme is developed in a new, harsh way as is the pastoral. It goes back to and strengthens the idea of Lycidas as the shepherd of poets, and in this it harks back to the Orpheus theme. The personality and powers of Orpheus associate him with Christ in that his power to control nature provides him with the means to resolve the poem's conflicts.³³ Also here we find an allusion to paragraph four in which the poet-shepherd relationship is broken and the poet-sheep suffers. Here too the sheep are suffering from lack of their shepherd, but though the long transition of tone and idea the shepherd's absence is of a different nature, and the missing shepherd here is not Lycidas but the "blind mouths" (119). Thus, we find in this long complex passage a smoothed-over but still striking transition of ideas, the smoothing being accomplished by the pastoral context into which the new Christian figure is set. And again, underlying this development, we have the theme of mourning evident only in the basic fact that Lycidas' untimely death is being discussed and lamented.

The ninth paragraph contains what is commonly known as the Flower Passage. This is a seemingly inexplicable digression from the stream of thought in that it is a complete reversion to the pastoral theme inserted at a time when Milton is ostensibly drifting away from that mode. In a musical context, however, it can be readily explained. Essentially this passage (132-153) is a throwback to the third and fourth paragraphs, or rather a combination of the two. Remember that in the third paragraph the speaker reminisces about the beauty of the shepherd's world when Lycidas was there, and in paragraph four he mourns the loss to that world of the poet. Here we find a beautiful description of flowers, though still lovely in themselves, are mourning the death of Lycidas. Consider the passage also in light of the poet's own remarks. "Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise" (152-153) indicates that the Flower Passage is a shrinking away from the dark forces which govern man's destiny. Here the poet interposes a fantasy between himself in grim reality in the preceeding by imagining that Lycidas died as he lived in a protected flowering haven.³⁴ This whole passage is an escape scheme which offers relief from the weighty thoughts surrounding it. This is a common device in all art forms, and it is often seen in the third or scherzo movement of a symphony which provides relief from the more serious movements. Following up this idea of relieving contrast one can see the passage as a pastoral landscape representing the serene world of the poet's desire in contrast to the turbulent ocean scene in the preceeding paragraph which symbolizes disorder.³⁵

Moving on to the last section of this paragraph (154-164) we find that the violence and mournfulness which have pervaded many passages of the poem here rise to a peak of "tragic grandeur."³⁶ Here too we find the culmination of the mourning theme in the distraught realization that Lycidas either "visits the bottom of the monstrous world" (158) or is "to our moist vows denied" (159), but in any case is irretrievably dead and gone. Here the mourning theme is brought out for the last time and reaches a climax. Incorporated into this climax are minor references to earlier themes. We find in the allusions to the "stormy Hebrides" (156) and the "whelming tide" (157) throwbacks to both the water and the Orpheus themes, which are so closely intertwined. Most outstandingly this paragraph is the emotional climax of the poem after which there is a *denouement* of falling action. In musical form too there is always an emotional climax in which the main theme and all its components are drawn to a peak and have only to be resolved and concluded.

The resolution and conclusion are found in paragraphs ten and eleven respectively. For the resolution we return to the two dominant subthemes — the Orpheus parallel and the pastoral mode — but they are here combined into one Christian idea. Caroline Layerson says of these lines: "With tremendous evocative effect, Milton synthesizes in these lines minor myths and major symbols through which man has affirmed his abiding faith in the power of God and in his own spiritual worth and indestructibility."³⁷ How is this synthesis accomplished? Wholly through the identification of Lycidas with Orpheus. Orpheus is a pastoral figure who is closely allied with Christ because of their similar powers and fates. Orpheus could charm the natural world through his music and poetry — he could even go down to Hades and return. He was a cosmic force which kept the world from chaos.³⁸ In the same way Christ had the power to rule the world and went down to Hell and returned. Most important both Orpheus and Christ were killed by the forces in the world they were trying to counteract, and both, though dead, remain

guardians of man. In the likening of Lycidas to Orpheus we inevitably expect this past-death force to prevail, and Milton does not disappoint us in this. "So Lycidas sunk low but mounted high,/Through the dear might of him that walked the waves" (172-172). Note also the projection of the pastoral onto the Christian—a proof of the transition achieved in paragraphs six through eight. Here we see the comparison of Lycidas to Christ achieved through the Orpheus parallel.

Then we find the final resolution of the mourning theme (182-185):

Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all who wander in the perilous flood.

Here is the culmination and resolution of all the many subthemes, and also here is the conclusion of the thorough theme of mourning. All the doubts are answered; all the musical, pastoral, mythological themes are combined in the merging of the two most important — the Orpheus and the Christian. To be sure this paragraph and the last retain the basic structure of an elegy and thence the *basso continuo* is in a way sustained; but it is an elegy which has mourned, doubted, rebelled and questioned the justification of Lycidas' death and has found a final resting place. Essentially Milton concludes with the thought that Lycidas' death (like Christ's) is not unjustifiable, but that through the might of God the poet's recompense is to return to be the "Genius of the shore" (184), the line of demarkation between order and chaos.³⁹ This paragraph is like the resolving of one huge chord; it is the resolving of one great theme and all its components. Thus, the verbal orchestra has carried us through the many intense emotions but has brought us to a secure resting place.

But in Lycidas, as in most musical works, there is a coda. Written in the genre of the poem (elegy), it is simply a "little ending." Milton uses this device much as the musician does — to add the final bit of icing to the cake. The poem ends quietly and with assurance. The mourning song is over. The poet expresses the final desire that he may carry on Lycidas' tradition and receive some reward, but he ends with the confidence that even if he must be snatched up early like Lycidas, the goodness that they stand for will endure.⁴¹

In this tone ends the complex development of "Lycidas." Throughout its many paragraphs the poem shows carefully planned structure and precise interweaving of themes. Thus, Milton has created a musically appealing work in a far greater way than merely by diction and rhythm. It is a poem which appeals to the mind through the senses, and most forcefully through the musical sense.

FOOTNOTES

- 1 A. H. M. SIME, "Milton and Music" *Contemporary*, CXV (March, 1919), p. 339.
- 2 WYLIE SYPHER, "The Metaphysical and the Baroque" *Partisan Review*, XI (1949), p. 15.
- 3 HUGO LEICHTENTRITT, *Music, History and Ideas*, (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1940), p. 121.
- 4 *Op. cit.* pp. 118-119.
- 5 *Op. cit.* pp. 62-63.
- 6 *Op. cit.* p. 124.
- 7 CLEANTH BROOKS and JOHN EDWARD HARDY, *Milton's Lycidas*, Ed. C. A. Patrides (New York: Hold, Rinehart and Winston, 1961), p. 40.
- 8 *Op. cit.* p. 140.
- 9 *Milton's Lycidas*, ed. C. A. Patrides (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1961), p. 2 (annotated text)
- 10 BROOKS and HARDY, pp. 139-140.
- 11 *Op. cit.* p. 140.
- 12 *Ibid.*
- 13 *Ibid.*
- 14 *Op. cit.* p. 143.
- 15 *Op. cit.* p. 141.
- 16 CAROLINE W. MAYERSON, "The Orpheus Image in *Lycidas*" *PMLA*, LXIV (1949), p. 189.
- 17 *Op. cit.* p. 195.
- 18 *Op. cit.* p. 202.
- 19 *Op. cit.* p. 200.
- 20 *Op. cit.* p. 203.
- 21 BROOKS and HARDY, p. 143.
- 22 *Ibid.*
- 23 *Op. cit.* pp. 144-146.
- 24 *Ibid.*
- 25 *Ibid.*
- 26 *Op. cit.* p. 144.
- 27 *Ibid.*
- 28 *Ibid.*
- 29 *Ibid.*
- 30 *Op. cit.* p. 145.
- 31 *Op. cit.* p. 146.
- 32 *Op. cit.* p. 148.
- 33 MAYERSON, p. 206.
- 34 *Op. cit.* p. 204.
- 35 *Ibid.*
- 36 *Ibid.*
- 37 *Ibid.*
- 38 *Ibid.*
- 39 *Op. cit.* p. 205
- 40 *Ibid.*

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by MEREDITH JANE ALDRICH, 1966

Sorcellerie à l'impair

AUX trois heures nubiles ses deux yeux noirs
Me regardent comme du bois d'un grimoire,
Et perles de verre, cliquetant la chair,
Par cent miroirs me lancent des éclairs.
Tordant ses bras, ses branches griffonnent
Et grattent, grattent un ciel qui frissonne.
A la nuit des limbes l'âme baise le Sort
Et glisse son fétiche entre la Mort.

by PAM SPURDON, 1966

The New Country

HAVING arrived, circumspecta
hot pink size 13
blotched by one Soulages black band
A muddy blue
sky space land-
ed kerplonk
and frightened Miss Muffet
back
again.

The pool-
ing resources
of melted snow frosted
in an infinite frame
Millions
laughing
at the sponges
yeasting
warmly in the sand.



by MARY CARY AMBLER, 1967

Sense of Proportion

IN THE beginning apple begat the rose.

Seasons of apples rose within
The fall from wine on
The vacuum sound.

Near strong roots forged snowsheds;

Somewhere in the cardinal spring
A thin wine on—
Vinegars honey.

Summer's bloom's alone in apple fair;

Were maple to glycerin
My fall, what worth's an
Apple rose.

Only silent cedar grows veins.

by PENN WILLETS, 1966

Luncheon Before Departure

(SCENE. The lobby and adjoining dining room of a modest hotel in Koblenz, Germany. In the lobby are several stiff, high-backed chairs arranged haphazardly in a circle. At the back there is a reception desk built into the wall of dark woodwork. The entrance to the hotel is to the left of the desk. *Right and left are the audience's right and left. The dining room is also small, with the same dark woodwork. There are several square tables spread with white cloths, set for luncheon. There is a single rose in a tall, slender vase on each table. The windows on the back wall overlook the narrow street. The overhanging balconies of the neat brown frame houses can be seen. Several baskets of red geraniums can be seen decorating the balconies.

Onstage at the rise of the curtain is Annette Black, a tall, slender girl in her early twenties. She is standing at the desk talking to the concierge, a short chubby man with a mustache. Annette is wearing a trenchcoat and loafers. Her long blond hair is straight and worn back behind her ears. In the lobby two women of about fifty years of age are perched rigidly on the edge of their chairs, their large suitcases and satchels close beside them. Maude Cooper is wearing a matronly dark brown suit which accentuates her buxomness and ample waist. Her greying hair is worn in a braided bun at the crown of her head. A white blouse with a high ruffled collar hugs her throat. Her face has a scrubbed look; all the color is gone and only a waxy surface remains. On her right is Kerry Simpson, a very thin woman by contrast, wearing a strict navy blue suit with padded shoulders. Her hair is still a dark brown, pulled back sharply from her high forehead into a knot at the back of her head. She too, has a faded, tired appearance. They both watch Annette intently.)

MAUDE (loudly to Annette). You're American, aren't you? Lord, are we glad to see somebody from home, I tell you. (She rises, hands on hips, and Kerry follows suit. Their skirts hang several inches below their knees).

ANNETTE (walking towards them). Yes, from Pittsburgh. Where you from?

MAUDE. Abeline. Abeline, Kansas. I'm Maude Cooper and this is Kerry Simpson. We're traveling companions. We went by Cooks. Are you traveling alone? (She and Kerry edge backwards towards their seats).

ANNETTE (Taking off her coat and draping it over a chair). No, a friend's meeting me here, or is supposed to. Friend from school. Oh, my name's Annette Black. I see you're leaving.

MAUDE. Yes. For home, thank God. (Kerry is nodding, perched on the edge of her chair). Oh, I should tell you . . .

KERRY. Germany's been hard on us, not knowin the language and all. (She leans forward and reaches for the handle of her suitcase, testing the tiny padlock, glancing at the Concierge). Can't trust anybody over here. They haven't changed none since the war no matter what you hear. My nephew Stephen, my brother's boy, he was killed over here, you know. (She seems to be about to continue, but Maude looks up at her sharply).

ANNETTE. Oh, I'm sorry. Well, I guess I'll be going in to get some lunch now. Good talking to you, and have a good trip.

MAUDE. Oh, well, we'll go in with you if you don't mind. We're having a bite before we leave, that's in an hour when the car comes. It'll be good talking to somebody who doesn't just give you a look and jabber something back. We'd better take our bags right to the table with us, Kerry. (They both rise and pick up the suitcases. Annette moves to help). Oh, no, thanks anyway. No. We're used to it. We don't like porters much. (The three of them walk into the dining room. A waiter dressed formally in black leads them to a small table by the open window. Kerry and Maude place their suitcases close beside their chairs before they allow the waiter to seat them. Annette sits facing stage front with Maude on her right and Kerry on her left. She is wearing a bright yellow tightly knit pullover sweater with bright green shell beads and a brown corduroy skirt. Kerry leans across the table in front of Annette and whispers something to Maude, who is scrutinizing the large menu card, holding it up quite close).

MAUDE. My companion and I will have the Schinken mit brot and iced tea. Have you got that now—Schinken mit brot? (She glances at Annette). That's ham sandwich.

ANNETTE. I think I'll have the weiner schnitzel and some dark beer. (The waiter leaves and Maude leans over to Annette).

MAUDE. I wouldn't order that schnitzel if I were you. No, Kerry and I've had some dreadful times. Especially you have to be careful in these small towns. Koblenz was ninety per cent bombed out in the war, did you know that?

ANNETTE. Ninety per cent! I'm surprised because it's built up so well. Oh, thanks anyway for telling me about the schnitzel, but I've never had any trouble with it. (Neither Kerry nor Maude says anything for a moment. Then the former leans down and begins rummaging in her satchel. Maude stares at her).

KERRY. Just checking something. (She reaches for a roll from the bread basket. Maude unsnaps the purse in her lap and rummages in it. She then opens her mouth a crack and neatly places a pill onto her tongue, swallowing carefully and lengthily, touching her adams apple gently).

ANNETTE. How long have you two been over here?

MAUDE. (snappily). Eight weeks Sunday. And let me tell you that's much too long to be traveling. We'll be right glad to get back home, sleep in our own beds. (Kerry nods adamantly as she chews her roll. No more of this living out of a suitcase. And you never feel like you're really clean, you know. You have to scour these tubs before you put your foot in. I'm ready for home, my golly! (She unfolds her napkin and swats it once against the side of the table to make it open fully). How long you been over? Seems like you know your way round things.

ANNETTE. Two weeks. I docked at Bremerhaven and have been touring in a car I rented. It's been great. I was over here about two years ago. How have you been traveling?

MAUDE. Train. Cooks arranged it. Very good agency, but they always send the strangest people to meet you at the station and take you to your hotel. Why, there was this one man, (Maude lowers her voice and she and Kerry lean towards Annette) this man who met us in Rome. My lands, he wasn't like any travel agency man I've ever met!

KERRY. (whispering). Tell her about what he said, the part about taking us out.

MAUDE. Well, . . . he was one of those Italians you always picture with the black wavy hair and always after you. We didn't know whether to get in the car or not even though he kept saying he was the Cooks man. You never can be too sure. Well, we got in and he sat in back with us. There was a driver, see. Kerry was sitting next to him and he kept pawing her arm on the way to the hotel, or we hoped it was the hotel.

KERRY. *Stroking* my arm, if you please.

MAUDE. He was talking to us about going to Hadrian's villa at night. And this didn't sound right, going out to a villa you know, and at night. He said he'd get us tickets for this tour but we didn't swallow that line. Then he had the nerve to ask us if we wanted escorts for going out at night. Can you imagine?

ANNETTE. Guess you *were* worried, I can see how. (Both ladies lean forward as though ready to say something more, but the waiter appears. The two plates which he sets down in front of them might as well be dead fish. He winks away after Annette's order).

MAUDE. (Slowly picking up a piece of the dark brown bread and holding it up in front of her along with a thin slice of ham). Schinken mit brot. This is what they call a ham sandwich. (She puts down the bread and ham and pokes at them with her fork while Kerry watches). The waiter returns with a dish he uncovers ceremoniously in front of Annette, and then disappears to bring the beverages. By this time Kerry too has made her sandwich and all three begin to eat. The waiter sets two cups in front of Maude and Kerry along with a bowl of ice cubes and a tall stein of beer. Maude announces. Iced tea. Do it yourself style, and in a tea cup. To me it just can't be iced tea if it's in a cup, you know? Oh, I'm too tired to call him back. This is the last time we'll have to do it, Kerry. (She sighs loudly and reaches for an ice cube. As the two older women eat they inspect their sandwiches closely before each bite. Kerry eats around a section which she leaves untouched and deposits it gingerly on her plate. From time to time they glance furtively at Annette's plate).

KERRY. (To Maude). You're sure you told Harry what time our train's due in, aren't you?

MAUDE. Yes, Kerry. We wrote him a month ago, you remember. (Suddenly Kerry's elbow knocks over the rose vase in front of Maude. For a moment they all sit motionless staring at the water dripping off the end of the table. Kerry's hands fly to her mouth, her fists clenched.)

ANNETTE. Here, here's my napkin. It's all right. We'll have it mopped up in a sec.

MAUDE. Yes, thank-you. Yes. I just hate to make scenes, you know, in these places. (Kerry has risen from her seat and is leaning across the table, dabbing at the water with her napkin). Oh, for God's *sake*, sit down, will you? (Kerry looks at her for a long moment, backing slowly into her chair). Now, as I was telling you, Annette, Harry's our hired man. Fifteen years he's been with me. Lord, I hope he's looked after things all right. I shouldn't leave the place like that anyway. Too big a responsibility for him. (She peers closely at her watch). Almost time we were leavin. Sure was a pleasure meetin you. You and your friend take good care yourselves over here. You're mighty young to be travelin around alone.

ANNETTE. Oh, we will. And it was nice meeting you both. I hope your trip home works out fine.

KERRY. Where you goin' after this?

ANNETTE. Oh, we're taking the trip on the Rhine to Wiesbaden, picking up the car there, and driving to Paris where we'll be about three weeks. And then we hope to go on to Switzerland. (She stops talking and looks down at her plate, aware that the other two are not listening. Maude is rummaging in her purse, her face contorted into frowns. Kerry is leaning down arranging things in her bag). Well, good-bye, then, Maude, and Kerry. Safe trip to you.

MAUDE. Oh, uh, yes, good-bye. Have a good time. (She and Kerry return to their satchels. Annette walks to the left towards the doorway). Kerry, you know it's always in your wallet, you *always* keep it there. You always do. What have you done with it? (Her voice rises).

KERRY. I know it's here. Somebody's stolen it if it isn't. You know how people always want them, especially Germans, sneak in the country. But what if they won't let me back in?

MAUDE. (Rising from her chair and leaning over Kerry's shoulder she delves down into the bag). This junk you have, I told you not to put all this in here, didn't I? How you'd ever get along . . .

(Annette pauses at the doorway for a moment listening. She seems to be considering returning to the table, but then turns and almost runs out of the room without looking back. Maude is still searching in the satchel while Kerry sits there staring into it, her hands tightly gripping the arms of her chair).

The curtain falls.

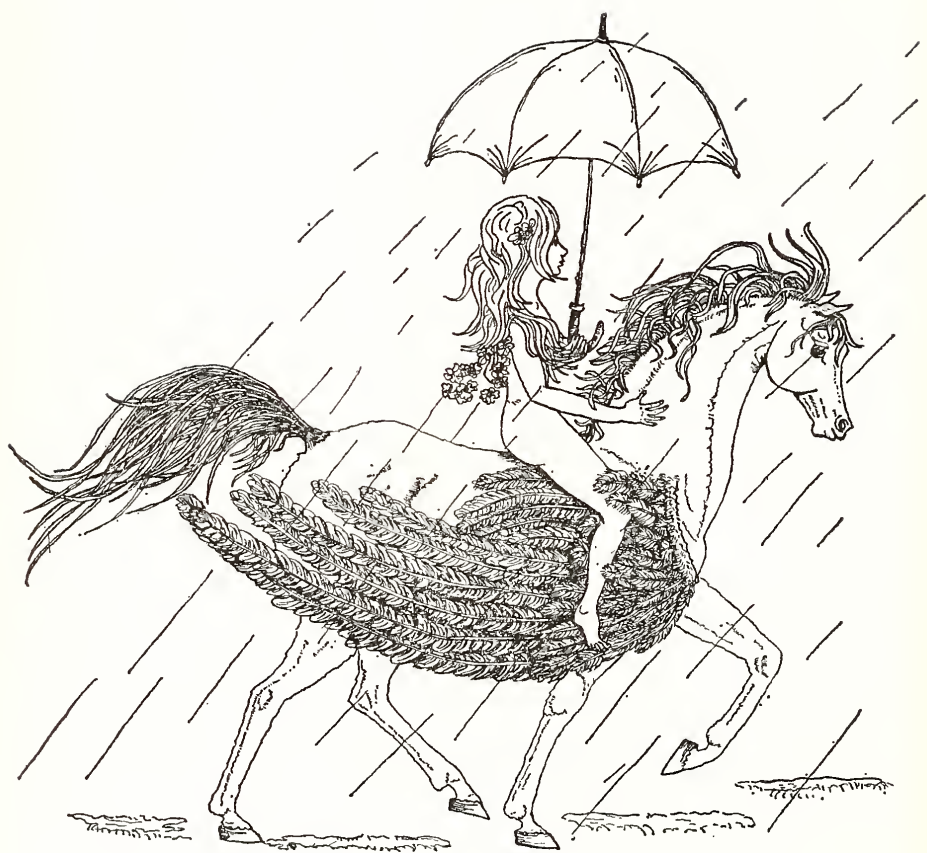
by LIN CAMPBELL, 1966

Little Orphan Annie

WITHERED woman with piano-key teeth
Stands on her paper-corner, chanting news;
Chin and nose bend to reach each other,
And hair hangs down in milky, once-blue eyes;
Gnarled knuckles nailed to a money cup—
Inside, one dirty dime; crooked legs are cues
Of long-stood years—the years her hump bequeaths.

Paper doll with cut-up clothes—black and white
And red—crinkled and folded; used, then put
Away. A funny paper, Orphan Annie,
But old and bleached with age; standing, singing,
Sending news ringing; rings out the old with
News. At six she seeks her cradle-cranney—soot
Black crack—she's still, cold from the daylight fight.





by SANDY SWAIN, 1966

Pliny: On Unselfconsciousness
or
A Winterself Encounters Spring

FEBRUARY sees in shapes of white and brown,
snow and tired bricks.
Tilled summer will not scratch her sun-back
to bother sleeping rosemary
Until Mid-March Melissa begins her parade:
plummeting hair in sprig-branches black and unbudded
—fishhooks in the wind.

You look:
your sandpapered knuckles are red-bled and wrinkled.
You're afraid Sophia (or another Daementia
who weaves garland retreats into rugs
for flitting Blueserpents)
Will refuse the winter hide of your dwarf-sponge frame.

But Daementia won't refuse you because her vines laugh,
And the tundra will yawn in her theatrical fashion
And beckon your skirt to blow among her wafted frocks.

by SHELLEY TURNER, 1966

To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Nothing, Yet

THOSE headlong ridglings
(Those demi-eunuchs you knock)
Nag at their martingales and never
Look to their thickened crests
Which are just as much the reason.
They shake their cresty necks
And believe they are what they are in fact not,
And are in fact the laughing-stock of mares.
But you, puissant mare, unchecked
By snaffle or weymouth, and even jockeyless,
Run the same course for joy—
Run it zig-zag, flashing silkless between silks,
Awry, for not one piece of purse, and I—
I (know this, not alone) study your mazy-crazy flight
And leave my stopwatch ticking.





by SHELLEY TURNER, 1966

PURGATORY:

*A Focal Point for William Butler Yeats'
Ideas and Artistry*

"I SOUGHT a theme and sought for it in vain." I looked for a sign of Yeats' personal help, such as the one he felt he had received from Blake when working on the latter's Prophetic Books. I hoped the magic of the cycle, the centenary, would evoke a single something, the quintessence of one hundred years, "as though it were firmly established that the dead delight in anniversaries." But I met with innumerable contradictions when I tried to sift out that special thing the poet would have us remember above all, were he here to celebrate. I was all Alice in the Caucus Race with Maud Gonne, and gyring golden birds, and some feisty Pollexfen, and some errant Abbey players, and the Lord knows what. How then to make a choice among these images, concepts, persons, all protean and *inseparable*; they defied abstraction.

For his own career and for the cause of the Irish Rebellion Yeats had "definite plans" which hinged upon a "popular imaginative literature." He operated upon two particular convictions: first, that "all races had their unity from a mythology." This included stories known and even sung by the uneducated classes, and these were the exclusively Irish tales that Yeats and his sympathizers wished to make current among the educated classes, "rediscovering for the work's sake what I (Yeats) have called 'the applied arts of literature,' the association of literature, that is, with music, speech, and dance." His final aim was to "so deepen the political passion of the nation that all, artist and poet, craftsman and day-labourer would accept a common design."

And he dreamed that these images, "once created and associated with river and mountain," might assume a life of their own. His second conviction was that

Nations, races, and individual men are unified by an image, or bundle of related images, symbolical or evocative of the state of mind, which is of all states of mind not impossible, the most difficult to that man, race, or nation; because only the greatest obstacle that can be contemplated without despair rouses the will to full intensity.

He believed that Ireland might find the unity that he visualized for her if she could "first find philosophy and a little passion." His own part in this nationalistic movement would be to arouse the Irish people and to give them a culture worthy of pride and devoted maintenance. His contributions were a uniquely personal and national poetry, and a generous hand in the establishment of the Abbey Theatre.

Yeats also made certain commitments to himself in regard to his artistry. He determined that his diction should be natural, stripped down, and astringent. Simplicity is an indispensable factor in staying power. If the Irish people were to assimilate the products of his exceptional intellect, those products or ideas must be couched in a palatable form. (Allusions which the lay reader may find *outré* are drawn almost exclusively from the Irish traditions Yeats had thoroughly steeped himself in; he rejected eclecticism as counter to the development of a national literature.) Direct and unencumbered language was a feature of the folk idiom that lent itself to the Irish stage as well as to Yeats' poetry. It permitted a clean, incisive, and unimpassioned communication of ideas.

And now we should settle upon which were the recurrent themes he chose to develop; as a leading figure in the Irish renaissance, as one of the last romantics, as a cherisher of the old ideals of the Protestant aristocracy, as both an innovator and keeper of the Irish mythological flame, as a man seeking unity for his country while discovering himself, as an avid proponent of discipline with a full awareness of the 'mutinous flesh?' More often than not, several of these factors are necessarily included in a single poem or play and are recognizable all through Yeats' work with the emphasis thrown in different quarters depending upon the purpose of the individual piece.

* * * * *

I sought a theme and came up with a play, *Purgatory*. Yeats was an old man in his seventies when he wrote this piece. He had already succeeded as a public figure, albeit Plato's ghost was still crying loudly, "What then?" I have chosen to discuss the play because it is a superlative example of Yeats' craftsmanship as both poet and dramatist. It represents the best that the mature poet had to offer, and exemplifies his achievement of intensity through a pared down presentation. The concept of *Purgatory*, of the heritage of guilt, and of the necessity of both revenge and a sort of katharsis are classic themes that might be elucidated by any number of approaches. It is the social, moral, and religious symbolism that sets this play apart as unmistakably Yeatsian.

The play is deceptively stark in narrative line, dramatic situation, and structure. A lightning-riven tree, a ruined house, an old man, and a boy — these are the unprepossessing components ("A mound of refuse or the sweepings of a street,") which make up this compressed and compelling drama. And they — trees, houses, youth, and age — are well worn Yeatsian figures independent of this particular play.

The house stands for a way of life, "the old high way," and is the tangible symbol, the objective correlative, for the Protestant aristocracy that Yeats identified with and fought to restore. This particular house is ruined, and is more than likely a symbol for Yeats' feeling for the status of the Coole Park idyll and its ilk after the rebellion and for the future.

The bare tree complements the ruined house. It may once have been the spreading laurel, the custom in which innocence and beauty were born and maintained in a mansion where all was ceremonious. It may also be a "silly old man," a stick, devoid of "greasy life." It may also be a "purified soul." In the case of the latter two, it does take on a rigid sort of nobility, like the speaker in "Sailing to Byzantium."

The Boy would seem to represent the younger generation, and none too favorably. He is self-centered and devoid of intellect. Perhaps in his later years, Yeats found young people intolerable, impenetrable, and incommunicative. As the Boy's set of values are illustrated, he may also stand for the hopeless bourgeoisie that gained power, contrary to Yeats' reactionary dream, after the Irish rebellion. In this instance, he is a mutt as well. Even as bastard foxhound puppies are done in so that the breed may remain pure, this boy must be sacrificed. This is a classic way of wiping out a curse, smacking of the house of Atreus. The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon their children.

The Old Man may as well be Yeats. He may attempt to remain unobtrusive and anonymous, but he is so similar to the bitter old man who dominates the majority of the Later Poems published in the same volume with *Purgatory*, that there need not be a question. In any case, whether or not he is Yeats has nothing to do with the effectiveness of the play. Such excruciating self-discovery, achieved without sentimentality, and in a sense, without flinching, bears the hallmark of an old but honest man, a man who boldly gives countenance to his lifetime ideals, but who also has a shrewd if rueful eye fixed upon reality.

The play opens with the Boy's muttering words which have the effect of an incantation. The words are plain, common, yet their arrangement is poetic, rhythmic. There are no ideas expressed; he simply leads the way for the Old Man's opening command — a command which articulates or sets in motion the predominant interest in the play.

"Study that house," he tells the Boy. And a few lines later he tells him to, "Study that tree." These two symbol-objects will be the focal point throughout the play. The changes they undergo will parallel the changes which take place within the human characters. The tree that resembles a "silly old man" takes on the aspect of a "purified soul," after this one cycle of purgation has been completed. The Old Man attempts to make the Boy aware of the true treasures of the house, the way of life, the "jokes and stories." These are the heritage of the house. All such houses accumulate their own body of anecdotes and they are an indispensable part of the aura that sets them apart. The Old Man is concerned because he is at the end of the line. The 'personality' of the house, the soul of the house, is in his keeping and he laments that if he lose command of them, none living can carry them on. It is bootless to try to place this responsibility on the Boy, for he is first of all ill-bred, and second, born too late to have known the house in its glory.

The threshold has "gone to patch a pig-sty;" the money and values of the Protestant aristocracy have been dissipated vainly among the lower classes in the course of the rebellion. The effect has been not to raise or restore society, but to produce a tasteless mongrel. The Boy is wary; "So you have come this path before?" This one comment gives away the inexorable cyclical movement of *Purgatory* and suggests without statement that some ritual is in the offing.

The path is in moonlight, the house in shade, and the Old Man says ominously, "That's symbolical," thereby riveting our attention all the more to these lonely props, so barren that the imagination may not wander over form and color, but must listen for the words. The Old Man would know the Boy's response to the tree, and the Boy inadvertently alienates himself by calling it a "silly old man." He is impudent as well as dull.

It is like — but no, the Old Man will not waste his breath upon this insensitive dolt. He instead gets on with the story. He knew it in its time of "fat, greasy life," a time when the house doubtless looked like a colour-plate out of *Country Life*, and a time when he was himself young. He again commands the Boy to look, for "there is somebody in that house." However, the Boy, who had not travelled the path before, sees nobody. He sees only exteriors — broken floors, windows, roof, egg-shell.

The Old Man, speaking to more than the Boy, then sets forth the concept and workings of Purgatory which are illustrated by the play. But first he remarks that, "There are some That do not care what's gone, what's left." These are the people that distress Yeats by bringing on the destruction of the "old high way" through negligence or self-indulgence. He had seen the social and political effects of this attitude during and after the rebellion.

With the Boy protesting in the background, the Old Man explains that the souls in Purgatory return to the scene of the crime, bound to "Re-live/Their transgressions" over and over again until "they know at last/The consequences of those transgressions/Whether upon others or upon themselves."

Upon others, others may bring help,
For when the consequence is at an end
The dream must end; if upon themselves,
There is no help but in themselves
And in mercy of God.

That is the formula which Yeats develops and restates at the conclusion of the play.

At this point, the narrative begins to pick up. We realize that the two characters are father and son, on one level, and symbols for conflicting attitudes, political and social, as well as disparate generations on another. Our attention is again focused upon the ruined house as the Old Man launches into its history, and his own.

Fifty years ago the tree had had green, ripe leaves, but a "thunderbolt had given it." At the risk of a pun, I would venture to say that that tree was a 'family tree' in so much as its condition paralleled that of the family. The thunderbolt in terms of human action was the Old Man's mother's impetuous marriage. She blindly married a handsome race-track guinea, giving no thought to the implications for her family or for The House. "Her mother never spoke to her again,/ And she did right." This is the stand Yeats takes as the Old Man. And he proceeds to show how this heedless, self-indulgent action was to bring the entire family to grief.

The Boy interrupts, not sensible of the ethic of the "old high way," and contends that since his grand-dad got the girl and the money, who was to say what was right or wrong. And this is precisely the attitude, blossoming after the rebellion, that so bitterly disappointed Yeats. The old values were not taken in by the common people. You can take the groom out of the training stable, but you can not take the training stable out of the groom. To get the girl and the money was the middle-class apex of success.

Now the Old Man elucidates the crime; the killing of the house. It was a not unusual process; the money gushed or dribbled out, with none coming in to replace it. The estate dwindled *Cherry Orchard* style, not with a bang but a whimper, until the Old Man's drunken father burned it down, an accidental coup de grace.

The Old Man's mother died in childbirth, so that she could not know the worst until after death. Despite her iniquities, Yeats apparently feels the same concern for her as a mother that he does for his own in "Among School Children." Yeats speaks of the lovers of the house; they are the "Beautiful Lofty Things," the faces in the Municipal Gallery, the flower of Ireland's past and the hope for her future. They were aristocrats with instinctive noblesse oblige, and servants of their country. The Old Man was a social half-breed, but he chose to identify with this side of his parentage. But the grandfather killed the house, and according to the Old Man, "To kill a house Where great men grew up, married, died,/ I here declare a capital offence." And it met with capital punishment.

Again the Boy breaks in, oblivious to the Old Man's ideals. Grand clothes, a grand horse — what more can you ask for? (Times have changed, but not people; the boy today might prefer a Ferrari.) He is not purposely flippant here; he seems to believe that these material things are the best that life has to offer.

The Old Man continues in a personal, psychological vein. He resents his father for denying him the education that may have allowed him, despite his blood, to do justice to the house. He gleaned his education from a gamekeeper's wife, a Catholic curate, those people who loved him, or as he says half-loved him, for his mother's half of him. Their caring affected him deeply. He wished to remember their jokes and stories, lest they vanish like the all the beautiful, lofty Olympians, "a thing never known again." Yeats had a genuine fondness for these staff people. His own education was haphazard, and many of his strongest childhood impressions were the result of his companionship with servants. (Particularly charming was his youthful belief, on the sober word of a stable boy, that a family's importance might be determined by the length of its driveway or 'avenue.' The equation does have its points!) And books, the Old Man mentions them four times in three lines. They were to him as beloved as the house.

The Boy questions his own education, but the Old Man waves him off, the bastard child of pedlar and tinker's daughter. He continues the narrative about the house; the Boy is not worth the time it would take to explain matters to him. He would not be capable of sympathy or understanding, even so.

Everything was burnt. The house was killed, books, library, everything. The Boy has heard upon the road that the Old Man killed his father, and the killing of the house was surely a motive for this other killing. The Old Man confesses this to the Boy, referring to the trouble given him by his father's drunken friends. Worthy friends were Yeats' barometer of success, and this one reference is sufficient to relegate the grandfather to a social position of permanent contempt. The Old Man, shackled by heredity, can not hope to aspire to a respectable social position, and so takes to the roads, a pedlar. His sense of deed and family masters him. His was "No good trade, but good enough/Because I am my father's son," and, with reference to his past and future murders, "Because of what I did or may do."

This first part of the play establishes the relationship between the two characters, makes clear their values, and makes intelligible the ensuing action which deals with the people within the old house. The Old Man, as the older generation, has told the Boy any number of times to study this or listen to that, while the Boy is persistently incapable of seeing or hearing. This relationship is also valid on the social and political levels represented by the two characters, as with respect to the rebellion. The great 'house' of Ireland has been sacrificed, and to what avail?

Our attention is drawn back to the house as the Old Man tells what is going on between his mother and father. It is the anniversary of the Old Man's conception. It is the actual Purgatory, the re-enactment of the sin. The grandfather's sin was obviously the killing of the house. The sin of the mother was the forsaking of the house, of ceremony, of all those elements of the "old high way" of life. Yeats' "Prayer for My Daughter" comes to mind (a poem which is in many ways the complement to this play); "It's certain that fine women eat A crazy salad with their meat/Whereby the Horn of Plenty is undone." Although this line is taken out of context, it aptly defines the mother's transgression.

Without being obtrusive, Yeats now goes through a hermetic exposition of the ideas of Purgatory introduced in the beginning. The entire passage is laid out with the care and precision of a mathematical formula, yet the structure remains subservient to the gripping and impassioned narrative. The Old Man, who has seen the performance countless times, is still shocked and indignant. He can not help but respond. He cries out to his mother, but she is deaf to him, even as the Boy fails to hear.

Now comes a moment of the most serious doubt. The Old Man has been doing all the explaining, yet he has found a stumbling block. And that block is a cornerstone; it is the very sin around which the fates of the characters pivot. He never did answer the Boy's "What's right and wrong?" He had merely passed over it. And he echoes the Boy's remark that his wits may be out:

But there's a problem: she must live
Through everything in exact detail,
Driven to it by remorse, and yet
Can she renew the sexual act
And find no pleasure in it, and if not,
If pleasure and remorse must both be there,
Which is the greater?

He says he will ravel the problem out, but before he has the chance, he catches the boy rummaging in his pack and the dilemma is left unsettled, ready to recur.

The action now returns to the Old Man and Boy, suddenly boils over in violence, and forces the two to listen to each other. The arguments which spring up are rife with social and political implications. The Boy claims he was never given his right share, and the Old Man counters that he had not the judgment to warrant any more. The Boy might have spent it on drink, yet the Boy comes up with a leading question:

What if I did? I had a right
To get it and spend it as I chose.

The Old Man does not argue with this reasoning. He ignores it and attempts to discipline the Boy. It was the philosophy that had led the mother to ruin. She had chosen with no respect for collective destiny, with no sense that her actions would inevitably affect the lives of other people unfairly. The Boy, standing for the rights of the individual to choose his life, now threatens to turn the tables on his father. They lock horns for a brief period and then simply confront each other, the air thick with animosity.

The attention is again drawn to the figure of the grandfather in the window of the ruined house, and now the Boy can see as well. The Old Man again takes up the narration. The grandfather is a drinker and a beast, sensual and immoral.

That he is physically attractive is his only redeeming feature, and this itself is a curse. The Boy looks on appalled. The Old Man agonizes over his mother's fate; "Being dead she is alone in her remorse." He looks at the one beast image in the window, and senses a potential beast in his immediate presence. He stabs the Boy. He is twice a murderer, "My father and my son on the same jack-knife!" Now he has committed his crime, the crime which he is destined to act out over and over again.

At this moment the tree is like a purified soul. The tree that was riven by sin now glistens in the light. The Old Man and the family are vindicated by the blood sacrifice of the Boy. According to the Yeatsian concept of Purgatory, he has brought help to his mother whose transgression was upon others. He has killed a would-be house-killer, and potential getter of house-killers. He has put an end to the bad seed. The Boy's danger was his attractiveness, as was his grandfather's. The Old Man is harmless because he is no longer desirable. He cleans his knife, gets his money together, and prepares to set out again, planning to perpetuate the House he holds dear by telling his "old jokes among new men."

Just at his point comes the terrifying ending:

Hoof-beats! Dear God,
How quickly it returns — beat — beat — !

This unexpected coming full circle, this inexorable reliving of the horror just experienced, is one of the single most effective dramatic devices. (Outstanding in British film, *Dead of Night*.) The Old Man suffers like Sisyphus or Prometheus; the anguish is always fresh, not a thing that becomes less acute with repetition, not a thing he will ever get 'used to.' He appeals to God:

Release my mother's soul from its dream!
Mankind can do no more. Appease
The misery of the living and the remorse of the dead.

He and his mother die each other's life, live each other's death.

Yeats' *Purgatory* achieves startling depth of meaning in less than 250 lines. This is because the structure is air-tight; there are no superfluous words, no decorative or long-winded passages. Characterization is kept subordinate to what Yeats called the "passionate anonymity of the discovered Self." The nearly barren stage relates this play to either the most ancient or most modern of drama, but was a decisive break from the nineteenth century tradition. Yeats dared to be different. In fact, he felt that for his purposes originality would be indispensable. He has combined the classic, the nationalistic, and the personal in this one piece. The concept of Purgatory is universal; the setting, with Curragh and the Puck Fair, is obviously Irish; and the vehicle of the killing of the House is of special significance to Yeats. Also, the question left unanswered about pleasure and remorse is universally applicable, and of immense personal concern to the poet. He deprecates the actions of the mother, but does not excoriate her. He is sympathetic to human nature, but can not help being desperate and frustrated by the tyranny of the flesh, more than ever, now that he is an old man. He sees and says that undisciplined passion places the lady on the same level as the dissolute horse-bum. "This night she is no better than her man." She is a far cry from the august and aloof Maud Gonne, but she is not wicked. It is, after all, for her soul that the Old Man is in Purgatory.

Yeats was a social man. He knew and loved the way of life of the aristocracy. He perhaps laboured under the delusion that the rebellion would affect a restoration of the "old high way" and was disappointed, as is traditional with post-revolutionary artists, when his ideals did not materialize. The play *Purgatory* was written after he had already won the Nobel Prize and is representative of the achievement of his later work which would be known as his finest. After one hundred years, what would Yeats have us remember? He was a brilliant innovator, per his ambition, in Irish popular literature. He was a superlative craftsman who realized his desire to "be sincere" and give his language the force of "personal utterance." The ideas and artistry in *Purgatory* exemplify the fulfillment of a great poet's promise to his country, his profession, and himself.

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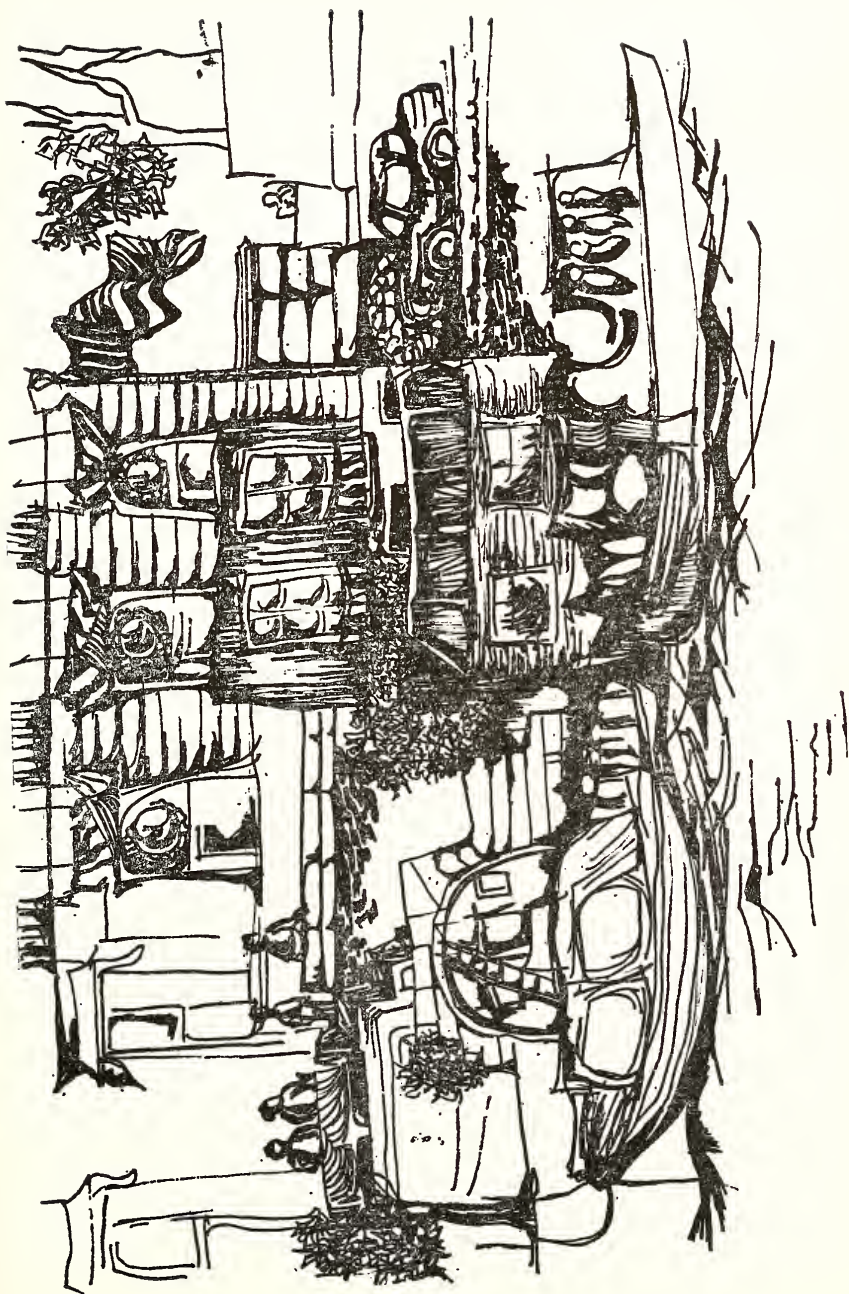
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by CLARE LOYD, 1966

Hephzibah in a Flatboat

WHAT secret in her night clad breast:
a gosling sheltered from the moon
a vision sunk beneath the marsh
a prayer for one long dead.

Tight laced bodice and noose-hung hair
but serve to keep the curve of lap from view.
She only tells her mystery is her own
and prints in mind some one thnig I once knew.



by PENN WILLETS, 1966

THE VISITOR

ANNE watched him coming into the room, long-striding, the thick legs in white pants, the bull neck with that classic Latin head, and the dark skin with the white flash of a smile beginning. His smile embraced them both, but Jiggs was rising and she met him in the center of the room; her hands were on his waist, his gripped her bare tan shoulders for a moment before he let her go. Anne looked away, but when she turned to them again she could still see the white marks on her shoulders as he took his hands away.

"Anne, this is Joe. Jiggs drew her forward and Anne took the strong hand which held hers firmly. His eyes were a cold blue in the thick dark lashes.

"So you are Anne. Jiggs has been telling me about you. We are glad you are here." His smile was warm and broad, the voice deep, slow and precise with the English words. Jiggs had slipped her arm through his.

"I'm glad to meet you, Joe." Her own voice did not sound familiar. She could not help staring at him, her eyes riveted on the hard smooth curve of his jaw. Something else to say. . . .

"Did you have a good trip out from Naples?" Joe continued. "I know the steamer can sometimes be crowded." He had released her hand now and his arm rested on Jiggs' shoulder, his thumb rubbing her neck just below the ear. Anne jammed her hands deep into the pockets of her white linen skirt.

"Yes, yes it was fine. Lots of people. Very hot." She wanted someone else to finish the sentence for her. Joe and Jiggs were both looking at her, waiting. "Capri was so beautiful coming in. You're so lucky to live here, or are you just visiting-?"

"Oh, . . . I'll be here for the summer. And then . . ." he turned to Jiggs, "we will see. As we say, *que sara. . .*"

"What do you do? I mean, are you vacationing?" She instantly regretted her question.

"I have a boat. A beauty. You must come out in her. The three of us will go. Tomorrow if you like."

"How wonderful! I love to sail," exclaimed Anne, suddenly happy that he hadn't really said he didn't have a job. "Jiggs, we still have the boat at Bar Harbor. Joe, you should have seen her when she used to come up to visit us. We'd sail out to all the Islands. And remember the night of that storm?" Anne suddenly looked wildly at Jiggs; she wished Joe would go away. Then they could talk, really talk. It had been so long. Funny, it was just like at graduation when she had wanted to talk to Jiggs before they began packing the cars to leave, but the boys had all been there, and she had only been able to wave to her over their heads. Joe was walking over towards the bar.

"May I fix you a drink, Anne? Jiggs and I are having one. Rum stingers, I'll fix you one." He turned his back on the two young women, who stood for a moment in the center of the room looking at him before they smiled at each other and moved towards the couch. Each sat to the side, leaving a place. Anne clasped

her hands around her knees as she sat forward turning to look at Jiggs, who lay back against the pillows, her sun-bleached hair spread streaming over her tan shoulders. She looked beyond the window behind the couch to where the sun was sinking into the Mediterranean, and the harbor with its tall white-masted yachts lay golden on the blue.

"I can't really believe I'm here, Jiggs. I guess I didn't honestly think you'd get my letter. Everyone was so vague about your address at home."

"Yes, I never was a letter writer, as you know," replied Jiggs slowly, stretching out her long slender legs and wiggling her toes in the brief sandals. "Well, believe me, I'm sure glad you're here too. You should have heard me whooping when I got your letter. Didn't I, Joe, didn't I when I got that letter?"

"Yes, she is glad you are here, Anne," Joe answered warmly, turning to face them, balancing the three tall glasses in his hands as he came towards the couch. Anne watched Jiggs' face as he came near, the flush that grew in the high corners of her cheeks, as beautiful as ever. In the silence the red-golden light from the window enveloped the three of them in its warm glow.

"Cheers, Anne, here's to having you with us." Jiggs and Joe raised their glasses. The rum was mooth and sweet and the frosty glass felt deliciously cool in their hands. Anne watched them over the rim of her glass. They barely touched, only their shoulders and her long bare leg against his.

"So how long has it been since you have seen each other, eh?" Joe's voice cut the rich silence. He addressed Anne, clapping his large hand across her knee. The skirt had slipped up, and she yanked it down from under his hand, flinching from the chill that raced her spine.

"Uh, two years it's been," stammered Anne, looking to Jiggs, who promptly chimed in.

"Yes, can you believe it? Last time was, let's see . . . in my stateroom on the *Queen*, you remember. All those people. Lord what a zoo. Joe, light me a cigarette, will you?" He removed his hand from Anne's knee, and she yanked at her skirt again.

"What have you been doing all this time?" Anne sat forward with her chin in her hand, looking at Jiggs, who was leaning back on the couch smoking, the long fingernail of her free hand tracing the rough side seam of Joe's trousers.

"Well, . . . I left that stupid tour in the middle of the summer. It was just that same boarding school crowd that gets so tiresome. Mom and Dad weren't too happy about this, as you can guess. I stayed on in Paris by myself about a month, lived down in the student quarter. Greatest bunch of people you'll ever meet."

"You mean you just went down to the Left Bank and found a place and lived there by yourself?" Anne stared at her.

"Sure. Very simple, just asked around. I was going to take some courses at the Sorbonne, but that didn't start until nearly November, so I left Paris, hitch-hiking, by the way . . ." she grinned at Anne's startled face.

"Jiggs! Weren't you afraid to? You know how you hear . . ."

"Ah, she is still with us, isn't she?" Joe patted Anne's knee.

"Hitched to Cannes. It was great down there in October. Almost deserted and I had the whole beach to myself sometimes."

"What did you do about money? Didn't you run out by this time?"

"Well, yes, that was a problem," Jiggs sighed, grinning, as she reached forward for her glass. "Mom and Dad were furious by this time and were threatening to stop sending money. What they sent wasn't enough anyway, so I had to earn some." She took a long swallow of her drink, leaned back, and said casually, "I worked in a bar."

"What! Jiggs, I don't believe it." Anne's mouth flew open.

"Yes," laughed Jiggs, leaning her blond head on Joe's shoulder. "Greatest experience that was. I was sort of a hostess. So, anyway, I stayed in Cannes till mid-November and actually I earned quite a bit on that job, tips and all. Then I went down the Italian Riviera to Pisa. Was there, let me see, just about four months. Hardly any tuition at all for the art school. You going to Pisa? You've got to. In April I go to Rome, best time of the year."

"Jiggs, I've got to go down to the pier. I have to see if the men patched up that sail. There might be a wind tonight." Joe kissed her lightly on the cheek and heaved himself up from the couch. "Be back later. Chow!" He waved as he sauntered out of the room.

Anne smiled at her friend as she saw her staring after him. "You really are in love with him, aren't you?" she asked quietly.

Jiggs smiled at her for a long moment and then leaned forward to set her glass on the table. "Well, I guess we make it very obvious. We can't help it. I think he's wonderful."

Anne studied Jiggs' face, serene and thoughtful in the oncoming dusk; for several moments they did not speak. "Well, now, tell me more about what you've been doing over here," suggested Anne, tucking her feet beneath her on the couch.

"No, let's talk about you," replied Jiggs gaily, leaning back against the pillows. "You haven't told me a thing and I don't know what you've been up to since Smith. Maybe you've been running all over the place just like me. So start telling."

"Well, let's see," began Anne slowly, smoothing a few stray strands of her fine chestnut hair away from her high narrow cheek-bones into the pins that held it in a neat roll at the back. "You knew I was going to Katie Gibbs in the fall after we graduated, didn't you?"

"Yes, right. So you're now a full-fledged secretary, eh?" asked Jiggs, stretching out on the couch, readjusting her cotton halter, which left her deep tan midriff bare before her white shorts began.

"Well, yes, only don't use that word — "secretary." It sounds sort of, oh, I don't know. Like the one's Dad's got in his office, they're not . . . well, you know. I was studying to be a fashion editor. You have to be able to do about sixty words a minute and you usually have to have a good background, family and all that, for *Vogue*."

"Oh, I see, I see," said Jiggs slowly. "Good for you," she added warmly.

"Yes," replied Anne proudly, "Fashion Editor from the Chestnut Hill area I'll have you know."

"Well, what do you know! I can tell you're on the job all right," said Jiggs nodding at Anne's trim white linen suit. "Tell me, what do you do every day on your job — go into New York or what?"

"It depends. Usually I work at the branch office in Philadelphia. Tell you who else works there — Pat Hathaway. You remember, in our house senior year? It's all people like that, really great."

"Yes, sure I remember Pat," murmured Jiggs vaguely. "Third floor?"

"Right. Too bad you couldn't have been back for the reunion this June. I mean especially people like you should have been back. When everyone heard I might see you over here they all sent their best. Nobody's forgotten you, that's for sure. Well, you'll be back for the next one." Anne smiled at her confidently over the rim of her glass.

"Hmmm. Maybe. Tell me more about your job."

"Well, I go over the newspapers every day and check on what ads are showing, and I look at the society page and what's being worn. Then, if there's anything new or I have any new ideas I compose a letter to the central office in New York. Really keeps me on my toes about what's being worn."

Jiggs noticed that Anne's eyes were resting on her brief white halter . . . She continued briskly, "Well, how about that! Say, then how did you ever get a long enough vacation to come over here?"

"Oh, because most of the people in Chestnut Hill go away up to Maine or somewhere during July and so the ads aren't run in the *Inquirer* as much. They send someone up to Maine and Long Island as editor for the summer clothes. In a couple of years it'll probably be me."

"Sounds like a nice set up. How's your love life going anyway? I don't mean to change the subject. You still seeing that Edward from Penn State?"

Anne couldn't hide the blush that came so quickly. She had always been ashamed of Edward around Jiggs. He was tall and gawky and she knew people probably said his ears stuck out too much. Not that Jiggs had ever said anything about him like that, but there were always such good looking men around her from Yale and Princeton. She remembered them all, especially at graduation when they'd all come at once. She had broken off with Edward in May so he wasn't there. She had been glad, in ways. Why did Jiggs have to remember him?

"Oh, no Jiggs. You remember, I broke up with him even before June. There have been a couple of others, but now it's something big." She deliberately left the sentence hanging and reached for a cigarette.

"Oh? What's his name? Where'd you meet him? Fess all now."

Anne stretched and took a long pull at her cigarette, taking advantage of the brief silence to decide how best to present Peter. "His name is Peter Townsend," she began grandly, "and he's just out of Harvard Law. We met last New Year's at the club. He was a house guest of Jack Carter. And we've been going out ever-since," she said happily, beaming at Jiggs.

"Say, this sounds pretty serious, Anne." Jiggs smiled warmly, rising with her glass. "Can I fix you another? The same? Keep talking while I play bartender."

"Well, he's from Oyster Bay. You should see their place out there. Right on the water, and they have a boat. He's just starting with a firm in New York, one that's really going places. Show you his picture later when I unpack. It's in my bag."

"How'd he ever let you come over here, Anne?" teased Jiggs from the bar.

"Well, you see we thought it would be good for us to be away from each other for awhile. I mean, you see, we'd been seeing each other nearly every week-end and everything before I left and we didn't want things to get, well, you know, carried away. And you know how people start talking." Anne smoothed down her skirt over her knees. Joe might be coming back soon.

"Oh, I see. I see," replied Jiggs slowly, walking towards the couch. "How long are you going to be over here for then?"

"Two months, rounded off. So far I just love it. Especially this. How did you ever find such a place, Jiggs? I mean Capri and this villa."

"Oh, I'd been in Rome about six months going to the Academy and when I quit that I wasn't doing much so around the first of the year I came down here and, here I am. The villa is nice, isn't it? Got it for a song. Only renting, but still. Say, how long are you going to stay? Capri deserves a good long visit."

"Jiggs, I *must* be in Florence on the twenty-ninth. I wouldn't go so soon if it wasn't such a must. Old school friend of Mother's wants to meet me there, some "Grande Dame" from Paris. Actually, it should be exciting and Mother's been counting on it, but still I'd like to stay here longer than just three days.

"Oh, get out of it if you can," urged Jiggs. "But I know you don't want to let your mother down if she's set this up. You're always so great about your parents." She paused for a moment and looked away from Anne to the window and the darkness beyond. "Do you ever see my parents around maybe? I mean . . . well, I haven't heard from them lately, . . . that's all." She turned back to Anne, a different brightness in her eyes.

"No, not since May. I guess that's when I last saw them. I think they were up at the cottage when I left. You haven't heard from them really?"

"No. Not lately I said. But anyway, Anne, you've got to stay here longer. And there's so much we've got to talk about. You know, so many times I've thought about those nutty things we used to do back in Holbrook — that was a great house, wasn't it? Remember when we worked on the house skit together — what was it — that discotheque scene and we had our hair teased way out to here?" Jiggs made a face, suddenly swooping her blond hair into a top notch as they both laughed. Then neither spoke for a moment; the silence between them was easy and warm. "Anne," Jiggs began again, kicking off her sandals and lifting her bare feet to the low table, "will you ever forget the day we painted our room and came out that awful color and then we couldn't get it off?"

"See what I mean there's so much to talk about? And we can go out in the boat. Joe's a wonderful sailor, and he knows a lot of hidden beaches and can take us swimming in the grotto. That's what we do just about every day. Pure heaven. And then just bake on the beach."

"Oh, you know how much I want to stay, Jiggs. Sounds awfully tempting." Anne leaned forward, chin in hands. "Do you really do that every day? I mean, don't you have to have a job or anything?"

"No, quite frankly I'm just having too much fun to worry about it. When I run out of money I'll just get a quick job for awhile."

Just then Joe came striding into the room. "I told you I would not be long," he greeted them from the bar. "Wind is coming up out there. Well, here's to a good day tomorrow." He raised a glass to them. "Jiggs, if I do say so myself, we have a very excellent bar here, multa bene!"

Anne's glass froze at her lips. She glanced at Jiggs, who was smiling at Joe, her glass still raised to him. Joe walked towards them and they moved apart to make room.

"So what have you two been talking about? Anne, you look so mysterious," he chided. He started to place his hand on her knee, and then stopped.

"Oh, sort of catching up on everything," replied Jiggs warmly, reaching up to tousel his thick black hair. "So the boat's all set?"

"Yes, sail is all patched. Tomorrow we go out for sure if the weather is good. Say, do you know what time it is? Nearly eleven, and Jiggs, I know how you like to get up early when we sail." He leaned down and kissed her at the corner of her mouth.

"O.K., skipper. I'll run and get Anne settled and be right back." She beamed as she jumped up from the couch and then glared down at him as he gave her behind a quick slap. Anne backed her way up from the couch, watching Joe's hand.

"Good night, Anne," he called as the two girls left the room.

"Be back in a moment, sleepyhead," called Jiggs over her shoulder as they walked away and Anne turned briefly to wave. She followed Jiggs down the long hallway, hardly speaking as they reached her room. Jiggs opened the window over the bed and leaned out. "Mmmmm, my kind of night. Smell that air. Going to be a good day tomorrow. You know, I'm so glad you're here."

Anne was standing in the middle of the room, not looking at Jiggs or the window, but unfastening her stockings. "Yes, yes I am too," she mumbled.

"Well, rest well, and if you need anything just holler. Night now."

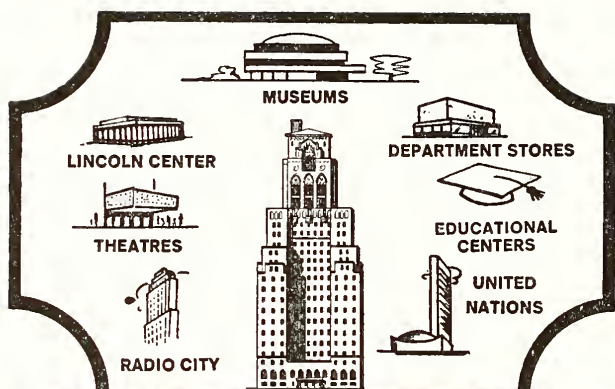
"Night." Anne heard the footsteps going down the hall. She sat down on the bed and stared at the door. Her fingers began to fumble with the buttons of her jacket; one tore off in her hand. Walking over to the closet she took off her suit, and quickly stepped into her nightgown. She turned off the lamp and the only light in the room was the moonlight falling across her bed. Yanking the curtain closed she slid into bed in the darkness.

Tomorrow morning she would leave, of course. She would just tell Jiggs very politely that she thought she had better be in Florence a day or so early so as not to miss her mother's friend. A likely story? Maybe not, but it didn't really matter. Would she tell anyone at home? "Sixty-two class president shacks up with Italian." No, no point in that, she told herself. You've got a job and here she's just . . . Well, Jiggs, I've finally got quite a few up on you. I really have, you know. Suddenly she pulled the covers up high and put the pillow over her head. She pressed it against her ears.

by CLARE LOYD, 1966

Joie

IN the midnight of a wood a spark
Sings itself to life and scars
The air around it, consumes the dark
With miniature spreading stars.
Now magnified by every guile
It reconciles the wood. It leaves the spars
Of trees to themselves, each one an isle
Of shadow against the glint. Its shores
Strangle other bounds and drown, while
High in the gliding dark an eagle soars
Acknowledging the forest as it roars.



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"On Art and *The Brambler* Policy"

A work of art does not have to be a finished or perfected product. THE BRAMBLER as an Art magazine does not claim or attempt to publish only great Art. Our purpose is to stimulate and to encourage creativity on campus. The important thing then is the attempt and the potential shown in the work. The Art will differ in quality, but ideally the artist should not be self-conscious of the quality because form and style can be learned and will improve with experience. The initial expression and the confidence to be oneself, which are both the prerequisite and the by-product of Art, is what will make a work original and worthwhile. THE BRAMBLER hopes to give the opportunity and means to feel an emotion or to see life a little differently as each Artist interprets her experiences.

Many artists, people, have claimed that man is an incommunicable. But man can communicate through the arts. Even if man is alone, basically incommunicable, and existential, the only hope of communicating is expression. Communication is then creative because it depends on man's sincerity to be and to express himself. An artist, who has made himself more sensitive, lays his soul bare or exposes himself before the world. However, the exposure is by choice; exposure is his fate or character. Art is not a refuge, a therapy, or a means of escaping the world, but a means of communicating or dealing with the world.

In former times women have not participated as actively in art. But the essence of the female is a complex creativity which previously has found its expression in culinary arts, child bed, and housewifery. But what happens to a woman who cannot express herself in a biscuit The frightening and perhaps the most dangerous form of destruction is that which results from a soured, corrupted or non-utilized creativity. The need to create cannot be denied. The time is now. Use your creative magazine to its best advantage.

M. C. A.

Introduction to "The View on the Bridge"

by Penn Willets

Author's Note:

In this story I am trying to portray the tragedy of a situation where two people are very far apart at a moment in their lives when they should be the closest. Each is looking in a different direction at life. Though physically close, they are far apart because one looks toward the English Channel and the war while the other looks back towards London and the continuity of a life there.

PENN WILLETS, 1966

The View at the Bridge

THE girl stood by the narrow, wooden gangplank staring down at the grey, murky swirl of water as it rushed under the wharf. Paper cups, wrappers, and cigarettes eddied around and around before they were swept down under the boards of the dock. She noticed the faint spatter of raindrops on the surface and turned away, taking the arm of the man beside her and pressing herself tight against his side.

"Glad we brought slickers, aren't you?" She smiled up at him.

"Right. I still don't see why you want to go when this rain's coming on though. That cabin on deck's not very big — we'll get soaked. Sure you wouldn't rather be sitting in the pub at Strand's?"

"No. We'll go there later. You know, I told you I really was counting on doing this the last day." She tugged at his arm and they stepped up to the narrow gangplank, then down into the interior of the small river tug. Anthony was tall and burly, dressed in a voluminous black slicker, wearing a British army cap;

his collar up so that it nearly covered his thick brown hair. Melisse, walking beside him, was tall and slender; her slicker hung far below her knees and drooped at her shoulders. She wore her light chestnut hair long behind her ears; the dampness had made it start to curl at the ends as it lay on the wet slicker. They stood at the bow looking down at the water a few feet below.

"What time did the man say we'd leave?"

"Four."

"Oh, that's just the time it used to be, remember?" She smiled as she slowly rubbed her cheek against his shoulder.

"Yes, funny that it would be at four. Wonder how long this weather is going to keep on. Will delay things in the channel."

"I hope it rains and fogs for months, and then you'll get to stay right here. That's what I hope. Will you still have to go tomorrow if the weather's bad?"

"Yes. Report anyway. They want us to be ready to move out at any moment."

"Don't let's talk about it anymore, all right? Look, we're moving out. You know, I think we're the only ones on here besides the captain. Wonder what he thinks?"

"Couple of bloody fools, probably." After a moment, Anthony pulled her face towards him because she was looking away. "I'm sorry. Just my damn nerves today. Forget I said it. Give me a smile, won't you now? I'll remember that smile best I think."

"Well, you'll be looking at it a long time, silly." Anthony was staring out of the window above her head. "Let's go back to the stern and see if we can see the Towers and Big Ben if the fog's not too bad. That's my favorite view, remember, next to where we get to the bridge and see St. Paul's."

His arm was around her shoulder as they walked slowly down the deck, stepping over pieces of coiled rope. In a few minutes they were standing at the railing.

"Fog's not too bad yet. You can still see all right." Anthony pulled the collar higher on her slicker.

"Thanks, darling. Still does look the same out there, doesn't it, the Towers and all? Thank God they haven't gotten them. Look how close some of them came, though." She pointed to the blackened ruins of several bombed buildings beside the river, close to the spires of Parliament. The fog was growing thicker with the mist, beginning to cover the grey shoreline and the buildings in the distance.

"What are you thinking about, Anthony? Quiet today."

"Nothing much, actually. How about you?"

"I keep thinking about tomorrow. Can't help it."

"I know. Damn."

"Last night was so good."

"Yes. It's rather hard to believe . . ."

"What is? What do you mean?"

"Oh, that it really happened, you know, after so long. Here, better get you out of the rain." He led her over to the small cabin section in the center of the deck. Its sides were open, but the roof kept out the rain. The one dirty window pane was covered with mist; Anthony wiped away a space for them to look through.

"I wish we could see the old Globe today like we used to." Melisse stared at the grey outlines of the backs of the old brick warehouses lining the high bank.

"Too foggy. There's not much out on the river today, is there?"

"No. I heard sometimes they're afraid of a day raid."

"Not in weather like this, this soup. It's the channel out there that worries me. Once the jerries get wind of us we'll all be like sitting ducks. Simple as that." He swiped at the missing window pane with his fist.

"Stop it, please, will you?" Her voice was shrill at first and then softer as she leaned her forehead against the window. "You mustn't talk about that . . . like that."

"God, I don't seem to be able to do anything right today." He shoved his hands deep into the pockets of his slicker as he stood behind her, looking over her head. "It's just the channel, really on my mind today. You just don't know . . ."

"About what?" she demanded, turning to face him. He was still looking out of the window above her head.

"Nothing, really. Really, it isn't"

"I'm sorry. I'm being awful I guess." She placed her hands on his wrists and he looked down from the window. "Let's think about other things. Like about when you get back, and last night. Let's talk about that. Do you know when I woke up today I really couldn't believe it, Anthony. Really couldn't. But I'm awfully glad about it. While you were away I would have kicked myself for not going ahead. I know I would have."

"Yes, God I'm glad we didn't wait now."

"If we had a few days more we could get married now, but you know I'm going to have so much to plan for, it's going to take me the whole time you're gone to get everything ready."

"Come over to the other window. We should be near St. Paul's." He led her over and wiped a space clear again on the window. "There it is. The fog's hidden everything but the dome." He spoke faster now, rubbing the rest of the window clear. "Can you see all right? If I hadn't been looking we would have passed right under the bridge, you know."

"Yes, it's fine. I always used to get sad, remember, when we reached the bridge because that meant we had to turn around. And that man with the funny voice would start droning to the tourists, 'Those wishing to debark at the Tower, please step to the right.'" She laughed, turning around, but broke off when she saw Anthony's face. His mouth was set in a hard, thin line, his eyes expressionless as he stared out of the dirty window over her head. "What are you looking at? What's out there?"

"Nothing."

"I think it will be better when we get off, and go to Strand's."

"Yes, I think so too."

"Darling, you know I think I'd like to have a place like last night for us later. Can you have the flat again tonight?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm glad. Look, we're turning around now, just at the same place they used to turn around. When they start up the afternoon trips again in the regular boats we'll have to come down on holidays. And bring the children!" Laughing, she turned around to the window. "Rub it clear again, will you? There's a grand view from this point, remember?"

"Yes." He placed his hand against the glass and began to rub it slowly.



The Waterfinder

IT IS in the tantalizing rolling stone
Which crushed a beetle downward that
I jumped from a third story window, far
Out and down to the asylum glass where
Dead swans played with the shamefaced
And ducklings with naked children.
From a land-dry nest the fowl is water born.
I, daughter of Zeus, cupbearer to the gods,
Offered my womb to grow a seed. But mine own
Regurgitated by cannibals in
Rancid worlds where a bloodless drop is martyred.
My forever God is less than a drop which
Moves in a waterage downstream. He is not
A wave but the silt carrier burying the
Titanic hawk, the albatros. While ouzels
Search the clay, other lemmings rush the sea.
My God drank the iniquity like water,
Drunk on his wedding night while I stand logged,
Cleansed virgin, stoned, torn, cruel hate murderer.
Again the water rushes into cycle,
Gives into a cloud which flings sun-struck multi-
Farious, stained glass on an earthen gleaming
Canvassed back which pains as I reach for sour
Grapes, knowingly bone-dry; I dip. By choice I thirst.

L. S. D.

NORVELL JONES, 1967

Holy Week 1966 -- Saturday

THE figures on Easter Eve move
Through the trees and cemetery
Like ghosts straightening up
Old graves and lives.
In seasonal frenzy they move greyly
Like wolves sleeping in paschal moonlight.
Yet by my bedroom window
I can not feel victimized;
The blanket is afternoon warm—
(shroud) and I think about nothing.



STEPHANIE BREDIN, 1968

Scapegoat

GONE, back on every compass course, they left
Their frenzied works behind like tired children;
They left their own too, squashed on battlefields
Like ragdolls, yet who played the game as men.
Spitted on a railtie cross hung above
A parapet, cants the goat, mellow eyed,
His horns barbed wire bound and bayonets
Iron spiked, deep thrust and twisted in his side.
Snow silent; making scars of crater wounds
And deep trench gashes, staunching running mud,
Grass skinning with the warmth of every spring
Until lost tempers call again for blood.

CLARE LOYD, 1966

Commuting on Good Friday

ACROSS the aisle

Two young men are playing gin
and sitting back to back with beehive glamour
and talking of trenches and training
and trains and such.

Between two cars

A heard of not so little boys are talking ten
and scrambling face to face with a stern conductor
and grumbling of benches and braining
and brains or lack of them.

In tidy rows

Seven not quite girls are sitting prim
and calling bosom to bosom to the same flattened mommy
and drawling of clenches and changing
and chains with hearts on them.

By the window

One woman is clutching a jonquil stem
and tallying bead by bead her list of minor saints
and stammering of stenchs and staining
and strains of holidays.

CHRIST DIED TODAY, I say.

THAT'S OLD, They answer.

BUT IT'S SO, I say,

OR SO I'M TOLD.

Lot

RELENTLESSLY the sun plowed through the fields permeating the very core of each rut, illuminating the snake-like cracks; endless, stifling what seeds had lain beneath the hardened soil; soil which sustained the inevitable heat only to produce a scattered variety of deathless weeds. Infinite plain, stretching past horizons, past dreams of the men who undertook to outwit it in their own simple way.

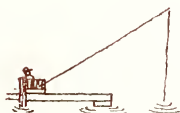
Further east there was a river, wide, uncontrollable, and lashing out at east and west in its long, unhindered journey to the sea. It was this path that carried tired men, defeated in their war against the land, against the sun-south, past Memphis, down past Baton Rouge, past great plantations, towns and humble shacks, past anywhere they did not care to stay and lost them at their yearned-for destinies.

Some remained, however, holding on to their unfounded faith in the land. Forty acres of barren, heedless dirt-plowed for wheat once, then for corn and beets; run cattle on it for a time; but dust storms and drought and the disillusionment that comes with failure did not offer the security man sought. He could be sure only of the heat of the sun, the drone of flies, and the creak of the back screen door.

CLARE LOYD, 1966

Obits.

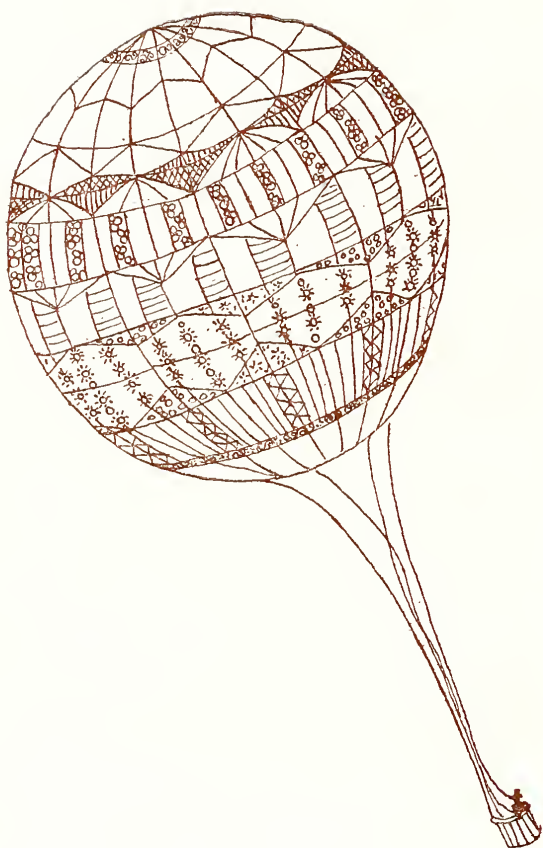
DRAWN draperies and Mother was in black
All over with a proper pallor on her face.
She was calling on her friend whose son (formerly of grace)
was an unexpectant father through a mortifying lack
Of ceremony. Mother was all in black,
But it was not black enough for her pace
Almost funeral. She dabbed her nostrils with a bit of lace.
"He should be dead," she said. The lace was edged in black.
Else-where a man, now dumb/deaf/blind,
Without his taste or smell, moves toward a high
Cliff, balanced on treadbare fingertips.
Fallen he resembled a mass of pulp/pith/rind.
"... a sleeping dog," she said, "let him lie,"
And, "shhh," she raised stone fingers to her lips.



JAN HAAGENSEN, 1968

Poem

SWAYING file of the bright-winged hunters,
Snail-killers searching the green. Hillside
Spotched with the dusky hens and shining
Drakes. Fat, and smooth with pride.
Tawny-breasted weaving through the morning,
Moulding nests from soft-earthed spring,
Pressing of dark-feathered warmth to the wetness,
Rustling murmur of a folded wing.
Webbing away from the foxes of twilight,
The weasel's darkness. Leaving the dust
White ovals, cooling with shadow's
Coming. Pale with the roundness of lust.



English Lace

*Before the discovery of English lace
Crawling babies are forced to creep
Down long corridors of silent
Futility. Yet always in the fire's glow
Grandmother's needles . . . pearl two.*

*How many patterns you will learn to trace
Itemizing anger and love and fear.
Just be sure you're implicit, never ask why —
Knitting a stitch at a time, the lace will grow
Lovely imagery sentences that become you.*

*Mothers teach first to crochet cliches,
Nanny seems to have lost a needle . . .
Or perhaps she was never counselled by
Professors who conjugate and try to sew
Quixotic seems that must not end "to."*

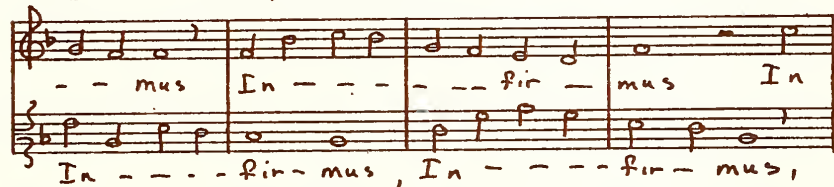
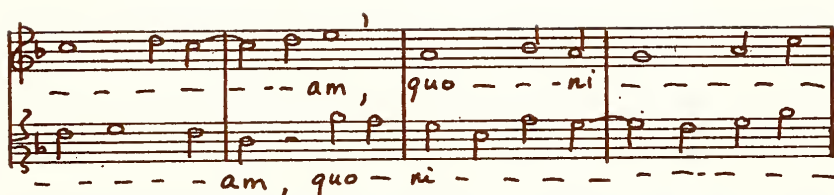
*Remember to cross "t's" and say your grace.
Speak softly; enunciate clearly.
Try to remember to dot your "i's."
Umlauting plurals are essential you know . . .
Verbosity means freedom to express for you.*

*When keeping attention be sure that you make
Expedient comments, even if indiscreet.
Your rhetoric flowers as we sit and sigh.
Zig-zag afield of the point we can ignore.
Be sure you learn to listen through.*

Two Voice Motet

Wick NALLÉ

Handwritten musical score for Two Voice Motet by Wick NALLÉ. The score is written on five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: Mi-se-re-re, Mi-se-re-re, re, Mi-se-re-re, re, Mi-se-re-re, Do-mi-ne, Do-mi-ne, Do-mi-ne, Do-mi-ne, quo-mi-ne, quo-mi-ne.



Portrait of the Artist as an Old Whore

SHE JUST LAY BACK AND SPREAD
THOSE SPIRITUAL THIGHS OF HERS,
AND WAITED FOR EACH MAN
TO FIND HER IN HER BED.
SHE FELT NO SHAME.

THOSE VIENY, SPIRITUAL THIGHS
EXPOSED, PROMISCUOUS,
HER EXTROVERTED SOUL.
STILL NO ONE HEARD THE CRIES
THAT COME FROM SHAME.

浴日

毛巾

毛巾

My Chinese is very limited.

It says: (I hope):

bath mats

union suits

handkerchiefs.

. . . well it might be useful sometime.

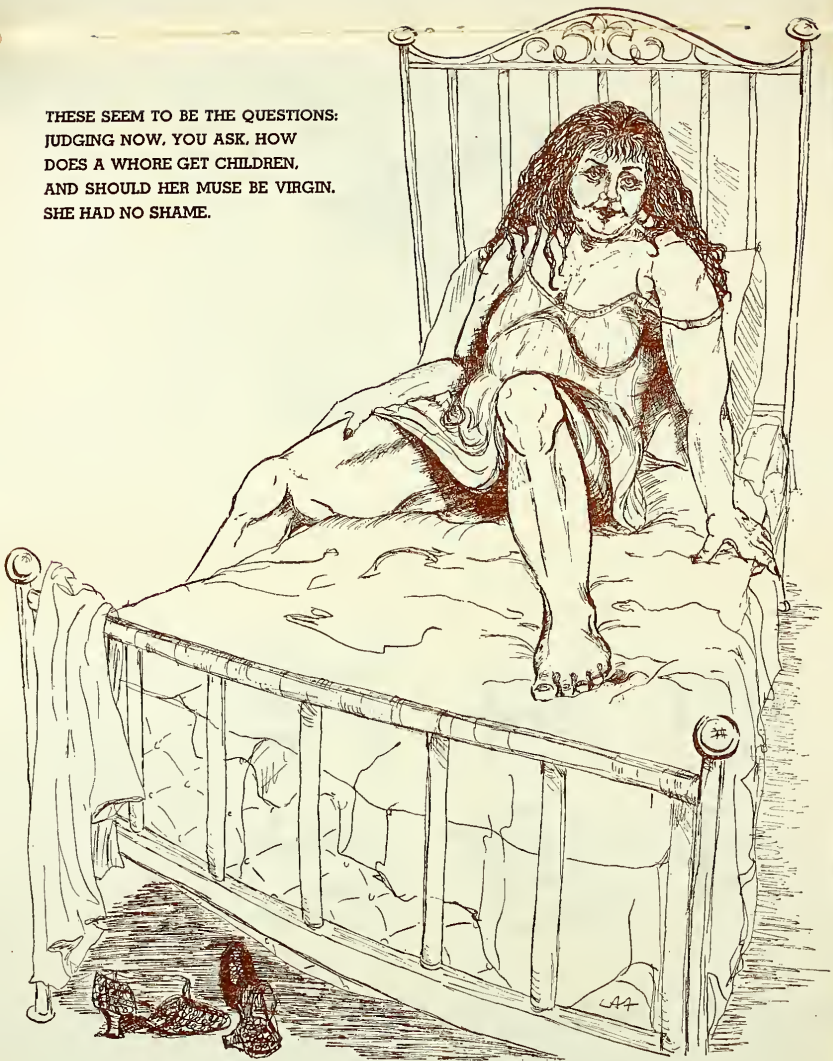
D. A. C.

Portrait of the Artist as an Old Whore

SHE JUST LAY BACK AND SPREAD
THOSE SPIRITUAL THIGHS OF HERS,
AND WAITED FOR EACH MAN
TO FIND HER IN HER BED.
SHE FELT NO SHAME.

THOSE VINY, SPIRITUAL THIGHS
EXPOSED, PROMISCUOUS,
HER EXTROVERTED SOUL.
STILL NO ONE HEARD THE CRIES
THAT COME FROM SHAME.

THESE SEEM TO BE THE QUESTIONS:
JUDGING NOW, YOU ASK. HOW
DOES A WHORE GET CHILDREN,
AND SHOULD HER MUSE BE VIRGIN.
SHE HAD NO SHAME.





MARY CARY AMBLER, 1967

Some Caterpillar

*I lead a caterpillar existence
Groveling from your too taut silken thread,
Unwinding, sommersaulting, quick web,
To stretch in the unpredicted distance
Toward my rice paper, dragon fly, kite-
Like, pelican dynasty babe. Cannot
I know you, paper yellow butterfly,
Or your face outlined in black with the light
To stop the open color shining through?
Earth bound I can only play in a pond's
Encircling mirrors which remind me in
Reflections of your sunlighting bamboo.
How can I sleep turning to my cocoon
Outgrown in prospect of the distant moon?*



H A S H

Early Tuesday and his mother was up. Lying in bed, Corky watched the stripes of light hit the wall, sliding in between each band on the venetian blind. He kicked the sheet down and stretched his leg up to touch the ceiling, but it wouldn't reach. Then he remembered, Tuesday morning Edna comes and he'd have to make up his bed. It seemed so silly — she came to do the cleaning, but his mother would always come in to check that both boys had straightened their rooms.

"I have her here to do the heavy work. Not to spend all morning long picking up after you two," she would say clearing the kitchen and picking up stray socks from under the beds.

"Corky, it's eight-thirty. Get David up and come down. Only cereal this morning — Edna just called and I don't have time for eggs."

Corky jerked his head up and leaned his weight on his elbows. He hated to go down yet because the smell of wet paint would be all through the house by now — furniture paint from those old green desks that his mother and Edna were refinishing. He remembered last week and David's fascination watching them sand the wood and remove nicks and scratches from the desks.

The bed sagged and bounced back as his feet hit the floor. He reached over to the bedstand and pulled on his jeans. Half-dressed, he opened his door and leaned over to bang on David's.

"Hey, Davie, get up. We have to help carry those desks out back so Mom and Edna can finish painting this afternoon."

"Hmmm? Yea, I'm up—Cork, you think Robinson's has any new models in yet? Let's ride down today and check?"

"No I'm sick of these things. Anyway we can't do them in the house, remember? We got glue all over the kitchen table, and it's too hot outside."

Corky's feet stuck to the carpeting as he walked towards the bathroom. Already the heat had reached his soles, and he almost felt the sun penetrate through the light wall paint. The screen door slammed, and through the shower Corky could hear his mother and Edna planning the day. He reached down for the spigot and forced more cold water out, shaking the wet, slippery beads off his eyebrows. Toweled and dressed again, he opened the door and watched the steam fill the hallway.

The smell of turpented rags filled the kitchen, blowing up with a warm breeze from the basement stairs. David had already poured his milk and sat sinking Cheerios with his spoon, then watching them bob up again, knocking together in the bowl.

"We'd better get these desks out as soon as you're through. Where's Edna now?"

"She's downstairs finding some clean brushes. Hey — have you decided what we can do today yet?"

Corky shook his head as he bent half-way, calling down. "Hi, Edna — want us to carry those things out now?"

"Corky? Sure, please. Your mom's run to the store, so I thought I'd get this started while she's gone. Sh'd like to have these desks up by the time your daddy's back from St. Louis."

Corky wrinkled his nose at David and called him with his head. Then he trod downstairs in his bare feet. Edna stood in the corner, against a white cinder-blocked wall. Only the small high window let the morning in, and it curtained one side of her skirt. Her big hands were soaked in paint remover, and she was running the bristles of a large brush through her brown fingers. Corky stood watching her hands move. Short, thick rough fingers outlined her pink palms. Her water-dried skin was cracked in places, and within each wrinkle on the flat of her hand were worn white lines as if too much soap had faded her color.

He picked up one of the small desks and carried it up through the kitchen to the brick patio, setting it down carefully on blotches of newspaper print. Then he held the door as David stumbled with the second desk.

"Thank you boys kindly. That's all for now — I think it's time for the first coat." Edna smiled and knelt down heavily with the can of dark green paint beside her. She carefully dipped the coarse bristles into the pasty mixture and wiped the brush against the edge of the can. Corky watched two big drops of paint spill over the rim and ooze down the sides. They seemed to get thicker and snowball as they traveled and then spread into a green pool on the brick ground.

Smile lines around Edna's mouth twitched as she concentrated on evenly covering the smoothed wood — once she shook her head from a fly's buzzing, and the fat on her cheek vibrated.

"Come on, Corky — let's go do something." David tugged a few times, and Corky turned to follow him.

"See you later Edna," he called back, turning to see her dip the brush again and watching the spots of green where the paint had dripped onto her strong hands.

The sun had slowed down by afternoon, and the neighborhood was criss-crossed in long shadows from the high roofs and tall trees. Wet from a long ride and smelling of July, the two boys walked their bicycles slowly up the long drive, resting them against a bushy pear tree.

Water was running in the kitchen sink, and Corky followed the sound of it slapping against the porcelain and splashing back to be caught in the drain. From the hallway he could see broad-backed Edna leaning forward against the counter, her heavy arms pressing against the half-sleeve of her dress and rolling with the scrubbing motion of her hand.

"The desks all done?" he asked walking over to the cabinet.

She turned to him, picking up a can of cleanser and shaking some into her palm. "All done — and if I ever get this paint washed out, I'm done too."

Corky's eyes fell to her hands; the green paint had trickled watery—like little

rivulets—through the cracks and creases that had been white earlier. Dried green was imbedded in her nails and ground into her knuckles from the scrubbing. It looked as though her hand had weathered that way, half-peeling from air and water—like the wooden houses on the Cove. The phone rang shrilly, and Corky reached to answer it, then heard his mother's voice upstairs.

Yes, she's here. Just one moment, please. Edna, Luke is on the phone."

Edna looked up and wiped her hands on her cotton skirt, then walked to the wall phone. "Hello, Luke? Oh God, no! Yes, yes, as soon as I can."

Both boys sat quietly, eyes wide, in the back seat. Past the plastic seat cover, Corky centered on the back of Edna's bent head. Her black, curly hair was wet along the neck, and her skin was drawn taut over a little bone above her collar. He imagined her hands, still dried in green, twisted on her lap, and he could almost feel the pressure against the seat as she rocked slowly back and forth. His mother nervously fingered the keys into the ignition, and they backed out of the drive.

Through town, the day's heat was still crawling out from within red bricks and rising from the baked cement. Out towards Edna's it was lost under the shade of green trees and behind the clumps of hedges. As they quit the main road, melting tar was left for gravel, flying up and hitting under the car, then spit out onto the fields beside.

Spring Hill was mostly filling stations, a delicatessen, and torn rubber blown out beside empty liquor bottles. Corky had never been by any of the houses, just this intersection and its dirty little feed store. Turning left, they passed rows of small fake-brick and wooden homes, a few painted but most of them papery brown.

"It's the third one up, ma'am." Edna's voice cracked slightly and hardly reached as far as Corky. His mother clowed the car, stopping in front of a small, yellow house with a creaked cement walk before it, and Edna edged out of the car, her body heaving as she half-ran through the front door. Outside stood six or seven black children, mumbling and rubbing their hands over an old bicycle—the kind with fat tires and split spokes; the rusted handle bars were twisted and distorted.

Corky stood outside the screen watching his mother and David walk in together. Through wire squares he saw bodies moving in the small room and heard broken whispers. He let his fingers run across the doorknob, lightly lifted over humps of rusted metal. He stepped in cautiously.

It was stifling in the dark room. Flowered print covered the walls and a red, knotty soft was pushed against the back of the room. The smell of his ride-cooled perspiration was lost in the odor of the room — heavy but clean — a crowded smell. David moved up to him, brushed his arm, and stood half-hidden by Corky's shoulder. As he moved, he felt David with him. Walking slowly into the back-ground, they slid behind a writer's desk — a table really, with a newspaper on top held in place by a glass weight. Corky picked it up — a picture was magnified through the scratched glass: a picture of a black boy, smiling with no teeth almost, and wearing round glasses with metal frames. He touched the marked surface of the glass, then covered it with his whole hand. He relaxed the tense muscles of his arm so that the weight pulled his hand down, and let it rock back and forth for a moment.

"Hey, put that back before they see you, Corky — come on," David whispered low above the talk behind them, and Corky set the weight back on the table, the glass side down so that the soft, fuzzy felt was staring at him with no eyes. He skirted the room anxiously, but too slowly for his mother's face had caught him. She motioned to him, but he held back. Edna was crying low, her big, stained hands pushed against her temples. He stood there with David close behind him and his mother's beckoning eyes in front.

Coaxed by David's breath at his back, Corky pressed reluctantly towards his mother and nudged in between her and Edna. Cautiously his eyes found the boy lying on the sofa. A thin white man was leaning over his side so that Corky could hardly see the quiet black face. Light from the front of the house bounced off his empty glasses, catching the corners of his face. Beside him, Corky felt Edna jerk, and he watched as one green hand reached down, touched the still face, and rubbed a finger over the metal frames. Her bulky fingers slowly lifted the glasses from his eyes, and she crushed them in her palm.

Corky turned, hearing movements in the other room. He edged away from the close group, lowering his eyes to avoid his mother's face. Beads of sweat had formed on his upper lip, and he cooled them with his tongue. David was still holding close as Corky moved into the kitchen. He came in on the shrunken Luke leaning against the stove and stirring some foul-looking meat in a dark blue bowl. Behind him, the back door was open sending a stream of light across the floor landing at Corky's feet. The cool air raised goosebumps on his arm. Luke turned on him then, dwarfed even against the smallness of the room. His brown, wrinkled skin hung sadly as though it hoped to reach the floor and sink in there. He held the boys with a vacant gaze for a moment then passed them by, dulled. Taking the bowl of meat in his hand, he sat down at the small white table. He placed a dirty handkerchief by his plate and started eating. Corky's head felt hot again, but he stood staring. Slowly, mechanically, the old Luke dug a large tablespoon into the stewy meat and churned it in his mouth. In the other room, Edna moaned; and just at that moment, the wrinkled black man reached his hand up to his mouth and spit a large stringy piece of gristle into it. Against the white table top where he placed the waste, it looked darker and dirtier to Corky.

Looking down, Corky followed the path of the light across the floor, shutting out the old man along with the sobbing in the other room. Outside the daylight was fading. Tugging David behind him, Corky reached for the door. Behind the house, he breathed out the hot, stale air clogging his nose and pushing up from his throat. David ran to reach him.

"Hey, Corky — what was that stuff, in the bowl?"

He couldn't stop to answer, running now towards the car, and mumbled "Just hash, brown hash."

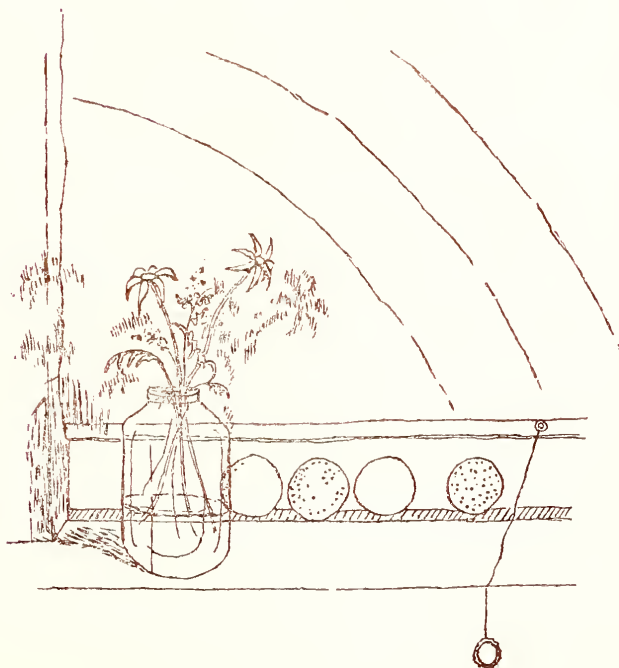
SHELLEY TURNER, 1966

The Dinosaurs

THOSE herds of scalloped triceratops—
They starred in my daydreams
When I was seven and knew their names
And what they ate;
Those herbiverous avoiding the carnivore,
The mild diplodocus, an amicable sort,
And the ruthless tyrannosaurus rex.
Bigger than houses! how I wished for them,
Pets of my imagination. I was eight;
I went to New York to the museum
To see their tracks and bones.
Hoping for a spine high as a roller-coaster,
I burst into the brontosaurus room.
Is this it? Is that all? After all,
No grander than the old man's fish,
Simply that inadequate brown skeleton.
So I deserted them for years, let down,
And dealt with other fetiches, like love.
But now the bones have won me back —
The bones alone more marvelous
Than my earliest imaginings.
Past the wonder, past the fact,
To the wonder of the fact,
I come to repossess my beasts for good.

To My Sister Before Coming of Age

LAUNCHED into this last lap
Of my minority, I can see
Only my two fast-flying feet
Before me, though it seems the gap
Stretching between you and me
Should be lessening. I won't compete
With you on your level, because
I still don't know how to place
The darts. Safely swaddled in
My sensitivity, I run past the flaws
That enervate the race,
Employing a probity deeper than skin.



JANE ELLEN GLASSER, 1966

To My Husband

WHAT does it mean to trust
You, standing over me,
Roofing a wounded part,
Given in love and need
By a homeless heart.

It means I live in you
Housed in a vacant lot
Lost in the being
Of your being which I am not.

It means I live in fear
Afraid to end or start
Or greater, to forbear,
To live in you and mean apart.



SHELLEY TURNER, 1966

La Mort D'Amour

(To My Dears at the Turn of the Century)

FOR all you knew, it was love;
How easy to believe, before Grace
Metalius and Mary McCarthy.
And you could, uninterrupted, exclaim
Your private eureka, your intimate fame,
And have the good of it. Undistracted,
Not musing at a preposterous moment
That this was just adrenalin
Or that was a fractious gland,
Before eostrus or estrogen,
For all you knew, it was love.

Dawn

HE REMEMBERED songs about the magic moon.
He had seen the darkness times before,
Confined within the white and yellow bedroom
Walls, or reaching underneath the door,
Or from behind the paned, transparent window,
But, always, the darkness turned to light
So fast that he was not afraid. Now
He goes running far outside to night.
Uncautiously he stretches out a tender
Hand to touch the darkness. Unaware
That this is not a momentary wonder,
He stands unwatched and watching where no stars appear.



KAREN JEAN SCHWABENTON, 1967

False Spring

THE snow came this morning,
ending February's false spring;
And I, on the arm of my
Latest beau, remembered the sting
Of sleet against bare skin.
But now that season's past,
Or so we thought,
Ignoring the weather forecast.
Today, we met by
Chance, made introductions, then
Merely asked how
The other's past year had been,
Our eye's lowered to avoid
The unveiling wind that blows
Aside forgotten snows
Of what the flesh still knows.

The Contributors

MARY CARY AMBLER is from Richmond, Virginia. She attended St. Hilda's and St. Hugh's School in New York City. Her major field is drama. She has studied writing at Sweet Briar and is active on various campus publications. She is the editor of *THE BRAMBLER*. She is also a member of *Mademoiselle's* College Board. Class of '67.

JILL BERGUIDO is from Haverford, Pennsylvania. She attended Agnes Irwin School. Jill majors in English, and has studied writing at Sweet Briar. Class of '67.

STEPHANIE BREDIN is from Greenville, Delaware. She graduated from Foxcroft School and is majoring in History at Sweet Briar. Stephanie has studied writing at Sweet Briar. Class of '68.

MISS DEE is a Tibetan courtesan who was exiled from her homeland fifteen years ago and has traveled incognito as a gas station attendant ever since. From time to time she submits work to *THE BRAMBLER*.

"LINDA FITE, that's my name, and I am somehow become into a *BRAMBLER* art editor, the requirements for which position apparently are a little madness and a fondness for India ink. I went to Plattsburgh High School, where art was generally considered a course for people who needed a passing grade to stay in school. Here at Sweet Briar I am an art minor (English major), and am presently living in the intermediate studio." Linda is from Washington, D. C. Class of '67.

MADELAINE GILL attended Bronxville High School, Bronxville, New York. Class of '68.

JANE ELLEN GLASSER, originally Lishnoff, and originally from New York City, is now married and living in Norfolk, Virginia. Jane Ellen graduated from the Barnard School. While at Sweet Briar, she studied writing and was active on both the art and editorial staffs of *THE BRAMBLER*. Class of '66.

JAN HAAGENSEN from Murrysville, Pennsylvania, attended Franklin Senior High School. Jan has studied writing at Sweet Briar. Class of '68.

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CLARE LOYD is from Lynchburg, Virginia where she graduated from E. C. Glass High School. Clare takes courses in writing at Sweet Briar. She was also the editor of the literary magazine at St. Mary's Jr. College. Clare is an English major and on the editorial staff of *THE BRAMBLER*. Class of '66.

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JOANNE TUMULO from Falls Church attended McLean High School. Joanne is an English major and has studied writing at Sweet Briar. Class of '68.

SHELLEY TURNER is from Westport, Connecticut where she graduated from Staples High School. Her major is English and she has studied writing at Sweet Briar. She is the immediate past editor of THE BRAMBLER. Class of '66.

PEGGY VOSE was riding back from the Junior Banquet when she suddenly found herself a part of THE BRAMBLER editorial staff. Peggy says, "I made it through St. Mary's School in Peekskill, New York, and have been writing 'little poems' ever since. There is nothing more to say." Peggy hails from Westport, Conn. She has studied writing at Sweet Briar. Peggy is a psychology major. Class of '67.

PENN WILLETS is from Sewickley, Pennsylvania and a graduate of Westover School. She majors in English, has studied writing at Sweet Briar and has been on THE BRAMBLER editorial staff. Class of '66.







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The Brambler

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"The History of THE BRAMBLER"



Here is the typical Sweet Briar "lass." Perhaps you object to such a gross generalization. It was made in 1942 when the staff of THE BRAMBLER first introduced Bettina Briarite to guide readers through their literary magazine. She is only one of many innovations made in this publication throughout its career; yet as an attempt to represent Sweet Briar students, she exemplifies perhaps better than anything else the spirit of THE BRAMBLER.

Although this magazine has appeared in myriad shapes, sizes and forms, it has, since its origination in 1923, maintained the same objective throughout — to recognize and present the best creative work at Sweet Briar. In this Bettina is an apt representative; for she symbolizes those creative minds, literary, artistic, musical, or purely intellectual, which abound here at Sweet Briar. It makes an interesting comparison among past BRAMBLER editions to note the differences in topics and emphasis. Yet at the same time there is little difference in the themes which recur in the poetry and prose from year to year. Always we have pondered death, love, war and peace; we have sought to analyze the works of great writers, the politics of great statesmen, the trials and tribulations of everyday life; and we have expressed our thoughts in literature, art and music. It is this element in the community which Bettina represents, this element which exists in everyone here, whether or not it is expressed.

In the course of its development THE BRAMBLER has undergone many changes, has seen both high and low points. In 1934 the editors decided to judge all work anonymously and to choose the new staff on the basis of the overall quality of work submitted throughout the year. This was to stimulate interest and was apparently successful because that year THE BRAMBLER was awarded a trophy for best college literary magazine by the Virginia Collegiate Press Association. A similar honor — an "A" rating from the National Press Association — was received in 1936 after the addition of a Freshman to the staff as a link with the new class. In 1956 eligibility was extended to faculty works, and a number of things in French and Spanish were published as part of a campaign to feature the foreign students.

If one looks back through THE BRAMBLER publications, she will find a huge wealth of excellent poetry, prose and works of art. Subjects range from the most pedantic to the wildly fanciful. Each year the style and tone is affected by the tastes and personality of that year's editor, who enjoys a great deal of freedom in her direction of the magazine. Through the years there have been many changes in the constitution, and yet it remains entirely recognizable except for a few details. Likewise, though the content has changed with the times — the minds of writers have always responded to the events and tone of the day — there remain the same profundity, whimsy, gaiety, pathos, which run through all THE BRAMBLERS of every year. Thus, perhaps Bettina Briarite is truly an authentic representative of the Sweet Briar "lass;" as it was put by the Editor in 1946: a barometer of the literary talent and tastes of the community . . . a timely example of how increasing education stimulates creative activity.

* * * * *

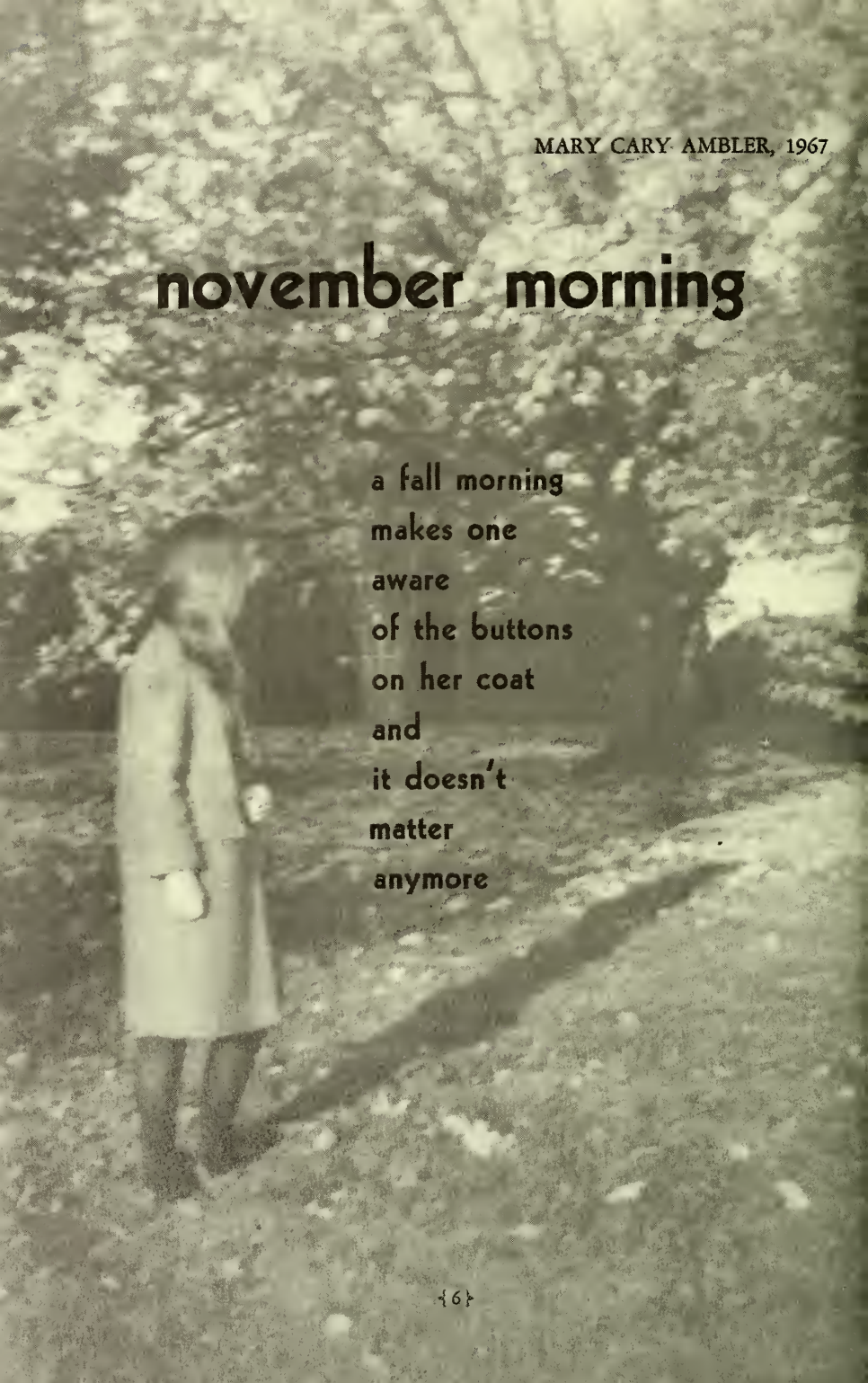
Editor's Note: THE BRAMBLER staff is proud to announce that the story "Hash" by Joanne Tumulo, printed in the May, 1966 edition, won the Boley Short Story Award for 1966.



LETTER FROM MOROCCO

THE Kasbah is a labyrinthian organization (or lack of same) of crumbling stone homes and stores all wall to wall, with various dark and smelly corners and half rooms and other indefinable types of construction composing a massive orientational challenge to anyone who hasn't lived there since some year B.C. . . . The Kasbah in Fez occupies an area of seven square miles and as closely as the authorities can estimate, houses 350,000 people. (Not even a quasi-accurate census has been taken in years.) This entity is a fantastic combination of impeti to the senses: the perfume of sweet, clean mint mingles with the gagging reek of the sheep blood from the tannery; the velvet smoothness of Arabic brocades and silks contrasts with the rough, sandpapery materials used in working the leather into suede; the soft lowing of a beggar child's voice harmonizes with the strident horns sounding from the roofs of the mosques as the faithful are called to prayer; the eye simultaneously beholds two centuries-old constructions built for and by the same people—one, a weathered, grimy stone cave-like aperture in which a little old man squats making combs out of animal horns . . . the other, the majestic tower of the mosque, rising high and proud above the filth of the streets, boasting some of the most intricate tile work and almudejar architectural vision in the world. Within the confines of myriad thousands of little shops and "factories" people do what their ancestors have done for centuries, employing the same methods and producing the same art. One bakery serves the entire populace of the Kasbah. The people bring their flat, round loaves of unleavened bread to be baked in one great furnace where hot coals heat the bricks on which the loaves are placed . . . the loaves are "shoveled in" on a flat piece of wood to which a ten-foot-long wooden handle is attached. I saw the tannery, and I saw a sheep go from the living to the leather . . . slaughtered, skinned, the skin washed in lye-smelling mucky substances, dried, dyed, dried again, the wool removed and washed and dried, and the leather worked until it was as smooth as a baby's hand. I saw the tile works, where the clay is made into a pasty dough and spread out in a huge layer about thirty feet square, cut into small tiles, dried, painted and fired . . . and the pottery works . . . and the fly-observed vegetable bins . . . and the hand-worked intricacies of bronze, of brass, of silver trays . . .

Author's Note: This is an excerpt from a letter to my grandparents, dated February 20, 1966, recalling impressions of Morocco.



MARY CARY AMBLER, 1967

november morning

a fall morning
makes one
aware
of the buttons
on her coat
and
it doesn't
matter
anymore

PEGGY VOSE, 1967

This Husked Gold

THIS husked gold
Ripeness, brought by the muffled
Memory of wild geese droning
Southward, of squirrels more cunning
Then, hoarding brown nuts in deep holed
Parts of trees, of shuffled
Yellow leaves, remains when
The sober winter is new;
White wind of summer burning
Ripeness deeper brings returning
October; Autumn then
Bringing you.

PEGGY VOSE, 1967

Kaleidoscopes of Dreams

Kaleidoscopes of dreams
Are of the amateur
Which I had passed, it seems,
And sought a way more sure
To focus on the star
The mellowing desire;
The shallow days to mar
Asked but a little fire.
But when unfiltered blaze
Enkindles the obsession
Who will be left to praise
The dreamer by profession.

TRUE OR FALSE

Albert Camus' *The Fall* stands as an exemplar of ambiguity. The very basis for the philosophy presented here is the ambiguity of man. Furthermore, although the significant issues are approached with all seriousness, they are often treated satirically. As a result, this novel has occasioned considerable disagreement among critics as to precisely what position Camus is assuming. These significant issues are, as the title suggests, religious; in fact, the entire book is replete with religious symbolism and religious implications. Here Camus broaches such important theological problems as free will, guilt, grace, hope, and judgment. Necessarily, Camus being Camus, they are viewed from an existential frame of reference.

The Fall is presented in monologue form. The very name of the narrator, Jean-Baptiste Clamence, is charged with religious import. The introduction of clemency or mercy is ironical, since this is precisely what Clamence refuses to extend. Jean-Baptiste, or John the Baptist, is, of course, immediately associated with the baptismal rites. Actually, water is the constitutive symbol of *The Fall*. Its interpretation is also ambiguous. Traditionally, water represents purification, catharsis, or cleansing; in short, redemption. This is what Clamence seeks. Yet he settles for eluding judgment. However, water seems also to refer to the mysterious or the unknown for Camus. Clamence's preoccupation with water, then, intimates a belief that it contains a symbolic answer to his absurdist dilemma. In a shipboard diary, Camus once wrote "Oh bitter bed, princely couch, the crown is in the depths of the waters."¹ Clamence, indeed, sounds these depths, the waters of human despair. His sounding of the depths culminates in what he presents as a definitive solution, the profession of judge-penitent. Nevertheless, it is obvious that, although this solution makes it possible for Clamence to "carry on,"² it hardly affords a definitive solution.

Clamence, then, practices the strange profession of judge-penitent. The reader first meets him in the process of soliciting a new client. He engages in his official duties at Mexico City, a bar in the slums of Amsterdam. Here, he enters into conversation with the customers and recounts his fall, thus declaring his own guilt. His purpose, revealed in the final conversation, is an insidious one, however:

I mingle what concerns me and what concerns others. I choose the features we have in common, the experiences we have endured together, the failings we share — good form, in other words, the man of the hour as he is rife in me and in others . . . I construct a portrait which is the image of all and of no one.³

Thus he extends his guilt to his listener, thereby assuring himself of the right to judge him; yet he rises above his listeners by virtue of having initiated the confessions and of knowing his own guilt.

The first conversation serves to introduce the important issues. In a casual discussion concerning the bartender, Calmence asserts, "mind you, I am not judging him."⁴ He goes on to discuss the duplicity of mankind. He refers to his own profession as a double one and announces his affinity for the Dutch because "they are here and elsewhere."⁵ He comments obliquely on his own worth, declaring, in reference to Hitler, "when one has no character one has to apply a method."⁶ Within the same context, World War II, he broaches the topic of freedom, telling of how a German officer asked a woman to choose which of her sons was to be shot. This awful freedom defines man's condition, the "heart of things"⁷ which is represented by Amsterdam. Clamence sees Amsterdam as a manifestation of Dante's *Inferno*, complete with the concentric circles of canals. He maintains that "here we are in the last circle."⁸ This is the circle of Cain and is reserved for those who kill members of their family. Clamence here hints at the responsibility of each man towards the entire human family. He makes the inference more concrete by posting a situation where one observes a suicide, someone jumping off a bridge. Is one, then, responsible for this person's death if he does not risk his own in an attempt to save the other person? This is the existential choice which prompted Kierkegaard's "fear and trembling." Would the jump into the water provide purification? In opposition to this hell-like condition of mankind, Clamence offers "the sea that leads to those islands where men die mad and happy."⁹ Water, of course, symbolizes purification. Is it this unattainable catharsis which would assure unity of being, the negation of duplicity?

In the next meeting with his client, Clamence tells of his former life as a Parisian lawyer. He was the advocate of "noble cases."¹⁰ In this way, he reached "that supreme summit where virtue is its own reward."¹¹ He managed to "be on the right side"¹² and at the same time to satisfy "an instinctive scorn for judges in general."¹³ He represents himself during this period as "riding on the crest of the wave."¹⁴ In other words, he was above purification because he did not recognize the need for it. He understood his client's crimes as a protest against anonymity. In fact, he made the same protest, defending them and thereby gaining fame without penalty. He again employs water as an image in describing his relation with his clients: "the indignation, talent, and emotion I expended on them washed away, in return, any debt I might feel toward them."¹⁵ Thus he abdicated his responsibility to them for providing him with a means to his end. This end was, simply, ascendance. He speaks of a corresponding enjoyment of physical summits. He was virtuous also in his private life. He tells of his pleasure in aiding blind people, helping young girls with heavy suitcases, and giving to beggars; he reveled in his generosity. He emphasizes the spontaneity of these good works; he "never had to learn how to live."¹⁶ Thus he did good for the pleasure it brought him, not because he perceived it as his duty. In fact, when duty was introduced, "[he] conformed ungraciously. [He] had to be the master of [his] liberalities."¹⁷ He was free because he never let himself become obligated. Thus he rebutted any efforts made to establish a lasting relationship with him. In this he was aided by his infinite capacity for forgetting. This too, lent him an appearance of virtue; although he never forgave, he always forgot. Speaking of this period, he says, "Indeed, wasn't

that Eden . . . : no intermediary between life and me."¹⁸ The intermediary between life and the individual is, of course, the recognition of absurdity.¹⁹ When Clamence recognizes this absurdity, he falls. This fall was precipitated by an experience one autumn evening. As he was standing on the Pont Royal, he heard a laugh behind him. It seemed to be going downstream. Note that it was behind him; he was undefended from it.

In his next meeting with his client, Clamence tells of how this laugh revived his memory. The resuscitation of memory stripped him of his defenses and left him susceptible to judgment. He observes, "I had to recover my memory. By gradual degrees, I saw more clearly, I learned a little of what I knew."²⁰ This is reminiscent of Plato's theory that learning is remembering that which one knew in a former life. This is truly what Clamence does; he has entered a new life, an introspective life in which he recognizes the truths of his former existence. He recalls incidents in which the duplicity of his character was revealed to him. His indignation at a motorcyclist who had insulted him is symptomatic. He was indignant not so much because of the insult, but because he had failed to respond to it with force. He realized that this incident should have remained insignificant for him if his real motivation had not simply been that "[he] wanted to dominate in all things."²¹ Finally, he recalls the time when he witnessed a suicide, a girl jumping from the Pont Royal. He did not jump into the water to save her or go for help. He now realizes that the choice with which he was then presented was a result of that dreadful freedom which defines man. In keeping with the image of himself which he had nurtured, he should have tried to save her. Yet this image was fostered to enhance his self-love. Thus he acted in accordance with that which underlay the image, rather than the image itself. Now he recognizes he is a Janus, nothing more: "thus the surface of all my virtues had a less imposing reverse side."²²

Clamence then began to wince at the acclaim which he had so treasured previously. He would not accept this respect unless it was universal. "It could not be universal since he no longer shared it; he had recognized his own culpability. He explores his guilt with his client from the Island of Marken, "a beautiful negative landscape . . . a soggy hell indeed! Everything horizontal, no relief; space is colorless and life dead."²³ Thus, he extends his condition to include all of humanity; they are in a hell with no relief. To be sure, there are the doves which symbolize hope. Yet, "there is nothing but the sea and the canals . . . never a head on which [they may] light."²⁴ Man is unworthy of hope, he is guilty and he knows it. In response to this realization of guilt, Clamence tried to deride himself publicly. He sought to place himself on the side of the judges, the laughers, by joining in their derision. This judgment was only potential, however. No one accused him and this approach proved untenable. Yet the judgment of others was still to be feared, for Clamence observed, "the moment I grasped that there was something to judge in me, I realized that there was in them an irresistible vocation for judgment."²⁵ Next, he tried to fortify himself against judgment by relinquishing his concern for it. He entered a period of debauchery; thus he reinstituted forgetfulness. At first this seemed a definitive cure. He took an ocean cruise to celebrate his cure and found himself reentering the terror of his freedom. He happened to see a black speck in the ocean which he thought was a drowning person. Actually, it was only some refuse from the ship. In speaking of this

incident, he says, "I realized, calmly as you resign yourself to an idea of truth of which you have long known, that that cry which had sounded over the Seine behind me years before had never ceased, carried by the river to the waters of the channel, to travel throughout the world . . . and that it had waited for me . . . I realized likewise that it would continue to await me on seas and rivers everywhere, in short, wherever lies the bitter water of my baptism."²⁶ Then, "I had to submit and admit my guilt. I had to live in the little-ease."²⁷ The little ease was a medieval torture chamber which was so constructed that one could neither lie down nor stand up in it. Thus "every day through the unchanging restriction that stiffened his body, the condemned man learned that he was guilty."²⁸ Life then is subsistence in a little ease; it insures the guilt of all. This is why Clamence claims, "God is not needed to create guilt or to punish. Our fellow men suffice, aided by ourselves."²⁹ Then, "God's sole usefulness would be to guarantee innocence."³⁰ However, Clamence feels that even Christ was guilty; this, he claims, is why he allowed himself to be crucified; he felt responsible for the slaughter of the innocents. He then attacks the Christian community for its utilization of Christ's death. They now "judge in his name,"³¹ when he came to promulgate mercy and forgiveness: "to many people now climb on the cross merely to be seen from a greater distance even if they have to trample somewhat on the one who has been there so long."³² Clamence concludes, "since we are all judges, we are all guilty before one another, all Christs in our mean manner, crucified . . . We should be at least if I, Clamence, had not found a way out."³³ He then presents himself as a prophet, Elijah without a Messiah;³⁴ he offers a way to "carry on,"³⁵ not hope. He has superceded the promise of Christian faith; it is unreasonable, for even Christ could not "carry on"³⁶ in the face of his own guilt. Clamence proclaims, "I am the end and the beginning; I announce the law."³⁷ To complete the authority of his law, he suggests that when his client next comes to call, he "just ring three times."³⁸

In the final interview, Clamence introduces his client to a panel stolen from the Ghent altarpiece, "The Adoration of the Lamb," which he keeps in his cupboard. He has not returned it because "this way everything is in harmony. Justice being definitively separated from innocence."³⁹ Then Clamence exposes his method for escaping judgment. Recognizing that freedom "is a chore . . . a long distance race, quite solitary, and very exhausting,"⁴⁰ he affirms the necessity of a master. God is an unacceptable answer, for "there is no more father, no more rule."⁴¹ This statement is reminiscent of Nietzsche. Like Nietzsche, Clamence reviews the corruptions of Christians and decides that the whole system is fallacious. Thus he determines to take humanity as a master, accept and share its evils. Yet at the same time, he rises above humanity and reaches his summit, for he, through the proclamation of his own guilt, forces others to a recognition of theirs, thereby gaining the right to judge them. He operates in human terms: "no excuses for anyone; that's my principle at the outset . . . With me there is no giving of absolution or blessing. Everyone is simply trotted up and then . . . It comes to so much."⁴² Thus he creates a hell; he does not escape it. He has said earlier that, "hell must be like that: streets filled with shop signs and no way of explaining one-self. One is classified once and for all."⁴³ Thus Clamence represents, finally, something of an Anti-Christ. He has accepted the little ease. This is consistent with his characterization as an Anti-Christ for he has said that, "the judges of all species, those of Christ and those of the Anti-Christ are . . . reconciled in the little-ease."⁴⁴ And, as evil is attracted by good, Clamence has expressed his love for Christ. Further-

more, Clamence does not escape judgment; before revealing his mission, he must admonish his client, "don't laugh."⁴⁵ Finally, he would reaffirm his guilt if given another chance: "The water's so cold: But let's not worry! It's too late now. It will always be too late. Fortunately!"⁴⁶

Camus, then, has presented us with the awful spectre of human freedom. He is not offering Clamence's solution to the existential dilemma as a valid one. It is obvious that it is only a self-indulgence, a more sophisticated extension of duplicity. As Germaine Bree asserts, *The Fall* is another protest against nihilism.⁴⁷ The nihilistic solution, the destruction of value, is not what Camus is advocating. Rather, he is demonstrating the impossibility of evading the existential dilemma. He seems to say that we must accept our freedom, look to the doves, and view each new choice as an opportunity for improvement. Thus, as the Greeks believed, a man is to be judged by the whole of his life, not any isolated segment of it.

Camus' language is straight forward and simple. He is often aphoristic, as when he has Clamence declare that "most often . . . we confess to those who are like us and who share our weaknesses. Hence we don't want to improve ourselves or be bettered, for we should first have to be judged in default."⁴⁸ Clamence's commentaries on the landscape are charged with symbolic meaning. In his first conversation, he notices, "There'll be fog tonight on the Zuider Zee."⁴⁹ This is a foreshadowing of the suffering inherent in the reliving of his guilt, that which comprises the conversations which are yet to come. Of course Camus consistently employs natural objects symbolically, e. g., the canals of Amsterdam, the doves, and most importantly, water. The monologue form is particularly suited to Camus' purpose here. He is seeking to expose that situation which characterizes all individuals qua individuals. Finally, as is characteristic of all meritorious literary works, this novel subsumes its own parody. The satirical is inextricably tied to the serious. This ensures the ambiguity of the novel, and its charm.



FOOTNOTES

1. Thomas Hanna, *The Thought and Art of Albert Camus*. (Chicago: Henry Regnery Co., 1958), p. 172.
2. Albert Camus, *The Fall*, Transl. Justin O'Brien (New York: Random House, 1956), p. 114.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 139.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 5.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 13.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 11.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 14.
8. *Ibid.*
9. *Ibid.*
10. *Ibid.*, p. 17.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 23.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 18.
13. *Ibid.*
14. *Ibid.*, p. 37.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 26.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 27.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 22.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 27.
19. Hanna, *op. cit.*, p. 17.
20. Camus, *op. cit.*, p. 49.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 49.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 85.
23. *Ibid.*, p. 72.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 73.
25. *Ibid.*, p. 78.
26. *Ibid.*, p. 108.
27. *Ibid.*, p. 109.
28. *Idem.*
29. *Ibid.*, p. 110.
30. *Ibid.*, p. 111.
31. *Ibid.*, p. 115.
32. *Ibid.*, p. 114.
33. *Ibid.*, p. 116-117.
34. *Ibid.*, p. 117.
35. *Ibid.*, p. 114.

36. *Idem.*
37. *Ibid.*, p. 118.
38. *Idem.*
39. *Ibid.*, p. 130.
40. *Ibid.*, p. 133.
41. *Ibid.*, p. 134.
42. *Ibid.*, p. 131.
43. *Ibid.*, p. 47.
44. *Ibid.*, p. 116.
45. *Ibid.*, p. 141.
46. *Ibid.*, p. 147.
47. Germaine Bree, *Camus* (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1959), p. 131.
48. Camus, *op. cit.*, p. 83.
49. *Ibid.*, p. 10.

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NORVELL JONES, 1967

Gifted

Feet like curling words
unexpected out of flatness —
thoughts springing from
the inky shoe of your mind —
pink buds that give no clue

wink at such toes — forget
which words are round
that long arches puzzle
or that a heel has wit

your feet your words —
always with that
gift of grace —
surprise

NORVELL JONES, 1967

When They Were Born,

it was a morning moon,
white against pale sky.

Here with small obsessions,
they sing, and dance lightly.

They do not howl like dogs,
except in one dark corner.

Nor do they pack like wolves.
They move apart, silently.

Their hands are light and
they have broad fingernails.

Without love we would be bored
by their inane silences.

It is in the quiet that
we know they are her children.

Verse Anthem--Psalm 33

(20th verse)

Fugal Style

Our soul waiteth for the Lord our soul waiteth for the Lord

teth for the LORD our soul waiteth for the teth for the LORD our soul waiteth for the teth for the LORD

LORD our soul waiteth for the LORD for our soul waiteth for the LORD for

the LORD

the LORD OUR Soul wai --- teth for the LORD OUR

the LORD

Soul wai --- teth for the LORD OUR Soul wai ---

OUR Soul wai ---

teth for the LORD OUR Soul wai --- teth for the

Handwritten musical notation for the first system. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and the bottom staff is in F major (one flat). The lyrics are: LORD for the LORD. He is our LORD for the LORD.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and the bottom staff is in F major (one flat). The lyrics are: help and our shield. He is our help and our.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and the bottom staff is in F major (one flat). The lyrics are: He is our help and our shield, He's our help and our shield, He's our help and our. He is our help and our.

shield He is our help and our shield

shield

He is our help and our shield

He is our help and our

He is our help and our shield He is our help and our shield

shield He is our help and our shield



Author's Note:

"God's Wrath" is my reaction to Paul Gauguin's painting, "The Spirit of the Dead Watching," which is printed on the opposite page. Before writing this impression I considered another interpretation: A dead relative or husband watches the girl as she lies waiting for her lover to come to bed. But the tenseness of her body and the white mark, resembling a volcano, suggest a more dynamic fate.

KIM MULLER-THYM, 1970

GOD'S WRATH

(Paul Gauguin's: "Spirit of the Dead Watching")

WAIT; how much longer do I have to live? A half a day; no only until daylight. Gods, please help me; tell them this rite of sacrificing a virgin will not make you calm the mountain. How can I, a mortal, delight you, Lords?

I wish I could swallow some poisonous root, be quick and painless; stab myself . . . stop, stop dreadful imagination. Be brave. I must calm my thoughts. Breathe deeply . . . now — let me remember happy things.

walking in the soft sand while the sun was dawning — the quiet time of day — when the sun threw colors over the sky and sea — when only the birds responded to the wave's lazy murmers.

picking berries and searching for eggs in the jungle with my brother. — Oh Gods! What will he do? Cry? Why? Why must I die? Wait. Start again.

weaving baskets, collecting wood for the fires, mending, helping harvest . . . dancing and feasting with them, those with whom I've always lived — no concern — no trouble . . . We thanked you and asked for nothing and complained of nothing. The festivity clothes were pretty: printed bright flowered cloth bound tightly around our bodies, beads, the boys' gaudy belts. But I must forfeit my body nude, as it is now, not as it used to be. You want my virginity, natural and unaffected.

Oh, but why is this my fate? Go away death! . . . or come now. Don't stay there looking on me. My death will be beautiful and I should be glad you chose me. But Gods — please. I'm not ready. Take back your death spirit.

Tomorrow I will give my body willingly and proudly. I will walk along the beach accompanied by the two boys and the spirit of the dead. Along the beach. Alone up the mountain. I will not scream for fear or pain. It will be hot and sparks will fly and burn. I will then step . . . Oh no! I can't! I cannot do it . . . But I must. The spirit of the dead should not have to push me. I will fall into that bubbling murky soup, the soup you Gods have made the mountain spit forth to show you wrath.

Dear Gods . . . Save me.

"RENAISSANCE OF WONDER"

He skipped the piece of flat, gray slate. It hit the calm lake, shattering the languid silence. Streaming ripples glided towards the shore, flattened before reaching their goal. The boy watched blankly as stillness fell over, again the scene of mammoth spruce and crystal blue.

He bent down and picked up another piece and flipped it through a clump of green reeds. A splash echoed; ripples rolled lazily towards the shore. A swallow darted.

Again he grabbed another stone and tossed it. This time, however, he did not wait to watch the vanishing wavelets. Instead he slow-turned and dawdled aimlessly up the shaded-conifer path. He ignored the dank mosses, the vibrant-green ferns, the purples of wild flowers, and damp leaves. Even a flitting jay escaped his notice.

A sudden beam of sunlight dazzled the boy. Bewildered, he turned into the sun-baked road bordered by gaily dancing pinks, purples, blues of lupine. His foot haphazardly kicked a stone. With hands in his pockets and head downward, he shuffled down the dusty road.

A green garter snake slithered across the path and disappeared into a cluster of Queen Anne's Lace. The boy ignored it, his eyes focused on the rolling stone.

Suddenly, he noticed his stone was not alone. His was on the right near a bunch of black-eyed Susans, but the chip of white quartz tumbling next to it was a stranger.

Distracted, he looked up. Beside him, a taller boy in faded jeans had joined him. The newcomer's smiling face was brown with sun and his tousled hair fell over his eyes.

They both scuffed down the road. Each kicking a stone. The tall boy spoke first.

"New here?"

"Yes."

"Gone fishin' yet?"

"No. I don't know how."

"Well, come on, I'll show yuh. I know a great spot where we can catch trout."

They quickly reversed their direction, abandoning two tumbling stones. With sprinting steps, they steeple-chased down the "washboardy" road, down the shadowed lane, back to the rock-strewn shore and the lake. The tall boy pointed to a battered dinghy floating in a thicket of waterweeds.

"That's mine. I've got a couple of rods and some bait in it. Let's go. Oh, hope ya don't mind wading out."

The tall boy splashed towards the waiting craft.

"Hey, what's the matter? Not scared of a little water, are yuh?"

"No . . . no, of course not . . ."

"Well, come on."

The small boy sheepishly removed his shoes and placed them carefully on a flat rock. Then with agonizingly slow steps, he tottered out to the boat.

"What's the matter? Something hurt your feet? Let's speed it up a little."

At last, he arrived at his goal, a little gray weather-beaten rowboat and its waiting skipper. He climbed in quickly, leaving the jagged water-hidden pebbles behind.

"Let's go!" called the taller boy as he fitted the oars into the oarlocks. He gave a mighty pull, and the boat spun out into the lake. The small boy sat motionless in the bow, clutching the sides. Hypnotically, he watched the tapering ripples.

"Guess ya wonder where we're going. See that point? Behind it is the inlet. There's a pool of trout a little ways up."

The small boy nodded. Wondering, he stared at the passing shoreline, the whitened-pine skeleton, a jutting boulder, waving reeds, and weather-sculptured driftwood.

Compulsively, he dragged his hands in the sun-streaked ebony water. The crickets droned, interrupted by the rhythmic slap of the oars and an occasional creak.

A point of cragged rocks suddenly loomed ahead. "Watch out! We're going to hit those rocks!" cried the small boy.

"Don't worry. Look how deep the water is."

Blushing, the small boy looked.

"I screamed too the first time I went by. It fools you. Now it's only a little further till we reach the inlet."

The small boy peered ahead. All he could see was a cove carpeted with matted reeds and grasses. The boat plowed through as the grasses tangled around the oars. A small unruffled stream appeared from nowhere. Its entrance was lined with brown-hued grasses and yellow-nosed daisies.

The boat poked up the narrow, winding calm. A hawk soared in the distance. The inlet turned.

"Oh, how beautiful! I've never seen any before!" exclaimed the small boy. Anxiously he leaned over to grab a large waxy-white blossom floating on the water. A delicate fragrance hung on the air.

The boat drifted around a bend in the stream. A pool shadowed by low-hanging spruce appeared.

"Here it is!" The boat glided into the cove.

Splash! A worm-baited hook with jerking red and white bobber spun down into the bottomless pool. The small boy sat, watching.

"Need some help?" the taller boy offered as he balanced his bamboo rod across the gunwales. He fished a plump red worm from the coffee tin under his seat and secured it on a rusty hook. Flipping line, hook, and worm into the water, he handed the rod to his companion. With sweat-moistened hands the small boy clutched the worn rod. His eyes always followed the tall boy's movements and mechanically he imitated them.

A breeze skidded across the pool. Two bobbers danced gaily. The small boy felt his rod slip, and his sweaty hands clutched tighter.

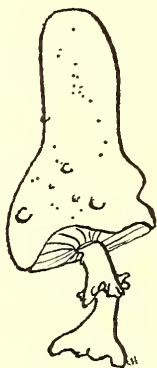
He looked up and noticed that the once-blue sky had turned into a spectrum of oranges, reds, and violets. The green of the forest had turned to gray velvet.

A jerk. The bobber disappeared. The small boy screamed and yanked his rod. Too quick. The fish was gone.

"Say, don't be in such a rush. You'll lose them every time. We'd better get started before dark. The fog always settles in after sunset. But we can do it again."

The two boys pulled in their lines, still baited with tempting worms. The tall boy manned the oars and the dinghy swept into the current. The forest was now blurred to a silhouette against a wash of pastels.

The boat arrived at its mooring. Ripples sped shoreward, and two boys jumped simultaneously into the water and splashed towards the darkened beach. Reaching the shore, they turned and stared out into the lake. All was shadow except for tints of purple. All was still except for a distant cry of a searching loon. On the shore in the settling twilight, there was no movement except for two boys running up the hidden path, together.



EDITH CLARK LOWRY

Rocket To The Moon

Soar, Rocket, out of time and space,
Pierce the Moon's heart,
Even as Love's arrow once pierced mine;
Shatter the faery moonlight, chase
Away its magic art,
Break the enchantment of Love's false design.
Savagely thus I raved, immersed
In bitter, selfish tears —
While sweet earth's-sole-companion shone afar —
Bewitched by moonlight loved I first.
But now I say, though years
Of broken promises I bear the scar,
Soar, Rocket — wound the Lady Moon,
Yet do not thou destroy
Her shining wholeness in our starlit sky:
Make suffering moonlight tender, tune
New hearts to first love's joy.
Let beauty born of moonlight never die.

TESSA SUSAN PREDMORE, 1969

My Love Is A Sleeping Dragon

My love is a sleeping dragon.
Warmed by the sun, caressed by the breeze
It awakes to be borne by the wind towards
the light.

My love is a new-winged-pale-pink paper dragon.
Warned by the clouds, beware the heat, beware the fire,
Stay away they whisper,
Poor dizzy dragon

heeds not.
My love is a smile-happy-yellow-kite-soaring paper dragon.
Laughed at by the sun,
The tender-winged-fragile-little creature shrinks
From that fatal breath

of flames.
My love is a red paper dragon.
Consumed, nothing remains but for the breeze
To scatter the ashes of what was once
a paper dragon.

MELISSA SANDERS, 1967

Light Bulb . . . *Some light on the subject of life*

Off . . .

On . . .

Here . . .

Gone . . .

Dark . . .

Bright . . .

Weak . . .

Might . . .

Editor's Note: Truly light verse.

JANE DEDMAN, 1968

A Guitar By The Sea

HIS fingers weave the six steel strings,
Now patterning a lament,
Now a love song, now a lullaby;
And the wind folds the song,
Whirling it away into the dark,
And the ocean counterpoints it.

The Old Grandfather

THE old grandfather sat in his room at the nursing home, his hands perpetually folded before him, his back sunk into the pillow of a dumpy stuffed armchair. The folds in his face and chin and the hanging line of his mouth balanced the eyes which stared ahead at the television set on the window ledge. The eyes were deepset and lifeless, a terrifying thing in themselves as compared to what they had been, once. Aunt Jeffie sat on the edge of the bed, her legs primly crossed at the knee and inhaled deeply as she spoke softly to Uncle Russ who was sitting in the straight-backed chair by the door. They avoided the other side of the room and talked of how pretty the hills were in the fall. The leaves were turning now, and through the window by the bed, they could see the Sunday afternoon slowly become evening.

Blakie sat perched on the bed uncomfortably between them and listened, her eyes never leaving the old Grandfather. She had tried to watch the football game on the television but there was no sound and she did not understand the plays. She hated the Sunday afternoons she had to spend at the nursing home; she hated having to perch on the bed and listen to her aunt and uncle talk and purposely avoid looking at the old Grandfather; and she hated having to look at him herself, sitting there inside of himself, thinking, thinking. She wondered if he knew that the set was turned on; she wanted to be home with Daddy and Austin and play with the dog in the front yard, and finish her book. She began to think about her book and decided she'd finish it that night after dinner. The talking around her droned on.

Mother had been so troubled this morning; she said she could not go to visit the old Grandfather, so Daddy had stayed home to keep her company. Austin always got his way and when he did not want to come, he did not have to. But somebody had to represent the immediate family, and ten year old Blakie had been elected. She had come into the room with Aunt Jeffie and Uncle Russ, and the old Grandfather had felt the presence and his face broke out into the grimacing attempt of a smile, a one-sided, perverted-looking grin. He had held out his hand into the air, and one by one they all shook it while he grinned happily, his black hole of a mouth opening wide and slanting down on one side, and stared off into space where he suspected they all might be. His main pleasure was having people come into the room and move about so that he might be aware of them. Then, they would all sit down and his smile would fade and he would fold his hands again and stare. Daddy had told Blakie once that his mind was still working quite well but the disease had killed his nerves and his muscles so that he had slowly lost almost all control over them. So Blakie loved to shake his hand like

she was pumping his muscles back up as he smiled, and would not let go with what little strength he had left. Then she would tell him what a strong handshake he had and Aunt Jeffie would say my, how he was hurting her fingers, his handshake was so firm. And Uncle Russ would take his hand with one hand and pat the other one over it saying, "Hi, Pop," and "You're looking good this afternoon." Then they would sit down and Blakie would wonder if Grandfather knew they were there or could hear them or was happy that they had come to see him.

Aunt Jeffie was very aware of herself and sat very straight on the bed and directed all her attention to Uncle Russ and occasionally referred a question or a statement to Blakie who would always have to gather herself and say earnestly, I beg your pardon. Aunt Jeffie was very sorry that the old Grandfather was dying, and had never missed a Sunday afternoon in the 16 months that he had been in the nursing home. She was a very delicate woman, about forty-six, quite slim and still attractive. She always wore her Sunday dress with a low bodice and a big eagle pin in the very center. Her pearls were lovely, and were her most prized possession. When she was nervous, she would hook her thumb under them, and slide it back and forth, pulling the pearls out and around her chin. Her chin was small and pointed, and there was a dimple in the middle of it when she smiled. She kept her graying hair quite short and fluffy, very stylish, and never touched it in public. Now she uncrossed her legs and crossed them the other way, pulling down her skirt.

Uncle Russ was a laughing pudge of a man. He was large and squarely built, never quite aware of what was going on around him. His father-in-law was dying and he was not quite sure what to do about it. He avoided the other side of the room and continuously cleared his throat and lit cigarettes. His hair was still black and full, and he prided himself on it because both his father and his brother were almost entirely bald. He joked about it and was constantly running his hand through his hair and laughing. Blakie often wondered why he laughed so much, when there was nothing really funny happening or being said. He was always patting people on the back or the hand or the head, and Aunt Jeffie would crinkle up her nose and glance sideways at the mirror at parties to make sure he had not messed up her hair.

Blakie excused herself from the room quietly and walked out behind the old Grandfather's chair where she would not bother him. She looked down at the bare oriental rug which was turned up at the corner by the door and stepped in all the curly-cues as she approached the door. Once outside, she walked down the hall to the visitor's bathroom. The air was different to her out here and she stopped and looked very closely at all the pictures on the wall. She began to think of all the things that the old Grandfather could be thinking about right now. How when he was a little boy he must have played with the dog in the front yard. Then he had gone to the university in the town and became a very well known tennis player. Everyone liked him all his life, but they were all dead now, she thought, and he only had Mother and Daddy and Uncle Russ and Aunt Jeffie and Austin and her to come see him every Sunday afternoon and shake his hand and make him smile for five minutes when they came.

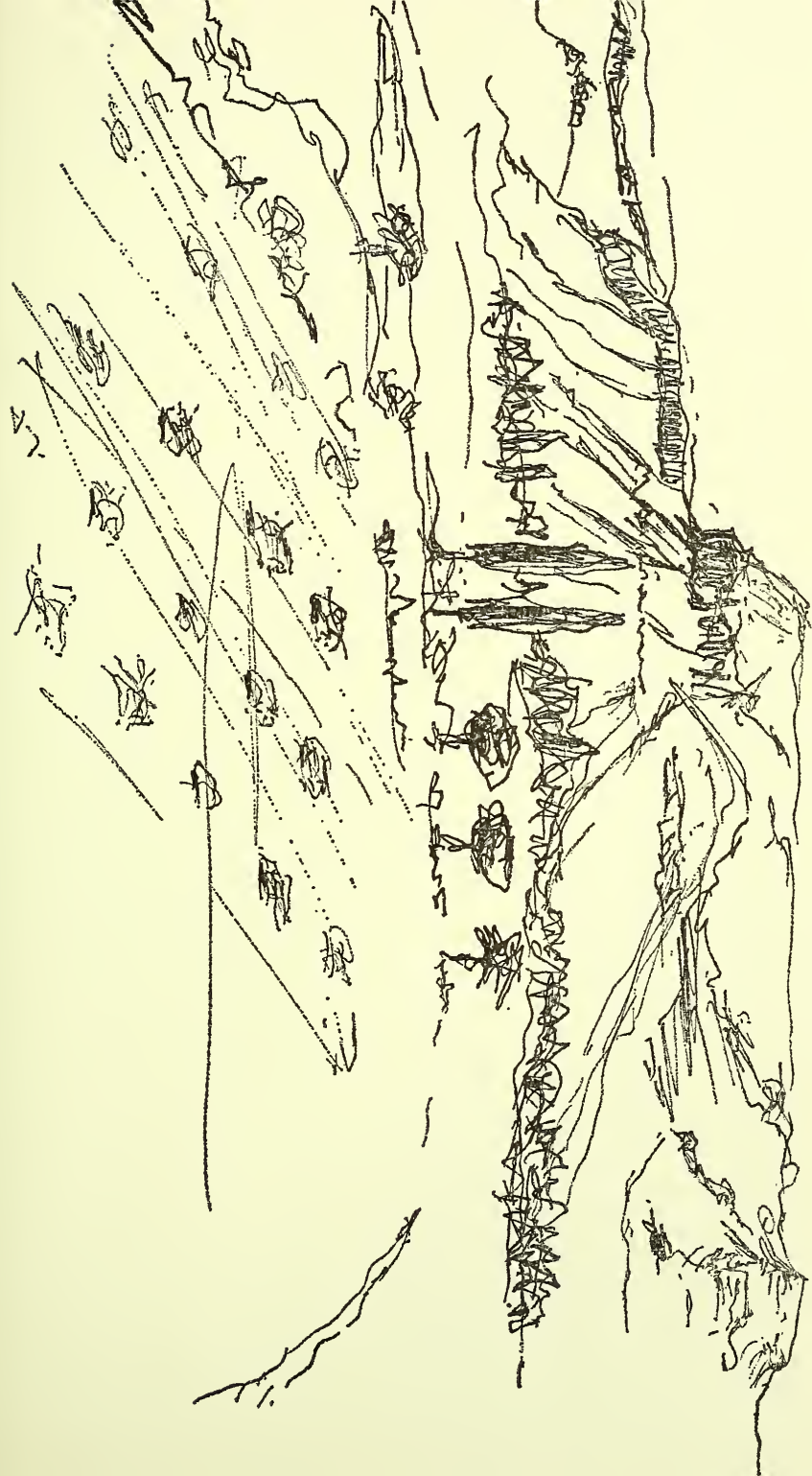
She sat down in a chair in the hall and put both arms on the armrests and stared straight ahead. It was hard to do without blinking. She contorted her face awk-

wardly and felt her mouth with her fingers. Holding the expression, she looked around for a mirror. She went into the bathroom and leaned over the washbasin, stretching her cheeks down with her hands. A maid with a box of toilet paper walked in and she blushed and walked out. She walked back into the room and sat quietly on the bed.

Aunt Jeffie said, "Russ, the funniest thing happened while you were playing golf this morning; I left the loaf of bread on the drain board while I went over to open the icebox door, and when I turned around it was gone . . ." Uncle Russ was leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, listening. ". . . and when I went into the living room, Gussie was sitting on the davenport wagging his tail and then he burped and licked his chops." She stopped and waited for Uncle Russ to laugh. "Honestly, he's getting so terribly fat. We've got to do something about it. He won't live long if he's so overweight." Blakie looked from one to the other and pictured the fat spaniel burping, drawing out his chin, pulling in his tongue and just — burping. She suppressed a giggle and looked at the Old Grandfather who sat, staring up in the direction of the television set; she wondered if he might have thought it was funny. She looked at her watch. 4:30. Austin would be turning on the television set at home for the John Wayne movie. She blushed at the thought of her disloyalty to the old Grandfather. She thought of how it would be if they were alone together. She would sit there and tell him everything, and shake his hand and he would smile. But this was different and she was impatient. She looked over at Uncle Russ, denying her growing feeling of guilt. It would be easier to ask him.

She waited until there was a pause in the conversation and then said very politely, "Do you think Grandfather would mind if I changed the channel?" Her Aunt and Uncle just looked at her and said nothing. She looked at Uncle Russ while he appeared to be thinking very hard. Then he said, "No, I don't think he'd mind at all, not at all." So she got up and crossed in front of the old Grandfather to change the channel. All at once the old Grandfather sat up straighter and held his hand out into the air, and broke into his one-sided grin, staring up into space, his eyes blankly searching. Blakie stopped dead, her hand still outstretched to turn the channel and stared at him. Behind her, Aunt Jeffie and Uncle Russ simultaneously stopped talking. Aunt Jeffie was suddenly a molded figurine, her beads and thumb caught in front of her chin. Uncle Russ mumbled something incoherent and then suddenly blurted out "For God's sake shake his hand — quick." Blakie grasped his hand and pumped it hard. Then the Uncle and Aunt stood up and shook it, he heartily, she gently.

Blakie started crying when they got into the car.



SUSAN DEFORD SUMNERS, 1967

Jaundice Finds His Way

J AUNDICE finds his way
Into a plethora of agony too strong for what
Must be but pain.
Anacin advertisement poisonous snake dirty blue rug and alarm
Clock void the vacuum of the
Black glass balloon
Where not one a
Rock will throw except
To stone.
Three red dots on a limpid line longing
Heating pipes spider-webbing the ceiling
Too much loud in the
Midst of too much silent
Check register and metal ashtray the lords of the day.
It's six of eight and the year of the zinnia.

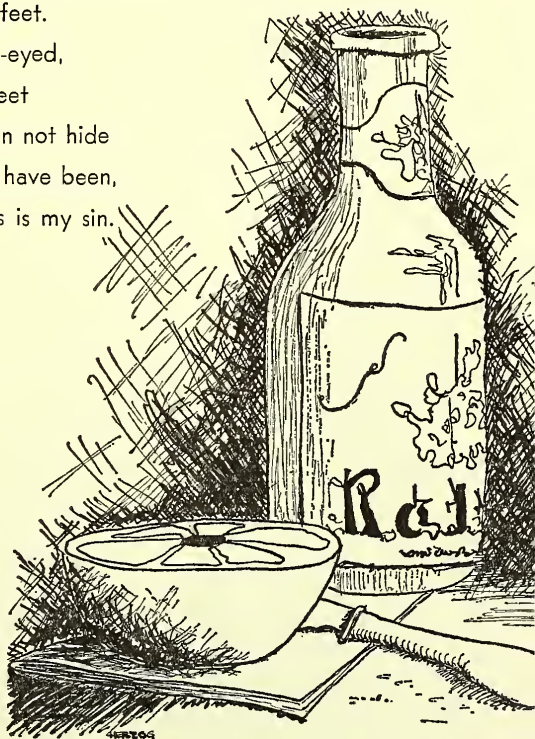
SUSAN DEFORD SUMNERS, 1967

Mecontentment

WALK I lie I cry I
Storming steaming
Flinching failing
Dying dreaming
No!
But silently softly slyly inwardly
That none may hear
Then to answer
What is of them unasked.

Cocktail Party

JOY on the rocks, sweet dreams born of gin
I hold my drink with both hands, closely to me.
Its shifting lights are radiant castles of tin
Built on sand. Not because I do not care
But because I am careless, it slips silently
From my hands. Despite my wordless prayer,
Glass is needle-sharp splinters, shattered
Each one with a message for me. I see
One thousand fragments — topaz, rose — scattered
And ground by the weight of aimless feet.
I see it gone, clear-eyed and even dry-eyed,
Dreams on the rocks, deception's sweet
Drops. The bitterness these drops can not hide
Is seeing in glass ruin what I am and have been,
Is expiation for being myself, for this is my sin.





MARY CARY AMBLER, 1967

Excess

HAVING arrived
almond hersheys in hand
the Hackensac pachyderm
surfaces his cesspool.

Without flashlight,
 declaration,
 flagellation
within his means
he became
a reason.



We Wish To Thank . . .

The Contributors

MARY CARY AMBLER is from Richmond, Virginia. She attended St. Hilda's and St. Hugh's School in New York City. Her major is drama. She has studied writing at Sweet Briar and also at The Aspen Writer's Workshop, Aspen, Colorado. She has been active on various campus publications, and is the editor of *THE BRAMBLER*. She is also a member of *Mademoiselle's* College Board. Class of '67.

JANE DEDMAN hails from Darien, Conn. She is presently studying experimental writing but has not done any writing before this time. She has worked on the *Sweet Briar News* staff and is an English major. Class of '68.

"LINDA FITE, that's my name, and I am somehow become into a *BRAMBLER* art editor, the requirements for which position apparently are a little madness and a fondness for India ink. I wen to Plattsburgh High School, where art was generally considered a course for people who needed a passing grade to stay in school. Here at Sweet Briar I am an English major (art minor), and am presently living in Babcock." Linda is from Washington, D. C. Class of '67.

PHYLLIS GIRARD, is a biology major from Philadelphia, Pa. She has never studied writing but has worked as assistant editor of her newspaper at Springfield High School. Phyllis is also interested in dramatics. Class of '69.

KRISTIN HERZOG studied art for four years at Phayer Academy in Boston, Mass. Boston is also her home. She was active as art editor in various high school publications and was awarded the senior art prize. She has also been published in the literary magazine at Phayer. Class of '70.

BETTYE B. HOBBS, originally from Shaker Heights, Ohio, but now living in Charlottesville, Va., is a graduate of the Hathaway-Brown School. Bettye won *THE BRAMBLER* freshman contest in the winter of 1966. She is a member of *THE BRAMBLER* editorial board. Class of '69.

NORVELL JONES, from Lorton, Va., graduated from the St. Agnes School, Alexandria. Norvell is an history of art major and a member of *THE BRAMBLER* editorial staff. She also receives special mention for somehow existing as the editor's roommate. Norvell has studied writing for three years at Sweet Briar. Class of '67.

ELIZABETH GILL (Betsy) KURTZ hails from Columbus, Ohio, where she attended Columbus School for Girls. During her senior year she won the literary award. She has studied writing at Sweet Briar and is a member of *THE BRAMBLER* staff. Betsy is a religion major and a writing minor. She is also interested in dramatics. Class of '67.

RAY LONGSTAFF is from Baltimore, Maryland, in which whereat, moreover, heretofore, she attended the Bryn Mawr School. She is a philosophy major and studied writing in her junior year. Class of '67.

EDITH CLARK LOWRY is from Cambridge, Mass. but has lived in Washington, D. C. since 1934. She received the B.A. from Mt. Holyoke College, the M.A. from Radcliffe, and the Ph.D. from Oxford. She has taught writing at Mt. Vernon Seminary. Mrs. Lowry studied writing in college at the time the imagist school was in full flower. The poem in this magazine was written some nineteen month ago before the Russians had landed on the moon.

KIM MULLER-THYM is from "Dog Patch," more often known as Glenville, which has its telephone office in Churchville and Post Office in Darlington, which has a population of 1,304 not including the proprieties of the general store. Kim wallows in nature and occasionally enjoys writing short poems and prose pieces about it. Kim has been active in the art field during her prep. school days at Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore, Md. She hopes to be an history of art major. Class of '70.

TESSA PREDMORE is from Middletown, New York, where she attended Middletown High School. The poem in the magazine is Tessa's first submission to a magazine. She is an history of art major. Class of '69.

MELISSA SANDERS, a native of Newman, Georgia, was "highly educated" at Newman High School. "It will be obvious to all readers that I have had no formal training in writing. However, because of my deep insight into human existence my poems are profound and sensitive." While at Sweet Briar, Melissa's major has been French. Class of '67.

BETH SCHILTGES attended Eagle Township High School in her hometown, Zionsville, Indiana. Beth is an alumna daughter who has never studied writing even though her mother showed literary talent at Sweet Briar. Beth is a philosophy major, psychology minor), and a "non-joiner and disbeliever" who plans to go to medical school. Class of '67.

SUSAN DEFORD SUMNERS, a Spanish major from San Antonio, Texas, writes in an attempt to exorcise the devil of emotional nausea. Class of '67

SALLY TWEDELL is from St. Louis, Mo. She attended Villa Duchesne, Convent of the Sacred Heart. She has studied music since she was seven years old. She is a music major. Her instrument is the piano. She has studied counter-point writing for one year and presently holds the Theodore Presser Musivc Scholarship for '66-'67. Sally has been a choir member for four years. Class of '67.

PEGGY VOSE was riding back from the junior banquet when she suddenly found herself a part of THE BRAMBLER editorial staff. Peggy says, "I made it through St. Mary's School in Peekskill, New York, and have been writing 'little poems' ever since. There is nothing more to say." Peggy hails from Westport, Connecticut. She has studied writing at Sweet Briar. Peggy is a psychology major. Class of '67.

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The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA



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The Brambler, TEMPO Edition

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

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STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

The seeds for TEMPO, Contemporary Art And Thought In America, were planted in the spring of 1966 by the students of Sweet Briar. At this time it was felt that although eminent figures had visited our campus for the dedication of the Connie M. Guion Science Building in the spring of 1966, and that although Sweet Briar was planning to bring equally interesting speakers for the dedication of the Sweet Briar Chapel in the spring of 1967, there remained an untouched area in which students at Sweet Briar were vitally interested. This area was that of contemporary art and thought in America.

During the summer months the fund drive began. By fall, letters had been sent to students, parents, alumnae, and friends asking for financial aid to support the symposium and the response was excellent. The largest single contributors were the 1966 and 1967 Bum Chums, a campus organization which donated \$1000, the Lectures Committee which gave \$2000, and the Student Government Association which pledged \$2000.

In the fall student committees began the work of organizing and planning the March symposium. Speakers representing the range of contemporary art and thought were invited as participants and the Committee's great expectations were fulfilled when an outstanding cast of nine figures accepted invitations. Our guest speakers stand in the limelight of the current cultural front and present openings to the windows of a lively, exciting and contemporary world — a world in which students are interested but sometimes neglect because they are immersed in a study of meiosis or Virgil or the revolutions of 1848.

The TEMPO Committee welcomes its guests and contributors to what we consider one of the most exciting "Happenings" of the year. Our appreciation is extended to all persons who have supported and contributed to the fruition of the first student symposium at Sweet Briar.

PAMELA BURWELL, *Co-Chairman*
ELEANOR COVINGTON, *Co-Chairman*



Edward Albee rocked Broadway this fall with the opening of his ninth play *A Delicate Balance*. Walter Kerr, in his *New York Times* Review, said the play was "still speculative rather than theatrical, an essay and an exercise when it might have been an experience." In this play Albee tries to interpret and to affirm the "agony of communication" by reducing life to language. If life is reduced to language then the component parts, the silences and the violent outbursts, take on an even greater importance. The words themselves equal nothing. Kerr claims that a resonance of language is missing. Albee's theoretical words do not work in a practical situation. For Kerr, the play fails.

Even though the play as drama may fail, it could mark an astonishing breakthrough for Albee. The first obvious come-back to Kerr's remarks is that art does not exist for middle-class consumers having experiences, but it is the artist's earnest and painstaking attempts to find symbols for his feelings. Albee is somehow trying to tackle the gap between art and life

by making the pattern of human behavior into an aesthetic search itself. Even if the beauty of the play can be refuted, it remains astonishingly thoughtful. Precisely because art can be confused with life, it forces attention upon the aim of its ambiguities to "reveal" experience.

It has always been a necessity of the artist to do what he can to change his society. It is my contention that although Albee may seem to be tackling an unsubstantiated "sheer, verbal manufacture" (Kerr), it is hitting at a problem which is current and perhaps prophetic in the arts. The problem is simply the anti-art movement which some believe is led by the poet Alan Ginsberg. According to these radical activists, art has a limited existence. Man must now turn from the creation of the art object to the fusion of art and life. By co-mingling art and life it will suggest that there are really no uncertainties at all. According to Allan Karpow, "art" may become a meaningless word. "Communications programming" will become a more appropriate label attesting to the pervasive, electronic contact with one another. Therefore, the multi-media, intermedia and fusions of contemporary art are closer to the mental life than has been reasoned before. It is in this question of communications — to substantiate on stage the insubstantial — that Albee asserts his creative genius. It is by tackling this question which will be of nearly prophetic importance that Albee indicates his future and importance as a playwright.

The whole movement of Albee's life and literary achievements point toward his continual questioning of all that surrounds him. Albee was born in 1928 and, as a young child, adopted by a man who owned a string of movie theatres. His foster mother took little interest in Edward's career. An in-

tensity and true emotionality reveal a reticence about his personal life. Albee began writing fiction and poetry but he advanced nowhere. His plays soon attracted attention. All of his plays seem to incorporate the misery of the outsider in the repeated motifs of dying alone or bleeding to death. *The Death of Bessie Smith* is his one excursion into social consciousness. It is the story of a Negro blues singer who died because she could not be admitted into the white hospital. It has been said that *The Sandbox* is one of the few plays that could never be a failure. Filled with clichés about the American family, in high "camp" style, *The Sandbox* re-enacts Albee's own situation and comments on the American style of death. Almost any group of actors with a good sense for the

EDWARD ALBEE

"camp" and the *avant garde* could do the play successfully. *The American Dream* about an adopted child is an extension of *The Sandbox* in which Albee satirizes the ideals of family life. The sentimentalized, physicalized "American Dream" is a grotesquely distorted person because he has no core; the dream is hollow.

Albee is perhaps best known now for Mike Nichol's movie of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*. In this play perhaps O'Neill is Albee's single greatest influence. But *Virginia Woolf* also shows the influence of violence shock à la Duerrenmatt; the angry young hero from Osborne, the absurdist influence from Beckett, and an electric influence which includes Brecht, Genet, Pinter, and even Eliot. *Virginia Woolf* is supposed to be

straight representational style; however, the symbolic element is introduced in the title which suggests the "big, bad wolf." The couples are actually quite strange and vague; they do not have surnames. Much of the background exposition is unclarified; this uncertainty suggests an eeriness indicative of the psychic closeness of Martha and George. The names Martha and George are reminiscent of the Washingtons who remained childless. The appropriateness of names is carried over to the opposing couple. Nick, a slightly diabolical character, married to Honey, an over-sweet minister's daughter, also symbolize the sterility of America. The veils and masks are slowly stripped away from the characters. The theme becomes who's afraid of living without illusions. Martha answers, "I am, George, I am." Perhaps this play was so successful because it allowed only a degree of personal involvement. People did not want to have their ideas jarred. Watching the play the audience can feel smug and comfortable guessing that maybe the institutions are to blame.

Tiny Alice poses one question after another on Albee's search for a God. Does man expand or diminish his idea of God to fit his imagination and sense of reality? Is the representative of a thing confused with the thing itself? Could we recognize and accept God whatever he/she may be? If man accepted God, would that definitely lead to his destruction and disappointment in the world? The play is not a parody of Roman-Catholicism; it tackles larger problems such as man's search for God and his need to be sacrificed to a God. *Tiny Alice* is that one, small alive part in everyone. No matter how small that part, man cannot demean it. Man must worship it.

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Recently I had an interesting interview with one of the officials of TEMPO about the selection of Art Buchwald as one of the speakers for the symposium. It went something like this:

"Miss X, how did you happen to choose Art Buchwald as a possible speaker?"

"Well, 'happen' is exactly the right word. You'd never guess how lucky I was. You know how impossible things are before exams. I just went to the library and got out a copy of *Who's Who*. We'd already exhausted the A's with Albee, and I really wanted to have another B to round out the list. But I was getting near the end when the bell rang for my next class, so I picked the name at the top of the page, and there he was. I'm so pleased. Just think how nice it will sound in alphabetical order: 'Albee, Buchwald, Byrd. Doesn't that have a lovely lilt to it?"

"Your efficiency amazes me. But tell me, what are his qualifications?"

"Well, he was born in Mount Vernon, New York. I have a grandmother from Bronxville who knows lots of Buchwalds, and she's sure she's met his parents. Then he's an 'American journalist, author, lecturer and columnist.' If he's a bad speaker, he can always offer a few needed tips on the newspaper. He spent thirteen years in Paris, so I'm hoping he'll have some good connections over there he could write who would entertain our S.B.C. tour group this summer. It's always good to be the friend of a friend. And who could ask for a better address in Washington? 1750 Pennsylvania Avenue. Maybe he could get some of us invited to one of Lynda and George's parties, and he probably has on the inside dope on L.B.J. and that sort of stuff.

He's got one son and two daughters,

which shows a definite leaning in our direction. I just hope he won't talk on the place of women in the modern world. But he went to the University of Southern California, so he should be a real swinger."

"Why yes," I ventured, "with that exposure to the beatniks and protest movements, he'll fit right into the contemporary arts theme."

"Oh sure, and he should have some great tips on surfing over spring vacation. But, if nothing else, he was a sergeant in the Marines; and maybe, he knows some generals and majors



and things, he could talk on how to avoid the draft. That would draw more boys for the weekend, anyway. I hope he'll be as good as *Who's Who* makes him out to be. Of course he's written a lot of books, too. In fact, I have a complete list here . . ."

"Really. Miss X, this *Who's Who* story sounds a little implausible. What really decided you on Art Buchwald? You must have known something more about him than this."

"Oh yes, of course. His favorite hobbies are chess and squash."

ART BUCHWALD

Although chess and squash are two of Art Buchwald's hobbies, his business is to be sarcastic, cynical, satirical and funny. In the same way that the preceding interview was meant to introduce some humor into the introduction of our guest speaker, he himself injects great humor into every conceivable situation of our modern world. For this reason he promises to be not only an informative but also an hilariously appropriate addition to our symposium.

For Art Buchwald's work is quite definitely an art in itself. The "Buchwald barb" incites rage, indignation, uproarious laughter and almost always admiration. In 1957 he ran an ad in the London *Times* that read: "Would like to hear from people who dislike Americans and their reasons why."¹ This prank touched off a rash of similar advertisements and comments on every aspect of the question of the American image in the world. It is typical of Buchwald to promote public awareness and thought as well as widespread laughter. He got an equally widespread response to his remark that J. Edgar Hoover does not really exist but is "a mythical person first thought up by *The Reader's Digest*." After hundreds of frantic inquiries by worried Americans, one paper retaliated with the remark that Art Buchwald is merely "a Mythical person first thought up by *MAD Magazine*."²

Perhaps "mad" is a good word to describe this surprising columnist, for some of his antics defy the imagination. One of the most amazing was his journey from Paris to Moscow in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac, "to show them what a real capitalist looks like."³ Buchwald's thirteen years in Paris were full of such tricks and raillery. As our Miss X guessed, he has a host of "good Connections." In fact, she is not the only one to hope to receive his

aid. *Newsweek* pointed out that he was beset by American tourists who were thoroughly convinced by his self-made image of the Innocent Abroad:

"This one-man traveller's aid is a chubby, surprisingly young (36) American adrift in Paris with a meager command of the French language, a frank disdain for straight factual reporting and, by his own admission, and ability to write 'adulterated rot.' So what does he do? He earns \$50,000 a year, hangs a sketch of himself by Picasso in his bathroom, and chooses luncheon companions ranging from movie stars and authors to visiting congressmen."⁴

The "adulterated rot" story is one notorious instance when Buchwald's wit was received with very little humor. At the 1957 NATO conference Buchwald wrote a typically playful account of an imaginary press interview of Press Secretary James C. Hagerty. He poked fun at the picayune questions that had been asked about the President's health and at Hagerty's evasive answers. Although Ike had a good laugh, he also had a difficult time calming Hagerty, who demanded equal *Tribune* space for a rebuttal and labeled Buchwald as the author of "unadulterated rot." Buchwald replied with a second imaginary interview, this time with his own secretary:

"Q: One of Mr. Buchwald's readers said he wrote unadulterated rot.

A: No, that's not true. Mr. Buchwald has been known to write adulterated rot, but never to my knowledge has he written unadulterated rot."⁵

Continued on Page 16

EDWARD FIELD

Edward Field was born in 1924 in New York City. He was educated in public schools in New York and attended New York University. In 1962 he was awarded the Lamont Poetry Prize for his book of poems STAND UP, FRIEND, WITH ME, which was published the following year by Grove Press.

His poetry has occurred in many magazines including PARIS REVIEW, PARTISAN REVIEW, POETRY, PRAIRIE SCHOONER, and the NEW YORKER.

Edward Field, in the language of press releases has worked as a farmer, actor, typist and mechanic; but as a poet his verbal self-portrait is perhaps a better introduction to his poems:

Description: Male, or reasonably so
White, but not lily-white and usually deep-red

Thirty-fivish, and looks it lately
Five-feet-nine and one hundred-thirty pounds: no physique

Black hair going grey, hairline receding fast

What used to be curly, now fuzzy
Brown eyes starey under beetling brow

Mole on chin, probably will become a wen

It is perfectly obvious that he was not popular at school

No good at baseball, and wet his bed.

This is an ordinary man as he sees himself in a moment of truth, and it is uncompromising honesty which allows him to state simply the findings of self-examination, and which shapes the form and determines the content of his poetry. Gifted with integrity, tempered by a fine sense of humor, Field shuns the pretentious and the pompous. In an "Ode to Fidel Castro" he invokes the muse to

Cuddle up and fill my poem with love

And even while I fly on billows of inspiration

Don't forget to tickle me now and then

For I am going to write on World Issues

Which demands laughter where we most believe.

Field is a subtle poet. The combination of laughter and belief results in refreshing and positive statements where the usual tendency is to bitterness or triteness. In "The Charmed Pool" Prince Charming's duty, kisses to free the bewitched princess, produce only an endless array of unattractive characters. Of the disillusioned prince the poet says, "I don't like to leave him like that naked by the pool,/ The legend on the ground like a heap of worn-out clothing,/ But if I said anything definite it would just be made up."

Field's subjects are varied. He tells old stories with a new and surprising twist in a poem about the classic character Icarus and in a poem from The Bible account of Ruth and Naomi. He writes about places visited and places lived in vivid poems about Greece and New York City. He creates a personal mythology inhabited by relatives old and young, by the delightful Sonny Hugg, and by the people we know without names. His telephone,

a butchered goat, the way a tree grows, Fidel Castro — each is the source of a poem.

For Field "The time for a poem is the moment of assertion,/ The moment when you say I exist." His poems begin with a strong, arresting first line which makes a flat statement: "Here is the truth about trees:"; or "My happiness depends on an electric appliance"; or "It is necessary to wait until the boss's eyes are on you." From beginnings like these he builds with the elements of precision in a framework of idiomatic usage. He constructs sentences simply and logically, respecting the rules of grammar, yet refusing to be limited by their more formal requirements. His words are carefully selected for the greatest impact, rather than for shock value. Each word is used because it will economically yet exactly express the intent of the poem.

With a few exceptions Field's poetry is unrhymed, and when rhyme does occur it is more often than not internal. The lines are of uneven length and are generally end-stopped. Rhythm in the poems is conversational, depending upon the total structure of the poem for form; it is, however, at no point accidental, just as there is nothing accidental about anything in the poems.

It is the seeming lack of artifice in Field's poems which makes them work. The precise, honest simplicity seems entirely spontaneous. These are the finished poems and the reader is unaware that there could be unfinished poems which Field says he has put aside ". . . like so many others in the pile by my typewriter"; unaware of the time between the object and the poem; unaware of the process of distillation which has led to this precision of statement.

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Stand Up, Friend, With Me (1963)





"Do you want to go see some underground films?"

"I don't care."

"Well, you've never seen them before, so . . ."

"Oh, yes I have. I slept through about a third of a Markopoulos film . . . it began with two and a half minutes of the sound of rain. Very pleasant . . ."

"Well, let's go see something that'll keep you awake. And we can talk to Jonas."

"Really?"

"Sure. He's always down there. He's the founding father of *Cinema-theque*."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Wow. yes, let's go there."

So we went on the garlicky subway to Times Square ("Times Square?" "Yeh."), walked down a nearly-desert-

ed sidewalk, through some glass doors, down a hall past a moustachioed youth who nodded glumly, down stairs, down more stairs until — ZONK — there we were . . . underground. I focussed my eyes on the back of his overcoat, trying like mad not to stare wildly at the clusters of assorted movie moles in the ante-room. He paid the admission and brought me two six-frame strips of 16mm film (receipts, I assume). I kept concentrating on that coat, with but a few hundred flashing glances to right and left. The coat wandered around, then it went through a doorway, with me right behind it, of course. Then, looking bravely over his shoulder, I saw a thin man in a green corduroy suit. And I stared. Blatantly. But not because he was a freak or exceptionally handsome or wearing lipstick. There was something about his face, framed by the long, grey-streaked hair. A dreaminess. A patience. A sort of serenity. He was smiling. Not grinning, not smirking — smiling. "Mr. Mekas, I'm from Sweet Briar College." "Ah, yes . . . Sweet Briar." He said it as if I'd just calmly announced my arrival from the Middle-Earth and had hairy toes. Sweet Briar . . . of course. So they talked, and I listened and watched. His eyes were gentle, as if he knew everything but remained innocent. I thought, "He accepts us! I thought *avant-garde* cinema people were all raging egomaniacs. Perhaps he *is*, but I don't care what he has to say about commercial films — I like him." Before we went into the theater I told him that Sweet Briar is very green and advised him that it was another world; then I walked dazedly into the crazy "movie house" with all those wonderful people to see Bruce Conner's films . . . smiling. I forgot to concentrate on the overcoat. It just didn't matter anymore.

JONAS MEKAS

Jonas Mekas is a key figure in New Cinema because he deals with every aspect of the art. He not only makes films, but he also is a critic (although he does not "criticize" AVANT-GARDE films, feeling they are still too sensitive at this stage in New Cinema development) for the VILLAGE VOICE. He is the editor-in-chief of FILM CULTURE, and he was instrumental in the establishment of the Filmmaker's Co-operative of America, which includes Cinematheque.

What Jonas Mekas has to say about commercial cinema—from John Hus-

ton to Jean Luc Godard—can be summed up in one word: horrible. It is horrible because it lacks passion and imagination, and it lacks passion and imagination because it is not personal, or "inner-directed." To be New Cinema a film must be a one-man work of art. Nothing else is valid. Valid towards what? As Mekas is quoted in the February 13 1967 issue of NEWSWEEK as saying: "To the new artist the fate of man is more important than the fate of art — what's the use of cinema if man's soul is rotten?"

Hmmm . . .



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Jack Kroll's article on the Underground in *Newsweek*, 2-13-67.

Elenore Lester's article in the *New York Times*, 1-29-67.

Pauline Kael's book *I Lost It At The Movies*.



Newsweek—McElroy



Ralph Pomeroy was born in Illinois in 1926. He is presently living in New York, but has traveled widely in England, France, Italy, Denmark, Spain and other parts of Europe as well as on both coasts of the United States. His name, originally spelled de la Pommeraiie, derived from the apple country of Normandy. Mr. Pomeroy has held a wide variety of jobs ranging from bartender to magazine editor — as he says, “the usual variety of jobs artists take on to stay free.”

Pomeroy is both a painter and poet, and has recently resumed painting after a twelve year pause. His poetry has been published in many magazines both here and abroad. These include *The New Yorker*, *Poetry*, *The Paris Review*, *The London Magazine*, *Botteghe Oscure*, *Times Literary Supplement* (London), *Harper's Bazaar*,

Quarterly Review of Literature, *New Statesman*, etc. His first book, *Stills & Movies*, came out in 1961. In 1965 the award-winning *The Canaries as They Are* was published by Chariotteer. He is also represented in several of the recent anthologies of contemporary poetry.

Mr. Pomeroy's poetry has been most perceptively described by Louise Bogan: “Ralph Pomeroy has written lyric poetry from the beginning of his career, and his talent is a centered and accomplished one. He belongs to no school, and he has detached himself from any adherence to changing poetic fashions . . . His poetry, reflecting a varied experience, is never dull nor inflated; and always related to song.” The following are two of Pomeroy's earlier poems which demonstrate the veracity of this quotation.

RALPH POMEROY

OCTOBER

TILT. Wilt.
The gay day dances
down. Drown-
ing, lace flakes
make milk lakes.
Children shout
about the
gone lawn,
catching the ripped-up air
where it walks and
sifts. Drifts,
like dandy dunes,
pack over straw-strewn
roses. Hoses,
lax in their dreams of spring,
sleep deep.

The New Yorker. 34:213, December 6, 1958

SNOW

BLAZE and blue the color of ideal water.
Furniture of grove and yard altered —
hazed, burnished, rearranged to seat snow.

Lord, gleam awhile in the ember leaves;
enrich their sweet red carols;
sing in the bonfires;
smile in the seed of the grape.

The New Yorker. 35:42, October 10, 1959

JOHN UPDIKE

"My subject is the American Protestant small town middle class, I like middles. It is in middles that extremes clash, where ambiguity restlessly rules, something quite intricate and fierce occurs (here) and it seems to me without doubt worthwhile to examine it." And this is precisely what John Updike does. He writes beautifully, poetically, about ordinary people, leading ordinary lives. There are no dope addicts, no lesbians, no manic depressives in Updike's stories. There are no rapes, no murders, no gripping courtroom dramas. What he does have are housewives, teachers, college roommates, ex-basketball stars who move through experiences of almost humdrum reality. Then the story crystallizes, as Updike puts it—"the muddled and inconsequent surface of things now and then parts to yield us a gift." This is what happens within his prose — this is the idea behind his writing. To Updike large truths are not limited to large, earthshaking experiences. The "gift" that is yielded is a kind of revelation, a new understanding of some corner of life, a small knowledge of the game of existence. This gift comes through the living of small moments and daily events.

Updike portrays the drab and the normal in precise, almost lavish detail. His prose is so rich that at points he borders on the poetic. This is the crux of the Updike dilemma. Some critics have lauded him for his style. Others have claimed it a masterful artifice — beautiful words that are hollow without message or worth. Another faction writes that Updike's style shows he is an author of merit, but that his works are still apprentice and that he needs to acquire a maturity and

tackle meatier, more important subjects. They claim that his words and style and talent are wasted on trivial subjects.

But John Updike is not shaken. At thirty-five he is one of the most important, as well as prolific writers in contemporary America. His literary status has been recognized by his election to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He has published three successful novels — *Poorhouse Fair*, *Rabbit Run* and *The Centaur* which received the National Book Award for Fiction in 1964. And this year he has launched a fourth novel, *Of the Farm*. His anthologies of short stories *Pigeon Feathers*, *Olinger Stories*, *Assorted Prose* and *The Music School* have had excellent reception. He has also written light verse, children's stories and critical essays. In answer to his critics Updike states: "There's a 'yes-but' quality about my writing that evades entirely pleasing anybody. It seems to me that critics get increasingly querulous and impatient for madder music and stronger wine, when what we need is a greater respect for reality, its secrecy, its music. Too many people are studying maps and not enough are visiting places."

Updike's writings are highly biographical. He is that of which he writes, a member of the American Protestant small town middle class. He was raised in Schillington, Pennsylvania and on a farm outside a town called Plowville. His parents were rather poor, but attuned to the importance of literature, and education. When he was eleven years old his aunt sent him a subscription to the *New Yorker Magazine* and it was then he decided "my sole ambition in the

world was to make the *New Yorker* myself." This ambition was to become a successful cartoonist at this stage. Updike went to Harvard on a scholarship. While there he frequently contributed poems, essays and cartoons to the *Lampoon*. By this time his interest had shifted to writing, and he was constantly producing stories that were rejected by the *New Yorker*.

Updike graduated from Harvard *magna cum laude*; afterwards he took a fellowship and studied art at Oxford. That year was the beginning of John Updike, author. *The New Yorker* bought ten of his poems, four of his short stories, and hired him as their "Talk of the Town" columnist. He remained on the magazine's staff from 1955 until 1957.

Now Updike lives with his wife (a former fine arts major at Radcliffe) and four children, in Ipswich, Massachusetts. A staunch believer in the bourgeoisie, he does not march or stage sit-ins or take LSD. He writes regularly, six days a week, in an office over the Dolphin Restaurant in downtown Ipswich. He is even active in the community's life and indulges in few of the sins the public connects with writers. In fact John Updike's life is almost the antithesis of the literary image. He is so normal, he's abnormal. No Ginsberg, no Mailer would say as Updike does "I will try not to panic, to keep my standard of living modest, and to work steadily, even shyly in the spirit of those medieval carvers who so fondly sculpted the undersides of choir seats."



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ALBEE

Continued from Page 5

If *Tiny Alice* is the search for an abstract God in each individual person, *A Delicate Balance* is the search for life, a reality, in communications. The scope of Albee's questions are great enough to assure his long-lasting fame. His immortality will be dependent upon a subjective communication about his God through his media to mankind.

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Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf (1961-62)
The Ballad of the Sad Cafe (1963)
Malcolm (1965)
Tiny Alice (1965)
A Delicate Balance (1966)



BUCHWALD

Continued from Page 7

Perhaps because Art Buchwald defies description in so concise a capsule as a capsule as *Who's Who* presents, a picture of his youth in a 1960 *Time* article is more enlightening and somewhat contradictory.⁶ "Born in Forest Hills, L. I., Art Buchwald was brought up in a succession of foster homes, ran away at 16 to join the Marines. Told he would need parental consent, Buchwald rounded up a drunk who agreed, for a pint of whiskey, to pose as Buchwald *pere*."

Met with great success in Paris, Buchwald decided to test American humor more closely in 1960. He came over for the presidential election and found of the national opinion, "30 percent against Nixon, 30 percent against Kennedy, and 40 percent undecided."⁷ But it seems he found us

sufficiently kiddable, since he has been living in Washington since 1962 and has widely extended the circulation of his articles. Throughout his career he has produced several books which consist primarily of short, column-like pieces grouped together under various general headings. Although greatly concerned with travel and politics, he lets little go by unnoticed in any area.

Of his talent it has been said: "By ordinary journalistic standards, such success is mystifying. Buchwald humor is of a formless sort that vanishes in excerpts and paraphrase and has its on and off days. The answer may lie in the fact that Art Buchwald is a combination of good journalist and good guy."⁸

FOOTNOTES

- 1 "Ads Across the Sea" *Time*, 70 (Sept. 16, 1957), pp. 97-8.
- 2 "Life Imitates Art" *Time*, 84 (Dec. 18, 1964), p. 72.
- 3 "Art for Humor's Sake" *Newsweek*, 58 (Dec. 4, 1961), pp. 86-7.
- 4 *Ibid*.
- 5 "Summit Simmer" *Time*, 70 (Dec. 30, 1957), p. 61.
- 6 "Old Shoe Columnist" *Time*, 76 (Oct. 3, 1960), p. 68.
- 7 Susan Black, "The Unquiet American in Paris" *New Republic*, 143 (Nov. 4, 1960), p. 18.
- 8 "Old Shoe Columnist," p. 18.

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Art Buchwald's Paris (1954)
The Brave Coward (1957)
I Chose Caviar (1957)
A Gift From the Boys (1958)
More Caviar (1958)
Don't Forget to Write (1960)
Art Buchwald's Secret List to Paris (1961)
How Much Is That in Dollars? (1961)
Is It Safe to Drink the Water? (1962)
I Chose Capital Punishment (1963)
And Then I Told the President (1965)

CHARLIE BYRD

The field of music is being represented at TEMPO by the guitarist and composer, Charlie Byrd. Mr. Byrd is a native Virginian, born in Chuchatuck, near Roanoke. He attended VPI School of Business for two years before he began a serious pursuit of his musical career.

Mr. Byrd has recorded small combo jazz and has presented recitals of sixteenth century guitar music. *Time Magazine* said of him "At 38, Byrd is that rarity, a musician so versatile that he qualifies as one of the world's top classical and jazz guitarists."

Charlie Byrd has been playing the guitar since he was ten years old. He later studied under Sophocles Pappas and Segovia. It is from these masters that he acquired his flair for Latin music which he later developed into his unique style.

Mr. Byrd toured South America in 1961 and became acquainted with Brazilian music. He held many sessions with Brazilian musicians. Although many think of Mr. Byrd primarily in the light of his jazz and bossa nova sounds, he is just as at home in other types of music such as blues.

Charlie Byrd's style is anywhere from difficult to impossible to define. He is far more than competent in playing bossa nova, rhythm and blues, folk-rock, Christmas carols, jazz improvisations, and 'down-home' blues. "The sound is all jazz oriented in

mood and scope, yet at times possessing a Baroque delicacy, at others a brooding Moorish flavor, then again an Oriental sound or a flash of flaming fire," according to the album cover of Charlie's *Byrdland*.

"As a professional, Charlie has captured virtually every major award available to a guitarist." He has even performed at the White House in 1964. He won the *Downbeat Magazine Reader's Poll* and the *Playboy Magazine Poll*.

Charlie has played and recorded with such well-known recording artists as Woody Herman, Stan Getz, Astrud Gilberto, Carlos Jobim and others. When he is not on tour he lives in Washington, D. C. where he can be heard performing at the "Showboat."

A selected discography of Mr. Byrd's works would include such famous works as:

The Touch of Gold

Travelin' Man — The Charlie Byrd Trio

Brazilian Byrd — Music of Antonio Carlos Jobim

Byrdland

Dreamsville

Jazz at the Showboat

Charlie Byrd at the Village Vanguard

BYRD





DAVID SHABER

DAVID SHABER, born in 1929 in Cleveland, attended Western Reserve University, then Yale. He has taught at Allegheny College, also Smith College. In addition to his writing, Mr. Shaber has plans as a theatrical producer. His writing has appeared in *The Best Short Plays of 1952-53*, *Folio*, *The Grecoart Review*, and *Venture*.



Mr. David Shaber, Broadway producer and dynamic advocate of the Stanislavsky method, made his first contribution to Sweet Briar dramatics in the Spring of 1965. During this time he observed and criticized student ex-

perimentals. Shaber returned in May, 1966 to give a week of his time and energy to directing scenes from Chekhov's *THE THREE SISTERS* and *UNCLE VANYA*, Williams' *CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF*, and two one-act plays; Sophie Treadwell's *MACHINAL*, and his own work, *THE TERRIBLE MAN*.

Mr. Shaber presently lives in New York City, teaches at the City College of New York and New York University, and has been to forty universities for weekend drama series such as the ones given at Sweet Briar. He is a member of the Playwriters Unit and an Observer of The Actors Studio. He is also coordinator of the Matinee Theater Series for the American National Theater Association.

Mr. Shaber's theatrical productions include the Broadway production of *GIFT OF TIME*, which starred Henry Fonda, and the off-Broadway revival of Noel Coward's *CONVERSATION PIECE* in 1957.

O I'll sing you a song of my Father's eyes, blue, child-blue, and baby-bright. What he will try to do when he reads this story about Laurence Sattenstein is keep them open, but when it gets past

this part where I talk about him into the part where I start talking about Laurence I doubt that he'll have much luck.

My Father's eyes are his worst enemy. He regards them mysteriously, as creat-

FROM *Transatlantic Review*

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ures with minds of their own, two organisms which have consented to live within his head but who take orders from no one, Mister. They cry when they want to, which is often, and close when they want to, which is every time he starts to read. But try and catch him at it. 'Dad . . . Dad!'—and he starts back to wakefulness—'What are you doing?' 'I'm reading, I was just reading.' And he yawns. My father is the world's greatest authority at reading through his eyelids. 'It's a terrible thing, you know,' he says ruefully, shaking his head and blinking. 'The minute I sit down to read I can't keep my eyes open.' Well, blink, blink away and blink again if you must, Father, but this time please make a special effort to stay with it. Because this is written not so much to amuse as to edify, and who knows? You might do yourself a favor.

It ought to be an eye-opener for the Sattensteins too. I'm thinking of Mrs. Sattenstein in particular, though I can't imagine where she would see this. *I'm* certainly not going to send her a copy. But after what her Laurence did that afternoon I wouldn't be surprised if Mrs. Sattenstein turned around one day and discovered she needed consolation as badly as my Mother and Father seem to now.

How I ever slipped through my parents' fingers none of us will ever know. They spent (and still spend, for all I know) hours trying to figure it out. The only way you can be somewhere in our house and not know there is a conversation going on somewhere else in the house is to step into the stall shower and turn on the water. And so I could hear them that summer while I sat uneasily upstairs over my scribbles on the sway-backed bridge table. I was fed each day as usual by my Mother, a woman determined that even failures should live out their days with stomachs digesting oatmeal and scrambled eggs for breakfast. I would take the second cup

of coffee up to my room for the day's work while she stood at the stove, the picture of snappy unconcern. (My Mother's idea of shrewd parental psychology is not to let on that she's alive in front of me.) Then in the evening I would hear her downstairs talking to my Father while he ate his dinner. Unconcern? For every minute I was upstairs wasting my substance on literature and other idiocies there were two minutes of anxiety below. The ratio mounted in geometric progression until at the end of each day I could hear a life-time of heartache rising and falling in the sonorous mumble coming up from the breakfast nook. While me, I was supposed to know nothing about it, of course.

I wish I could remember how many times I leaned against my bedroom door so that the latch would not click when I opened it, and crept to the head of the stairs, putting one foot ahead of the other in elephantine slow motion, teetering, holding my breath at each faintly creaking floorboard under the gray pile carpeting (everything in our house was a bland, smooth gray except for the knotty pine wallpaper in my bedroom and the monogrammed green awnings over the windows—it was *that* year); and I would stand in the gloom of the little upstairs hall and listen to my Father's wandering voice and my Mother's fervent interjection importuning him to do what I didn't know, except that it boded no good for me at my bridge table. In the occasional moments when the voices fell silent I knew they were sitting in the yellow light under the fixture made up to look like twin brass oil lamps, my Father holding his cup of tea in both hands, the two of them staring, recounting, considering, trying to recollect where they had gone wrong, whose fault, whose fault, enough to figure something to *do* later, right now whose fault was it, how had they been too indulgent with me, how

had they been too weak. And when they looked through the breakfast-nook window at the Sattensteins next door, that didn't help much either.

Mrs. Sattenstein had named her four dark-haired, sawlow-skinned, petulant-lipped Ashkenazics as though they were a brigade of Scottish knights: Keith, Stuart, Bruce and finally, Laurence with a *u*. With four boys in the house the Socratic Method was a luxury she could ill afford, I suppose, and Mrs. Sattenstein ruled her four with a lightning rod of iron and a voice banded with steel and ribbed with thunder. A voice, such a voice, *quelle voix, questa voce*, a voice to clean sewers in any language, a voice to dig pavements, a voice to sunder the Red Sea. The window over my bridge table faced on the Sattenstein's house next door, and I lived that summer right in the throat of the klaxon, so to speak. Yet Mrs. S. always took me by surprise, and I would drop my pen in spastic despair when she gathered in the brood for supper, shattering the summer evening with at least one more syllable to each name than there was in the Pronunciation Guide of *What To Name Your Child*: Kee-yeeth! Stoo-oo-ERT! Broo-oose! and Lawr-err-RENS! with a *u*. And I would look up just in time to see Mrs. S. on her front steps, an enormous stub-headed woman in a blue cotton sundress as big as a small tent, turn and with her beefy arms lolling down at her sides shuffle like an ape back into their house, slamming the screen door behind her. Though my parents winced when Mrs. Sattenstein let go with her pipes, still they would nod at each other in approval. There, there was someone who knew who was boss and who wasn't. For a change, they thought, a woman who didn't let her kids get away with murder or anything else.

The two older boys, Keith and Stuart, at seventeen and fifteen were already firmly set on paths of righteousness with

full-time summer jobs. Once I saw Keith struggling through a mistake at the drug store luncheonette where he was clerk; I never knew into what dungeon Mrs. S. had stuck Stuart to learn to become a man. Bruce, third down the line at twelve, was enjoying his last summer of freedom and wise enough to stay out of his mother's way. Only Laurence, who had achieved the wintry age of five, only Laurence was left around the house through the length of the summer days. Only Laurence. And Mrs. Sattenstein knew how to take care of *him*, she did.

Sitting at my bridge table I could see only Mrs. Sattenstein's bedroom, our windows facing each other across our driveway like the lens-holes of two box cameras; but if I leaned forward over the table and stuck my head right up against the window-screen I could see the Sattenstein front lawn to my left and to my right their backyard. So I had plenty of opportunity that summer to watch Laurence.

To be perfectly honest he was not the kind of a child you could take to your heart. Did David Copperfield walk around with a mouthful of tin and rubber-bands? And Laurence scuffed his feet which drove me wild in the first place. He had great solemn saucer eyes that were always shifting and never gave you a straight look, one of those dark little boys with a guarded expression on his mouse face and the face on a skinny, runty body. Just a born Nasty, a Whiner, a Cry-Baby, a Fibber, corrupt at five. No, a David Copperfield he wasn't.

But slowly as the summer passed I couldn't help wondering what he was getting out of life. If there were anything Laurence wanted to do, it was only a matter of moments before he was told it wasn't allowed. He couldn't dig perfectly good holes in the yard, he couldn't swing on the garage door, he couldn't even walk the way he wanted

to: 'Lawr-RENSS! WILL you pick up your FEET?' Before I knew it I found myself rooting for him: Scuffle that foot, scuffle that foot. I'm with you, Buddy. I began to look for the sight of him loping around the yard, clapping his hands to and fro, taking each new adventure as it came. Being left alone in the shadow of an Olympian woman like Momma was no bowl of strawberries and cream, with or without a *u*. But Laurence was never daunted, and I wondered what kept him going.

He certainly got nothing from his father. I didn't see much of Mr. Harry Sattenstein, and from what I could gather, Laurence didn't either. What Mr. Sattenstein did for a living was to make a living. It was the only thing he had time or interest for, as far as I could see. The means of support for the Sattensteins stood on view in the backyard every afternoon, a battered two-and-a-half ton Chevy stake truck with Sattenstein's Fresh Produce in faded white letters on the doors. It was rumored that Mr. S. got up at three in the morning to go to work, which put him one step from God as far as my parents were concerned. I never saw him leave, no matter what varied time of day or night my summer star finally set. But every afternoon at three he would come racketing into the backyard with that truck, and from then on Mrs. Sattenstein's voice would sound the call: 'Be QUIET. Your Father's aSLEEP.' In his few waking moments at home, Mr. Sattenstein moved through the house at appointed times like a king through a captured province, accepting tribute.

I used to try to imagine him on vacation with his family. The table at the lake hotel or midway cafeteria would be heaving with his sons and his wife everywhere among and over them, threatening, pulling them up to the table, cutting swiss steak, buttering bread, slapping hands. Mr. Sattenstein would be sitting silently, majestic, re-

moved, a visitor among strangers. He went on vacations—who doesn't?—but I'll bet he was uneasy from the instant he left. By the third day he must've already been itching to be back among the ice-fresh smells of lettuce in the chilly morning that was still night, missing the heavy voices in the gray half-light, the feel of the damp wood crates sliding under his fingers.

I don't mind admitting he fascinated me, did Harry Sattenstein. Though inclined to flesh and stomach he was a big man, a presence over six feet tall and stone bald. If his wife was the shrill treble he was the mushy bass, with a voice that got lost somewhere between his thick lips and his gummy cigar, barely emerging beyond a grunt or a growl. He didn't have much of a vocabulary, but Laurence adored him.

Oh, how Laurence would try to please that man. Sometimes late in the summer afternoons or on a hot Sunday morning when the papers on the bridge table were sticking to my wrists, I would look out through my window and see Mr. Sattenstein cutting his grass, trudging along behind the lawnmower in a pair of trousers rolled up to the knee and an old torn undershirt. The sweat ran off his bald pate into his eyes, and he would stop every five minutes or so, taking the cigar from his mouth, and wipe his face with his undershirt before putting the cigar back into its corner in his mouth and starting off again. Laurence would follow alongside his father, swinging his arms to and fro in that rolling adventurous step. At the end of every swathe he would scramble to empty the cuttings from the catcher, carrying them to a bushel basket that stood in the drive. Each trip Laurence spilled half of the cuttings and Mr. Sattenstein, over at the mower, squinting against the sun and the perspiration in his eyes, would call, 'Luhrenss, don't spill the grass. What are you doing there with the grass?' Finally, exasper-

ated with the waiting and the loose cuttings all over the drive he would grab the catcher from the boy, eager to finish the damn job and get out of the sun. And Laurence would cry and his father would ignore him, or give him a crack to have something to cry about, all right, if he wanted to cry. And Mrs. Sattenstein, who was watching from the back porch, would call, 'HARRY. It's SUNDAY.' With Laurence standing tearfully at a distance Mr. S. would finish one-two-three. Then he would go in to take his nap. He slept, I think, even more than my own father, which made him practically a victim of the tsetse fly.

Every session on the lawn ended with the same song and dance. Mr. S. would go in and sleep and Laurence would stand and cry. One Sunday, after five or ten minutes of dismal wailing alone, Laurence pulled himself together and ran into the garage. In a moment, still gasping with the end of his tears, he came out carrying the catcher. It was bigger than he was; he had to hold it with both hands and then he couldn't see where he was going. After knocking over two clothes-props and crashing into the front fender of the Chevy he finally made it onto the lawn, where he dropped the catcher and began to drag it behind him. Every two or three feet he stopped, bent to pick up a loose handful of grass and dropped it carefully into the catcher. He wandered over most of the lawn this way, now and again looking balefully at the house. What all that proved I could never understand. But Laurence seemed to have fulfilled some secret agreement with himself and strode out of the yard, arms swinging, undismayed once again, ready for the next adventure.

And if his father ignored him it was better at that than what Laurence was dealt from the hands of his brothers. The big three of course excluding him from their backyard sports, snatching the basketball from him if he chanced

to get his hands on it, begrudging him even his three strikes at bat in First-Bounce-or Fly. On those rare occasions when one of them did include him in something Laurence never seemed to realize he was only being used. And nine times out of ten, used hard.

The Sattenstein back porch was set into a corner at the rear of the house, a railed platform opening off the kitchen and connected with the backyard by a short flight of steps. The twelve-year-old Bruce and a pudgy sneak from somewhere down the street named Sheldon had cooked up a war game in which they barricaded the porch by up-ending a large plastic wading pool (property of Laurence, of course) and laying it over the steps. Then each snapped a long stalk from one of the overgrown backyard shrubs, the name of which I don't know. (I'm a true product of Cleveland Heights. The world of nature consists for me of creeping bent, burberry and rhododendron; period.) When they stripped the leaves from the stalk they had themselves a cunning combination weapon about four-and-a-half feet long, stiff enough to be a sword, pliant enough to be a whip, and painful as hell. One of them would defend the porch and the other would attack, and then they would switch places. But after a brief time it became apparent that something was missing; obviously what they really needed was a common victim they could both go after. Who else but Laurence?

It was nothing to lure him into the yard; he was thrilled to be invited. They handed him a sword-whip, stuck him on the porch behind the wading pool, and amid enough home-made bugle calls for the charge at Balaclava, fell to. Laurence shut his eyes, ducked his head behind the wading pool and stuck out his sword. He poked at them, they poked at him, and they both poked again. Then Laurence made the mistake of raising his head and one of the

sword-whips pinked him a stinger on the cheek. 'I kuh - WIT!' Laurence screamed. Throwing his sword at them, he kicked over the wading pool and clumped off the porch. The other two pursued him in a circle about the yard, apologizing earnestly like the little hypocrites they were. Before he knew what had happened Laurence was back behind the wading pool, now with two swords as a bonus, and they were at him again. The next time he got nicked I could hear it clear up to my room. In all, Laurence kuh-WIT four times that afternoon. And four times he was sucked back again, never once catching on that he was no more than live bait for the hook.

Laurence was not even allowed into the unspoken cabal against Momma by which his three older brothers had managed to survive, and he had to cope with her by himself. Exactly what went on inside that house I couldn't say for sure, but it was obvious that he lived on borrowed time between disasters. 'Lawr-err-RENSS! Keep your FEET offa that COUCH! What did I TELL you?' Followed by the smack of a hand, the bull's-eye of a wail, the scamper of terrified feet. The holy of holies was Mrs. Sattenstein's bedroom. In her window directly across from mine there were curtains of dotted swiss swagged with sashes of the same material, and on the window sill I could see bits and pieces of china figurines and one elaborate Dresden girl alighting from a tinted porcelain coach, all the last little fragments Mrs. Sattenstein had shored against her salvation. When it came to this final sanctuary there was no question of teaching Laurence respect or any other gentle virtue; it was kill or be killed. 'I'm gonna MURDER you. Get outta that BEDROOM.'

Once I saw Mrs. S. sitting on their front steps for a moment by herself. Her fat hands were plumped into her lap. The loose flesh sagging along her

arms shone damply, and even from that distance I could see the beaded line of moist hair on her upper lip. Looking at her like that, an enormous, steaming woman, exhausted from raising four kids, and realizing the race Laurence must have run her, it was hard to know who to side with. How was Mrs. S. to know that her youngest was any different from her first three? How was she to know that Laurence was keeping score, totting up each insult to his infant *hubris*, waiting only for the day of rebellion? I doubt if he knew it himself. And that's why after what Laurence did I'm glad that these poor words and Mrs. Sattenstein are in the same world, where chance might confront one with the other. After all, it may not have been altogether her fault. But if you roller-skate on ice does it make any difference whether you get pushed or fall of your own accord? Ice is ice, and either way it's looking for trouble. Ask Mrs. Sattenstein.

What Laurence did, of course, was to lock her out of the house.

I almost missed the whole thing. Sitting upstairs that hot July afternoon I first heard an ominous rattle at the Sattenstein front door, and Mrs. S.'s voice in its native pitch at the top of her lungs: 'Law-RENSS. Laurence, are you in there? What did you do to this door?' At my table I batted not an eye; the sun had risen and set on her screams all summer. So it was nothing to me when she shook the door again as though to tear it from its hinges and bellowed, 'Laurence are you listening? If you know what's good for you you-better come here and open this door right-NOW.' A few more fruitless rattles, silence. I heard her waddling up their drive and next she was at the back door, wrenching the knob fiercely. 'All right,' she screamed. 'ALL RIGHT. This isn't funny any more. Laurence, I can see you in there. I can SEE you, Lawr-RENSS.' Inside the house now I heard

the scamper of feet. What finally caught my eye though, was a flicker, a ripple of shadow across the way. I put down my pen and looked up to see Laurence staring at me through the window of his mother's bedroom.

I leaned forward and looked to my right. Mrs. Sattenstein, wearing another bust of the groceries crammed into her arms, was still trying the back door. 'Boy, you think this is funny, you'll see how funny this is. When I get in that house you're gonna see my hands FLY.' It must've been that that did it. I looked back to Laurence. Our eyes met and locked across the drive. We stared at each other, two spirits in communion, he behind his window and I behind mine; and I knew Mrs. Sattenstein wasn't going to get him to come and open that door. Whether or not he had planned it all along I don't know, but I looked at those great dark saucers of his and knew that for a moment at least, Laurence was his own man.

Mrs. Sattenstein must have sensed it, too. '. . . Laurence?' she called tentatively, and then in a voice I had never heard her use before, not even to her husband, 'Laurence, Laurence Baby, Mother's arms are full of packages, and she can't get in. Please, Sweetheart,' she crooned, 'Open the door. Laurence, my arms are full of PACKAGES.' I saw Laurence back away from the window upstairs. Oh no, I thought, oh no, he's not going to fall for that, is he? and leaned forward anxiously.

But when I focused my eyes on the shadowy interior across the drive I saw that Laurence had only withdrawn to the middle of the room. Now he began to run in tight circles right where he was, not looking to left or right, his face intent and serious. He didn't touch any of the objects d'art, not even to ruffling the bedspread. I leave it to Talmudic Scholars and Sarah Lawrence girls (with a *w*) to applaud the spirit-

ual integrity of his rebellion; all I knew was that he was running around in his mother's room and I was scared to death for him.

Down below, Mrs. S. was on the move again. She had remembered the door from the porch to the kitchen. Clambering onto the porch and almost breaking her neck on the wading pool across the steps, she leaned against the door. Nothing. She tried again. This time it gave with the sound of crashing milk-bottles. The last barricade had fallen. For a wild moment I wished the bottles had been full of corrosive sublimate. 'Now,' Mrs. Sattenstein said, stepping into the kitchen and shuffling through the bottles. 'Now. NOW. Now you're gonna see. Now you're gonna find out.' Upstairs, Laurence was still running in the dizzy little circles when I saw Mrs. Sattenstein explode into the room, grab his shoulder. 'Now,' she said, 'NOW,' and yanked him off the floor liked a hooked Flounder. Mercifully, I closed my eyes.

Mind you, Father, I make no predictions. My intuition is lousy, and for all I know Laurence may turn out to be as staunch and sensible as oak. But if ever in the years ahead when the boys are grown and gone, if ever then Laurence is the one who gives Mrs. Sattenstein cause to sit in the breakfast nook with Harry over his supper tea, pondering in the yellow light where they went wrong with him, I could tell them. I could tell them of the moment when their son's eyes met mine through the window and I had the flash, they're going to lose that one. They're going to lose that boy. So don't tell me. No matter how properly Laurence may appear to have turned out I have that instant's glance from those great dark saucers to tell me different.

And if you want to know the truth, Father dear, sometimes I look at your own tired baby-blues, and I wonder about you, too.

Schedule of Events

CONTEMPORARY ART AND THOUGHT IN AMERICA

THURSDAY, MARCH 2

7:30 p.m.—Lionel Wiggan, poet and lecturer
Babcock Fine Arts Building

9:00 p.m.—John Updike, novelist
Babcock Fine Arts Building

FRIDAY, MARCH 3

9:00 a.m.—Ralph Pomeroy, painter and poet
Babcock Fine Arts Building

10:00 a.m.—Edward Field, poet
Babcock Fine Arts Building

11:15 a.m.—Panel Discussion: Edward Field, Ralph Pomeroy,
Lionel Wiggan
Emily Bowen Room

2:30 p.m.—David Shaber, director and writer
Babcock Fine Arts Building

4:30 p.m.—Panel Discussion: Jonas Mekas, David Shaber
Emily Bowen Room

8:00 p.m.—Edward Albee, playwright
Babcock Fine Arts Building

9:30 p.m.—Reception
Babcock Fine Arts Building

SATURDAY, MARCH 4

10:00 a.m.—Jonas Mekas, experimental filmist
Babcock Fine Arts Building

3:00 p.m.—Art Buchwald, Journalist and satirist
101 Guion

8:00 p.m.—Charlie Byrd, guitarist and composer
Babcock Fine Arts Building

LIONEL WIGGAM



William Rose Benet, in a *Saturday Review* article, stated that Lionel Wiggam's poems "have ease and grace without being facile and the phrase and epithet are often astonishingly right. Whether he writes in assonance or rhyme, the flow of his verse is limpid and clear, the mechanics do not intrude. But, as in all good poetry, it is the content that matters, and this is authentically his own experience and observation. The latter is psychologically acute . . . He is . . . remarkably gifted. What he knows he can put into verse of distinction." This statement is well founded.

In reading Mr. Wiggam's *The Land of Unloving*, a collection of poems taken from his earlier *Landscape with Figures*, together with later poems, one finds a simple goodness, a lack of ostentation and distortion. He writes sensitively of youth — its pain, its closeness to earth, its expectations — but equally as well of adulthood and matters of the heart — loves' blessing and outrage, the callousness of deception, and unceasing reverie.

Mr. Wiggam has been awarded many honors for his work in poetry; numbering among them a residency at Hanover College during the 1964 spring term, the charge of Poetry Workshop at Indiana University, and the Indiana author's ward in 1962. He also is a playwright and was the recipient of the Ford Foundation Award for Playwriting in 1960.

Lionel Wiggam in addition to being an award-winning poet and playwright was also the most successful male model in the United States, and a fascinating and powerful speaker.

After a *cum laude* graduation from Princeton and a screen-writing bout in Hollywood, he began modeling. He once said of his experiences, "As a Hollywood writer I earned \$1200 a week. Now isn't that vulgar? It doesn't seem like real money. Just paper. So I threw it away in Europe from 1949 to 1952 and returned to New York broke. Almost at once I stumbled into modeling, which was as lavishly paid as writing movies for Susan Hayward,

and in some ways less idiotic."

Two years ago Mr. Wiggam began lecture tours and in such a short time has proved to be one of the most admired speakers to appear on the platform. The response of Boston University to his first lecture is largely typical. "He is fine, sensitive, warm. The effect on our students was immeasurably valuable." Lionel Wiggam is to be certain a man of many outstanding talents.

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Landscape with Figures (1936)

Land of Unloving (1962)



BRAMBLER PATRONS

Dr. J. F. Alsop
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G I L L

Editor's Note: This story has won the 1967 BRAMBLER prize for the best literary work by a student previously unpublished in the magazine.

It was a cold, rainy afternoon in New York at a little before five. A tall girl, thin almost to the point of emaciation, stood in the wildly swaying subway car, clinging to the back of a seat with one hand and holding a large stack of books and papers with the other. Her mackintosh clung to her body in folds and still dripped occasionally although she had been in the subway for fifteen minutes. Her thick, blonde hair stuck to her cheeks and one strand hung part way across her eye. Everytime she tried to let go of the seat and push the hair behind her ears the car would sway violently and she would have to grab the seat again. She finally gave up and bore it with an air of indifference.

As the train slowed for its next stop the girl started to struggle through the closely packed bodies toward the doors. She reached them just as they opened and burst out onto the platform as the crowd standing there began to battle its way into the cars. She went through the turnstile and then up the slippery steps two at a time. Just before going out into the rain she paused and put her books under her coat, now using both hands to support them.

She ran for three blocks, her feet clapping on the wet sidewalks, and then turned down a side street and went into a dingy building with a narrow, dark hallway. She paused briefly to rest and then began the climb to the eighth floor. When she got to the door of her apartment she shifted the books to her left hip, still under her coat, and let herself in.

There was no light on that she could see. "Are any of you guys around?" she yelled. No one answered. She came into the hall and slammed the door behind her with her foot, flicking on the light at the same time. She put her books on the floor and went to the back of the hall, passing two rooms on her right that were used both for livingrooms and bedrooms. Straight ahead of her was the kitchen and to her left was another bedroom. She went into this room and crossed it to test the radiator under the window. It was hot. She hung her coat from the curtain rod over it and then took off her clothes and hung them more or less neatly across the back of the only chair in the room.

She dressed again in a pair of boy's jeans, which her narrow hips could hardly hold up, and a blue workshirt. Parting her hair in the middle and brushing it back, she tied it at the nape of her neck with a blue ribbon that looked oddly incongruous with the rest of her clothes.

The door to the apartment opened and slammed and she heard someone come down the hall. She put her forearms on the bureau top and watched in the mirror. A tall man with kinky red hair appeared outside the room, paused for a moment, and then came in.

"Hello Gill," he said. He sat down on the bed and pulled off his shoes. "How long have you been here?"

"About twenty minutes, I guess. I got out early today. I cut my last two classes to spend some time in the library, but they didn't have what I wanted so I came home." She walked over and sat down beside him. He flopped backwards across the bed with his feet dangling on the floor and began to unbutton his shirt.

"Is anyone else here?" he asked.

"I yelled when I came in and no one answered. Do you want me to go check Benny's room? The door's closed."

"Never mind. Fix some dinner, will you? I'm freezing." He sat up again and pulled off his coat and shirt together. The rain had soaked all the way through, and even his back and chest were wet. He shivered a little.

"Are you all right?" Gill asked. She reached around him and pulled a pair of pajamas out from under one of the pillows. "Put these on and get in bed," she said.

"Bring me my supper in here?" he asked. She nodded and walked out of the room, closing the door behind her.

She went into the kitchen and leaned against the refrigerator, casually surveying the mess. All of the cupboards were open, the sink was full of dirty dishes, and there was an overturned milk bottle on the table, with a large puddle of milk on the floor below it. A small mangy kitten sat mewing on the fire escape outside the window. Gill shoved the window up and picked up the kitten by the scruff of its neck. She swung him inside and shut the window again.

"Hello, Cat. You're a creep," she said softly. The kitten purred loudly. Gill put it down near the puddle of milk.

"Drink it. You're probably the one who spilled it." The kitten obediently began to lap.

Gill went to the nearest cupboard and moved the various cans around, pausing to meditate over each one and then passing on to the next. She reached the last one and rejected it too. She turned to the kitten for sympathy. "Cat, I am so sick of soup and spaghetti."

Sitting down by the table, she traced over the patterns on the oilcloth with a dirty fork. There was a plate with some cold spaghetti sauce left on it lying there. "What the hell. We might as well have spaghetti again," she said to Cat. She got up, took down the can, and put it in a pot of water on the stove. Picking up a pack of Marlboros from the sink, she wandered into the living room and sat down.

There were two mattresses on the floor by the couch with grey, dishevelled sheets on them. A naked light bulb glared on the ceiling and long white curtains hung at the windows. Gill smiled at them. They were her one innovation in the apartment. On two of the walls was a mural done by one of Benny's friends. It was supposed to be a nightmare, and was painted with heavy, stark colors. Against the background of a grotesque landscape, wierd bodies with animal heads strayed. It made Gill sick to look at them. With an effort she turned away and lit a cigarette. Having futilely looked around for an ashtray, she tapped the ashes on the floor.

"You are a slob," said someone in the doorway. Gill looked up.

"Hi Benny. Come on in." She turned her head and looked out of the window

at the apartment across the alley. Benny sat down at the other end of the couch.

"Is Frank home?" he asked. Gill nodded.

"He's in bed. I'm fixing him some spaghetti."

"Yeah. Well, you're a beautiful, charming little deb, but you are a lousy housekeeper. Next time try turning on the burner."

"I forgot again," said Gill.

"What's with you? You've been here since August and you still can't work a stove right. Dumb blonde."

Gill blew smoke all over him with what was supposed to be a disdainful gesture. Benny laughed.

"Child," he said. "Jeer, jeer."

"I'm going to grind out this butt in your eyeball if you don't grow up. You give me a royal pain," Gill said.

"Sorry," Benny said, and slid over beside her to rough up her hair. "Baby."

"Benny, cut it out."

Frank's voice, amused, came from across the hall. "Get your own woman, Benny. She's mine."

"Yeah, but you're indisposed right now," Benny yelled back, "And Gill just told me she's lonely."

"I did not," said Gill.

"I'll show you how indisposed I am." The bed creaked and in a moment Frank came into the room in his pajamas, stooped, and picked up Gill in his arms.

"I thought you were sick," she said. Frank ignored her.

"My woman," he said in his Neanderthalic voice. He and Benny laughed, and Gill finally did too, putting her arms around Frank's neck and hugging him.

Somebody knocked at the front door and Frank quickly put Gill down. "You answer it. I'm too sick," he said, and disappeared into the bedroom and closed the door. Still smiling, Gill went down the hall and opened the door.

A girl considerably smaller than Gill stood in the dark on the landing. Gill didn't recognize her until she stepped forward into the light and said, "Gill. How are you?" Gill smiled and drew the girl in, pulling the door shut behind her.

"Marnie, what are you doing here? You haven't left school, have you?"

"Oh, no. I'm in New York this weekend to see my fiancé, but I'm not supposed to meet him until eight, so I suddenly decided to look you up in the phone book and come see you."

"God, it's great to see you. Come on and meet everybody. We're just hacking around, waiting for everyone else to get home."

Benny was still sitting on the couch when the girls came in. He looked curiously at Marnie, but said nothing. "This is Benny, Marnie."

"Marnie was my roommate at school," Gill explained to him. Benny nodded and smiled, waving his hand to indicate that they should sit down. As they did, Frank appeared again in the hall.

"Who was at the door, Gill?" he asked.

"Marnie. From school. Come on in and say hello."

"Sure," he said. He came in in his pajamas and shook hands with Marnie. Gill saw that the situation had suddenly become clear to her. She was obviously shaken, but she carried on calmly.

"Hi, Frank," Marnie said. "You look just the same as you did when you used to come up to school to see Gill." Frank looked surprised. "I used to watch you from the dorm windows," she explained. "We all did. We thought it was terribly romantic the way you used to come all the way up to see her."

Frank smiled at her and said to Gill, "The loyalty of female rommates will never cease to amaze me. They probably thought I was the janitor until they saw me with you. Then suddenly I was romantic."

Benny abruptly laughed, the first sound he had made, and Marnie looked at him with surprise. "He's a mute," Gill said soberly. "But harmless, of course. He'll be your friend for life if you are kind to him." She gave Benny a maternal smile. Benny laughed.

"I don't want to be rude or pushy, but where's my dinner?" Frank asked. "I'm sick, remember?"

"Benny's fixing it," Gill said. "He seems to feel he's more domestic than I am."

"Get with it then, Benny," Frank said.

Benny got up and went into the kitchen, making gurgling noises in his throat as he walked past Marnie.

"Those are mute noises, I guess," she said. Frank nodded approvingly at her. "Yes," he said. "He's learning. We all help him as much as we can."

Just then they heard water boiling over on the stove and a howl of agony from Benny. "I better go help him," said Frank, and he left. Marnie and Gill looked at each other and wondered what to say to break the silence.

"It's so cozy here," Marnie said brightly.

"Didn't you know?" asked Gill.

"How would I? I haven't heard from you since last Christmas."

"I moved in in August," Gill said.

"Oh," said Marnie. Benny and Frank were arguing loudly in the kitchen over how to open a hot can. Gill got up and closed the door.

"It startles you, doesn't it?" Gill asked.

"Well, yes, frankly. But I guess it shouldn't," Marnie said.

"Why?"

"I don't know. You just never seemed meant for this sort of thing." Marnie indicated the diamond on her left hand. "You were always above it all. You know."

"It's more Frank than me," Gill said.

"It was always there. He just brought it out. Remember how you cried after Christmas senior year because your mother had told you you were going to have to come out in June? You said it was fake and queer and you didn't want people to laugh at you."

"Yes. But now I think it would have been fun," Gill said.

"Un unh," Marnie said, shaking her head. "This is better. For you," she added quickly.

"You don't think I'm making a mistake doing this?"

"Do you love him?"

"Yes."

"Could you do it any other way?"

"No."

"Then it's all right, I guess," Marnie said. "Except what about your parents?"

We stopped communicating after that choice little incident at Newport. It was the straw that broke, etc., etc. They were pretty sick of me anyway."

"Yeah, you told me all about that on the Christmas card you sent last year. It's too bad."

"They're still paying my tuition at the university and Frank is feeding me and giving me a place to live. I guess they have an idea of what's going on, but they haven't asked."

They both were quiet for a while. Marnie got up and looked at the mural. Then she went over and looked out of the window.

"That's Harlem over there, two blocks away," said Gill. "It's kind of a camp address, isn't it?" Marnie continued to look out of the window.

"Tell me about this boy," Gill said. "When are you getting married?"

"Next August. His name is Tom Cruckshank.

"Oh yeah. I remember."

"That's right. You knew about him from school."

"Wasn't he the one who got called into Miss Brent's office for putting her name on some freshman's dance card?"

"Yes, that's the one. This is his last year of law school."

"Law school. That doesn't surprise me," Gill said. "Maybe you think I was cruising for an end like this all along. But you weren't even cruising for Tom. You were headed straight for someone like that right from the first Junior Assemblies, or whatever they're called, that you ever danced at."

"From you that's an insult," Marnie said. "The whole situation is made up of everything you hate: engagement party, ring, society page, staying with Granny when I came to New York to see him. But even if you do hate it all, you're right. This is what I've been heading for, and this is what I want." She sat down again beside Gill and took a cigarette out of her purse and lit it.

"I hope we'll see each other after you're married, Marnie," Gill said. "I suppose you'll be living in New York, so we'll be relatively near each other."

"You're trying to trap me," Marnie said. "Don't push our friendship too far, at least until I get used to this. Right now I can't tell how things would work out."

"Well, at least you're always brutally frank," Gill said. "I never have to guess at what you're thinking."

"Well, you have to admit that you are doing something that has not gained widespread acceptance, to say the least. And I've tried but I can't take such a nonchalant view of life as you do."

"It may not be generally accepted, but it's great," Gill said. "His friends are so much fun and we're always going to parties and things in the village. I've met some fantastic people."

"Don't you ever feel any qualms about it?" Marnie asked.

"Yeah, I used to. But I told Frank how it bothered me and he made me feel much better about it. He said we could get married as soon as he gets a really good job. He realizes that he has an obligation to keep me happy since he sort of pushed me into it."

"It's nice if you can talk to someone like that Tom usually understands me, too, and he's calm about everything, even when I'm practically hysterical. He'll be a wonderful husband," Marnie said. She smiled at Gill then and said, "Considering all that, I guess I will see you after I get married."

"It was Tom's reaction you were worried about," Gill said.

"Yes," said Marnie.

"That's an understanding, loving fiancé."

"Fiancée."

"I know. I was only kidding."

Marnie smiled and relaxed, slumping down on the couch and sticking her legs straight out in front of her. "You know, Gill, you haven't changed much after a year and a half," she said.

"Well, actually, I have. Only deep inside."

"That's nice and psychological. Being as good as three months married, tell me how it has affected you. What has happened to you deep inside?"

"Don't make fun of me," said Gill.

"All right," said Marnie, sitting up. "Seriously then, how has it affected you?"

"It's made me sadder," Gill said. Marnie shuddered and made a face. "Well, it has," Gill insisted. "I'd go back now if I could, but I obviously can't."

"I thought you said you were happy," Marnie said. "I don't follow."

"Oh no. I never said I was happy. I only said all this good stuff, which you automatically translated as happy. It is good stuff, but you can't have it and be happy too."

"You sound queer," Marnie said.

"I'm only telling you. I can't help it if I'm trite."

"Go on," Marnie said.

"Frank is great, and I really like being around him all the time. It's exciting. But the very nature of the situation keeps me from being happy. Because the way I see it, perfect happiness is peace and security, and without that" (she pointed to Marnie's ring), "as you would say, I have no guarantee that I won't be thrown out tomorrow for some slip I make tonight. See?"

"Yes, but he's in the same boat," Marnie said.

"Which side are you on? And anyway, you are forgetting the double standard. Plus it's his apartment."

"It's a mess," Marnie said.

"My life or the apartment?"

"Both," Marnie said and giggled. "Hey, that was a spontanay."

"What?"

"I made a pun, *sans* premeditation."

"Very good, Marnie. You're a budding comedienne."

Marnie bowed slightly and looked at her watch at the same time. She quickly stood up.

"It's after seven. I have to go."

Gill got up too. "Please say goodbye to Frank. And Benny," she said.

"Sure," said Marnie. She followed Gill into the hall and looked in the open kitchen door.

"Goodbye Frank. It was nice seeing you again. Bye, Benny. Nice to meet you."

Frank looked up from his spaghetti. "Yeah, Marnie. Come see us again. Gill needs a little female companionship." He and Benny laughed hysterically and went back to their spaghetti. Marnie turned around somewhat uncertainly and smiled at Gill.

"Well, I really have to be going. Goodbye, Gill."

"I'll go with you to the door," Gill said.

"Oh that's okay. You'll probably want to get started on this mess they made while you were going to classes."

"Oh yes," said Gill. "Yes, I guess I'd better."

"We won't give you away," said Frank in back of them. Again he and Benny went into gales of hysterical laughter. Marnie moved a little farther away and Gill followed her.

"Maybe you aren't perfectly happy or secure," Marnie said. "But they're happy and they're so easygoing that you ought to relax and enjoy it. Let tomorrow take care of itself, to coin a phrase. You always used to."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," said Gill.

"Well, bye. I'll see you."

"Bye. Send me a wedding announcement or something."

"An invitation," said Marnie.

"Great. Come again whenever you want. I'd love to see you."

"I will. Sometime soon. Bye." Marnie turned and went out the door. Gill walked slowly into her bedroom and sat in the chair on top of her half-dried clothes. The only light came in feebly from a window across from hers and above it.

About fifteen minutes later Frank came in and cautiously lowered himself onto the bed. Then he noticed Gill.

"What are you doing sitting here in the dark?" he asked, surprised. "I thought you were going to start cleaning up the mess *we* made while you were at classes today." He laughed to himself, as if at a priceless piece of humor, old, yet always affording amusement in quiet moments.

Gill stood up and walked hesitantly to the bed. She paused and then lay down on her stomach beside him with her nose against his shoulder. She waited but he didn't say anything, so she began.

"Frank, I want to ask you something."

"How many girls have I slept with?" Frank suggested.

"Do you think I care?"

"No. Of course not. Go on." He lay staring straight up at the ceiling with his hands folded over his chest.

"Well, Frank, do you think there's anything wrong with us?"

"What?" he said, turning his head to look at her. "Did Marnie say something was?"

"Oh no," Gill said. "It was just that everything she does is so different from us, only she's doing what everyone else is doing."

"That's clearly and succinctly stated. And if you mean what you sound like you mean, then you sure have changed all of a sudden. You always thought everyone was out of step but you. Now for a change, you're out of step."

"Well, I don't know," she said. "Marnie is so happy and really satisfied. She told me she's getting married this summer. It's so great."

"Are you hinting around that you want us to get married? That's rich. I should make an honest woman out of you?" Frank laughed loudly. "You're kidding."

"Well, it's just my parents and all. I don't want to lose out when their wills are read. And also I could tell Marnie was really shocked, and I would like to have her around next year. You know, female companionship." She started a forced laugh but stopped.

"Now look, Gill. You're getting carried away by your imagination. Marriage just isn't in this and we agreed on that long ago. So if you're kidding we can have a good laugh over it. And if you're not . . . if you're not, then you'd better leave and go home."

"Oh, take a break, Frank," she said, sitting up. "You're always so damn dramatic."

"Why don't *you* take a break? You and I are too rational to be discussing marriage. It sounds great to you, but you're forgetting things like the vows of everlasting devotion and all. Can you really see swearing to love me for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health?" he said in a sing-song voice. "I can't."

"I wasn't planning on a church wedding."

"Come on, Gill. You don't have to be just like Marnie to be cool. I'll take you up to Vermont skiing at Christmas and then you'll snap out of this. You can hang on until then, can't you?"

"Oh Frank. I want to go home for Christmas."

"Are you mad? A minute ago you were talking about being disowned, and now you want to go home for Christmas. And what about me? Am I supposed to spend a very Merry Christmas with Benny?"

"Well, you could come too."

"Oh yeah. That's a brilliant idea. Take your lover home for Christmas."

"That's what you think you are? A lover?"

Frank ignored her. "I can tell right now I'd be Grandma's favorite."

"I thought I'd say you were a friend from school. Janie always used to bring boys home for vacations and Mother didn't mind."

"Janie wasn't living with them. Remember? She's your family saint."

"You make me sick," Gill shouted.

"Oh God, would you grow up and get out? I am too sick to worry about your morals and complexes tonight. Why don't you go visit Marnie until tomorrow?"

"She's staying at her grandmother's."

"Fine. I'll go with you then and it can be a dry run. You see if you like Granny better than me, and I'll see if she can tell we're living together." He sat straight up in bed and gave her a forced smile, with his lips pulled wide open

and back, exposing what seemed to Gill to be rows and rows of glistening, gritted teeth. She jumped off the bed.

"I hate you," she said. "You're a dumb clot. I wish I could leave." She watched to see what effect this would have on him. He lay down and rolled over.

"Please do," he said politely.

Gill turned and ran out of the room, colliding with Benny in the hallway. He looked after her with a dazed expression and jumped a little as the apartment door slammed.

"Hey Frank, what's up with our favorite debutante? I just passed her at the door and she seemed concerned about something." Benny sat down on the chair and lit a cigarette.

"She's freaked again," Frank said.

"What's her kick this time?"

"She wants to get married."

"Maybe she's pregnant," Benny suggested.

"Great," said Frank. "Now what'll I do?"

"Wait'll she comes back. Then ask her."

"Ask her to marry me?" Frank asked, his voice cracking on "marry."

"It's not what I had in mind, but now that you suggest it, it's not a bad idea."

"It's also out of the question. Besides, she's really taken off this time," said Frank. "What if she doesn't come back?"

"Oh she will," Benny said. "It's almost eight-thirty and the rain turned to snow about half an hour ago. She's bound to."

* * * * *

The photograph by Clay Blackwell on the opposite page has won the 1967 BRAMBLER photography prize.





Untitled

TRYING to tie these words
to a reader the poet
pleases only artichokes
and the artichokes alone
understand what isn't happening

In his mind of course
the poet sees artichokes
and one other reader
who doesn't understand
about the poet
or the word or the artichoke

trying to tie
these words to a reader
the poet pleases
only artichokes and the artichokes
offer no help. In his mind
of course the poet knows
which artichokes are gifted
and one other reader who doesn't
care
what is happening

Trying to tie these words to a reader, the poet pleases
only the artichokes; and the artichokes alone attach no
strings. In his mind, of course, the poet sees the artichokes
and one other word he didn't write because of the arti-
chokes and the poem and the strings.

Trying to tie these words to a reader,
The poet pleases only artichokes,
And the artichokes alone

by LESLIE HUBER 1967

Sanctus
in the Venetian Polychoral Style

San ctus San ctus

San ctus San ctus

San ctus San ctus

San ctus San ctus

San ctus San ctus

Gloria in excelsis Deo

Gloria in excelsis Deo

Gloria in excelsis Deo

Gloria in excelsis Deo

Gloria in excelsis Deo

Handwritten musical score for a hymn. The first system contains two staves. The top staff has the lyrics "ctus San ctus Do mi ne De us Sa ba" and the bottom staff has "ctus San ctus". The second system continues the melody with "ctus ctus Do mi ne De us" on the top staff and "San ctus San ctus Do mi ne De us Sa ba oth" on the bottom staff. The third system shows "San ctus ctus" on the top staff and "San ctus ctus" on the bottom staff. The fourth system shows "ctus San ctus Do mi ne De us Sa ba oth" on the top staff and "ctus San ctus" on the bottom staff.

ctus San ctus Do mi ne De us Sa ba

ctus San ctus

ctus ctus Do mi ne De us

San ctus San ctus Do mi ne De us Sa ba oth

San ctus ctus

ctus San ctus Do mi ne De us Sa ba oth

Handwritten musical score for a hymn. The first system contains two staves. The top staff has the lyrics "sunt coc li et ter ra glo ri a tu a" and the bottom staff has "Glo ri a tu a". The second system continues the melody with "sunt coc li et ter ra glo ri a tu a" on the top staff and "Glo ri a tu a" on the bottom staff. The third system shows "li et ter ra glo ri a tu a Ple ni sunt coc li" on the top staff and "li et ter ra ri a tu a Ple ni sunt coc li" on the bottom staff. The fourth system shows "li et ter ra glo ri a tu a Ple ni sunt coc li" on the top staff and "li et ter ra glo ri a tu a Ple ni sunt coc li" on the bottom staff.

sunt coc li et ter ra glo ri a tu a

Glo ri a tu a

sunt coc li et ter ra glo ri a tu a

li et ter ra glo ri a tu a Ple ni sunt coc li

li et ter ra ri a tu a Ple ni sunt coc li

li et ter ra glo ri a tu a Ple ni sunt coc li

li et ter ra glo ri a tu a Ple ni sunt coc li

Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua

Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua

Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua

et terra gloria tua

et terra gloria tua

terra gloria tua

Hosanna in excelsis Deo

Hosanna in excelsis Deo

Hosanna in excelsis Deo

Hosanna in excelsis Deo

Hosanna in excelsis Deo

Hosanna in excelsis Deo

tu a Ho san na in ex cel sis De o

De o

a tu a Ho san na in ex cel sis

tu a Hosan na in ex cel sis De o

tu a sis De

Hosanna in excelsis Deo

A M A N

The station wagon swerved neatly around the tree and parked within inches of the barn. Pulling the emergency brake out with a jerk, Tom yelled to the scrambling kids in the back, "Quiet down, quiet down. Janice, open the door so they can get out."

But his sister, Janice, was just at the point of losing an arm-wrestling bout with their brother, Wood. The kids clamoured over her back and, opening the door for themselves, scurried down to the lake. Tom yelled after them, "Get the inner tubes out of the barn, you guys, and nobody get in the water till Janice or Wood get down to watch you."

Wood let Janice win as he said to Tom, "And what are you going to be doing while we're playing life-guard? No deal. Jan can watch the kids, I'm going fishing. Tackle still in the shed?"

Janice shuffled around in her purse for her sunglasses and answered quickly. "You're still younger than I am, Woodie. All I'm planning on doing today is be a ravishing bathing beauty and make you all wish I weren't your sister. You guys will just have to take turns watching them yourselves." She blinked her lashes over her sunglasses at them and then turned to get out of the car.

But as she bent over to pick up a towel Tom signaled to Wood and one brother grabbed her feet while the other got her arms. One of the kids yelled gaily, "They're gonna throw Jan in, They're gonna throw her in. Dah, dah dee, dah, dah, dah!"

And Janice, *no passive observer*, yelled all the while. "Oh, come on, you guys. Won't you ever grow up. Okay, okay, so you're bigger than I am. Come on, let's try to be friends just this one day. Oh no, here comes, Mac, don't do it you guys, come on." But she landed splat flat on her back. They were standing on the pier as she swam quickly back. "The water's like ice. Will you all ever learn?" And then climbing up the ladder she said in more subdued tones, "Is he drunk again?"

Tom chuckled, "How else?" and then tossing Janice a towel, "You look like a drowned rat."

She took off her soaking shift that had covered her bathing suit and wrapped a towel around her shoulders. Her hair was clinging in strands to her neck and her lips were slightly blue.

The three of them stood together on the pier gazing at the bobbing figure coming towards them across the field. As the kids continued to splash around, Wood laughed and spoke, "Okay, so the entertainment arrives. I can't see how he's managed to live so long all alone in that horse trailer. It's a wonder he hasn't burned it down, he gets the fire so hot in there. How old do you think he is, anyway?"

Tom, lighting a cigarette, tossed the match in the water as he answered, "Oh,

I don't know. Pop gave him the old horse trailer when I was about eight. That's twelve years. He worked for Grandpa about, maybe twenty years before that, and he couldn't have been more than thirty-five when grandpa brought him home . . ."

Janice interrupted, "He's 65. Mama took him down to register for Social Security last month. He couldn't believe that the Government was going to give him all that money. You know, it's more than he's ever gotten steadily before. And he used to be so pleased that Daddy gave him a dollar a day."

Wood spoke up, "For doing nothing, who wouldn't be?"

But Tom, moving towards Mac's direction, said, "Give him credit, Wood. Remember, we used to think he was the strongest man on earth. You can't say he didn't used to really work hard for us."

Janice shivered through her teeth to Wood, "If he'd just stop calling me Jeanie, I'd be satisfied. Can't stand that name."

Mac's figure came closer. A large wine bottle dangled from one hand and in the other hand a stick swung back and forth almost like a policeman's club. A bulky, used Army coat, serving as a shirt, hung loosely around his thin shoulders and his pants bagged over laceless shoes.

He waved his stick and called to the space in front of him, "How ya doin' there? How ya doin'?" And then, as he neared the trio, "Hey, if you ain't Tom. Grown most as big as your Pa. Now he's a man, your pa. God Almighty, never seen a man the like. And your mama, she's a woman, too. Don' make them like her no more. Hey now, this can't be Woodie. Lil Woodie, lass time I seen you, you was about up to here. Lord Almighty, ifen you ain't a man jus' like yer pa."

He stumbled over something on the grass. Foam, almost as though he were rabid, escaped his mouth and trickled down through the grey stubble on his chin. He lost his balance slightly again and swore, "God Almighty."

Tom grabbed at his elbow to steady him, but Mac, moving quickly out of reach, steadied himself and said, "I kin stan' on my own two feet. I'm a man, too, jus like your pa and Wood and your and your Grandpa. He was 'bout most as old as I am now when he found me, an ain't he still kickin' same as the day he was born? Real Christian gentleman, God be my witness. We done worked hard. All of us. Even little Woody worked hard. Yeah, and we're men, all of us. I'm a man, too. God Almighty, I'm a man."

Tom picked up a rock and threw it way out into the lake. "We know you're a man, Mac. Always have known it. How've you been? Mama sent you some clothes. Need money or anything?"

Mac laughed loudly and, placing the bottle of wine carefully on the ground, used the free hand to point at Tom. "Shore, shore, and your Mama's a good woman. And strong! That woman's more than other woman. She done worked hard as any man. And now she don't work no more, she's pretty as any picture—for a woman that old. But what I mean t' say is, she's a woman and your Pa, he's a man, an thas the way it should be. Me, I don't mind. All the same to me. God Almighty!"

Janice sat on the end of the pier, making ripples in the water with her feet as she watched the kids begin to notice the strange man in the funny clothes. One of them giggled and she sent a splash of water towards him.

Mac's red-rimmed eyes caught the movement. "Yes sir, and that Jeannie, she's a woman now, too. Seen her last week swimming down here with some boy.

Ain't she grown up! A woman now. God Almighty!" He reached down and shakily took another drag from the wine, then, rising, he broke into song, shifting his weight from one foot to the other to keep time to his music.

"Jeannie, Jeannie, ain't she sweet,
sweet as she can be.

God Almighty and it's the truth
and I'm a man.

Jeanie, Jeanie . . ."

And then pointing at Tom with the bottle in hand, he explained, "An' it's a truth. I'm a man, I am. I'm a man. Your Papa's a man and you're a man an' that the blessed truth." Another swig of wine.

Tom tossed another cigarette into the water and said, "Yeah sure, Mac, We're all men now. How's your dog, nowadays? Must be pretty old, by now."

Mac took another drink and, smiling crookedly, sang,

"Jeanie, Jeanie, sweet as she can be . . .

"God Almighty, and thas the truth. Your Mama tole me. She shore did. She done tole me I hadda marry Jeanie, and I allowed as how I would. All the same to me . . . I'm a man. We're all men. You done said right. Even Woody's a man. He chop wood jus' like a man even when he was three years, most as well as any man. He was three years old, course. And I'm a man, too. Lord Almighty an' God's my witness. I'm a man.

"Jeanie, Jeanie . . ."

As he leaned over to get another drink, Tom grinned at Wood and shook his head. Wood gestured towards Janice and, shaking his head, also started throwing rocks and pebbles into the lake.

Mac swiped at his mouth with one bulky sleeve.

"Jeanie, Jeanie . . . she so sweet, sweet as
she can be . . . God Almighty an' thas the truth . . ."

As Mac ambled over to the pier and Janice, waving his bottle all the while, Tom intercepted him. "Well, I guess we'll go in for a swim now, Mac. Nice talking to you." He clapped Mac firmly on the shoulder and he and Wood turned to the lake.

When Wood hit the water and started swimming strongly towards the other side, Mac started singing again. "Jeanie, Jeanie . . ." and then interrupted himself with, "Damned if I ain't gonna go for a swim, too. I'm a man, and you know it and I know it, so I'm goin' for a swim. It's commencin' to get hot out here.

"Jeanie, Jeanie, she's as sweet as she can be . . ."

He took another drink and placed the wine bottle gently on the pier. Then straightening up, he took off the heavy coat and dropped it by his side, leaving a yellowed 'T' shirt to scarcely cover his equally yellow and thin torso.

Tom tried to stop him. "Mac, you're damn crazy! You know you can't swim. Sure you're a man. Anybody can see that."

But Mac continued with his song as he slid his trousers to the ankle and clumsily got out of the jumble of shoes and pants. When he picked up his bottle and stood, one of the kids said, "That's not a bathing suit!" and the other kids giggled.

Janice, her eyes still steadily on the water, looked up over at the kids sharply and said, "Shsh, get out of the water and come with me. I have something to

show you all in the barn. Hurry up." She stood up and watched them giggling and laughing at Mac as they scrambled along the pier behind him.

He stood almost like a puppet with his dirty underwear hanging loosely on him. His legs looked like waterlogged and cracked branches of a dying tree. Only the hand holding the bottle seemed to have any purpose. Tom and Wood were still coaxing him to give up going for a swim. Janice edged along the pier, obviously trying to keep as much out of the way as possible, but Mac turned around and, with foam running in rivulets down his chin, sang,

"Jeanie, Jeanie, you're as sweet as you
can be. God Almighty and you believe it,
and I'm a man, Jeanie. You know it?"

She stopped moving and looked at him dumbly and then managed to say, "Please don't go swimming, Mac."

Mac scarcely let her get through before he burst into song again and put one hand out as if to dive. The other hand still held the bottle and almost seemed to weight that side of him down. He still looked at Janice as he sang.

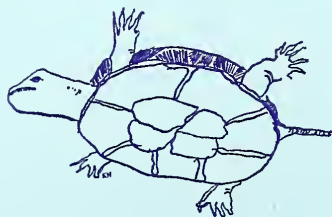
Tom gave her a push towards shore and said, "Get out of here, Janice. You just make it worse."

Picking up inner tubes on shore, her voice trailed off, as she lured the kids to the barn.

Just as they were almost out of sight, Mac made his awkward jump into the water. For a second, Tom and Wood stood in hesitation on the pier. At first he seemed to float, but not for long. He sang as he went down. Tom was the first to comprehend that they couldn't just stand there. He dove in and, finding he could stand on the bottom, lifted Mac's sputtering thin form to Wood.

Janice started to bring a towel down, but Wood shouted, "Get one of the kids to bring a towel."

Despite Mac's struggling and grumbling, Tom wrapped him in a towel and carried him like a baby back to his trailer. Wood walked along for a little way and then trotted back to where Janice stood, and said to her, "Weird old guy, isn't he? Tom said that for a second there he thought it might be better if we just let old Mac drown. Said carrying him's like carrying a sack of dried bones, he's so light. Don't worry about it Jan, Tom will tuck Mac in. Tomorrow he'll forget we even came."



Untitled

THEY met on a wind
They sat on a hill
They grew on a smile

Follow the blood of your fathers
Cooled in the cave of your mothers

They talked of books
They had read some
They talked of people
They had met some
They talked of love
They had known some

Follow the blood of your fathers
Cooled in the cave of your mothers

They heard the wind
They felt the hill
They sensed the smile

Follow the blood of your fathers
Cooled in the cave of your mothers

They rose on a wind
They walked from a hill
They parted on a smile

Follow the blood of your fathers
Cooled in the cave of your mothers



Good-Luck, Charlie

WHAT happens to Good-Luck-Charlie
When he looks at the Good-Luck-Tree
As the Good-Luck-Woodchuck chops at his luck?

What happens to Good-Luck-Charlie
When he looks at the toppling trunk of the Good-Luck-Tree
As the Good-Luck-Woodchuck licks at his chops?

The luck of Good-Luck-Charlie ran amuck.

The Good-Luck-Woodchuck licked the last on his chops
The Good-Luck-Tree leaned on the last of its fall
And Good-Luck-Charlie lipped the last of his luck.

The luck of Good-Luck-Charlie ran amuck.
The trunk of the Good-Luck-Tree
Made the Good-Luck-Woodchuck hungry.

by JAN HAAGENSEN, 1968

Cats in a Junkyard

LIONS make love in the bellies of cars,
The smell of it thick in the steel,
They tangle and claw in the old leather seats:
Yellow comes seeping from under the wheels.

Back-alley, window-ledge, axle-grease loving,
Rutting in thin steel and chrome,
Engine-blood dries in the fur of their brains,
And heavy with sleeping, they softly prowl home.

by JAN HAAGENSEN 1968

Untitled

BARN rat drowning in a water-trough.
Floating in a brown and swollen dream. The water
Dribbled silver from an old gray's mouth.
Blue-flanked, come with morning down a field
Of grass and stone.

Creamy bellied drifting toward the rusted edge of pain.
Nudged to its rim by a pale-coated drinker, tasting
Deep and slowly to his trough. Head raised
Only for the cattle. Moving that broke the shape
Of light on a gate.



by KATHY ROBBINS, 1970



Untitled

- I. **YOU!** Play-actor!
Come down from your stage.
Your plot, your script
Do not call for this act.
You do not belong
Where I have not written.
I had not thought you should try.

- II. But let me try!
This is more than you,
Your plot, your script.
My plot is here,
My words are called,
This plan is mine.
You could never foresee
Never plot
Never write
My greatest performance
My charmed existence.

by LYDIA STARNES, 1970

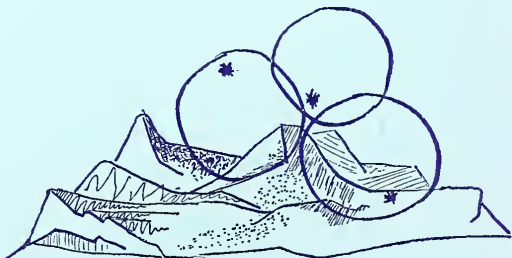
Flight

THE days are spinning and spinning go by,
And I on the back of a golden-eye swan
Ride high the neck of the swirling-pool song.

Behind, far away and away from me
Sits the owl with the ghost of knowledge in his cry,
As the swans go riding, through nights moon high.

In branches cowering and coward within
The skeleton echoes, as if to pursue,
The "where, how long, when, and who?"

And white-feathered dawn and dawning and I
Go riding, riding, riding moon high;
And owls are passing, and passing go by
My soul, the swans, the world, and I.



by NORVELL JONES, 1967

Alarm in Alaska

IT IS the music that I know:
The fire whistle at noon,
The warning song at two a.m.;
I was weaned on that music.
In the arctic cold the tone was clear.
The water from hoses would freeze
And make towers as sharp and high
As any castle in a bed time story.
They would sparkle ice white
In white snow, white steam,
Where before had been
The new Sourdough Cafe.
That music was solid food then
But where I grew up
Children didn't go to fires.



We Wish To Thank . . .

The Contributors

MARY CARY AMBLER is from Richmond, Virginia. She attended St. Hilda's and St. Hugh's School in New York City. Her major is drama. She has studied writing at Sweet Briar and also at The Aspen Writer's Workshop, Aspen Colorado. She has been active on various campus publications, and is the editor of *THE BRAMBLER*. She is also a member of *Mademoiselle's* College Board. Class of '67.

CLAY BLACKWELL, a senior, from Amherst, Va., went to Amherst County High School and is majoring in history of art. Class of '67.

MARGOT BREDIN is from Greenville, Del., and has studied art for four years at the Ethel Walker School in Sunbury, Conn. This is the first time she has had any work published. Class of '70.

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NANCY CRAWFORD is from Setauket, New York, and is a sophomore majoring in English. She went to The Shipley School, where she made sporadic contributions to the literary magazine. She is taking creative writing and this is her first contribution to *THE BRAMBLER*. Class of '69.

JAN HAAGENSEN, a junior, was graduated from Franklin High School in Murrysville, Penna. She is taking creative writing and has contributed to *THE BRAMBLER* before. She is an English major. Class of '68.

KRISTIN HERZOG studied art for four years at Phayer Academy in Boston, Mass. Boston is also her home. She was active as art editor in various high school publications and was awarded the senior art prize. She has also been published in the literary magazine at Phayer. Class of '70.

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NORVELL JONES, from Lorton, Va., graduated from the St. Agnes School, Alexandria. Norvell is an history of art major and a member of *THE BRAMBLER* editorial staff. She also receives special mention for somehow existing as the editor's roommate. Norvell has studied writing for three years at Sweet Briar. Class of '67.

TONIA MACNEIL is a junior majoring in history who mostly does the costuming for the Paint and Patches plays and refers to her contribution as "beginner's luck." She went to Santa Catalina School and lives in Pasadena, California. Class of '68.

CHARLOTTE MOSER is from Aexarkana, Texas. A graduate of Texas High School, she was editor of her school newspaper and her school literary magazine. She has also been editor of the *Texas Girls' State* newspaper. Charlotte was a journalism "cherub" of the National High School Institute at Northwestern University. At Sweet Briar, she has been on the *Sweet Briar News* staff. She was recently named a Special Recommendation member of *Mademoiselle's* College Board. Class of '69.

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LYDIA STARNES is a freshman from Charlotte, North Carolina and was graduated from South Mecklenburg High School. She has studied English at Western Carolina College and plans to major in English at Sweet Briar. This is her first time in THE BRAMBLER. Class of '70.



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THE BRAMBLER

The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA



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The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

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SISTER STORY

Jane sat beside Tom on the bank of the creek with her bare feet dangling in the water. For awhile there was silence. She was trying to pick up a pebble between her toes. Finally she said to him, "Tom, I can't tell you how strange it is to think of you and my own sister being married. Everyone always used to say that even I would be married before she was, or at least that's what they said when I was about ten and she was fifteen. Of course as I got older and uglier they stopped saying that, too. I guess they figured we were both doomed to be old maids. Hey. Are you awake? Tom?"

Tom stirred against the tree where he leaned. His eyes were closed and a weed dangled from his mouth. But at the question in her voice he said slowly, "Mm-hmm."

Jane turned her head to check and then with a sigh looked back to the opposite bank where honeysuckle climbed a barbed-wire fence. She dug a hole in the soft bottom of the creek with her big toe and was silent for a minute. Then with another sigh she continued, "We even thought she was a little abnormal. When I say 'we,' I mean Cousin Sue and I. Have you met Sue yet?"

Her head turned around to look back at him again, but this time he didn't respond. "Anyway, we used to really think Virginia was kind of strange. Maybe we'd read too much, but all the big sisters in books or even on television weren't like Virginia at all. They wore lipstick and had dates and worried about clothes all the time. And not only did Virginia absolutely refuse to wear lipstick, she hated to dress up or go to parties. Mother had to fight her to get her to act even slightly like a normal teenager. But then again maybe my mother read too many novels too. Also Virginia wouldn't even go out when a boy asked her. That made us mad too. Either he had an awful complexion, he was Catholic or he was a brain.

"Cousin Sue and I were really in awe of her, though. Even when she was away in college, she was our favorite topic of conversation. We imagined her being discovered by a modern Rhett Butler, falling madly in love with him, and so becoming the real Virginia. But then she'd come home from college in her bobby socks and two toned saddles, and we'd have to decide that the time just wasn't ripe. Of course, the crowning blow was when she took up needlepoint. Everyone knows that only Old Maids resort to that.

"Sue and I were beginning to really worry that the true Virginia would never appear. Of course she said she dated at college, but we figured that was only a story she made up to please my mother. After all, what man in his right mind would want to go out with someone in bobby socks and with naturally curly hair yet.

She said it was too much trouble to straighten it. Imagine — such a little thing and she would have been so much nearer to being normal. Course, even if she'd straightened her hair she probably never would have given up the socks.

"Even though we worried about her social life, we liked her for herself. For instance, she always let us dry the dishes instead of washing. It's the little things that count. I remember once asking Sue who her favorite cousin was. I couldn't have been more sure that she'd say that I was the one. After all, we were more than relatives, we were best friends. And that was when I learned not to fish for a compliment. She said that Virginia was her favorite cousin without a doubt. What other cousin was so interesting?

"Then there was the summer when Virginia started writing letters every day all the way out to Oklahoma. At first we didn't believe it. I mean who would write to her? Then we chose to ignore it and also your letters coming every day. No offense or anything, Tom, but we really just passed off all the letters going back and forth as some kind of freak accident. Virginia obviously hadn't come out of her shell. She still wore bobby socks. She did go out a couple of times though. Tom? Anyway she only went out those few times cause Mother pressured her and she never had a good time. She much preferred to sit somewhere writing a letter to you or doing needlepoint. It was absolutely uncanny.

"We still worried about her, but that particular summer we began to worry about ourselves too and so started our own campaign to be 'normal.' Surprisingly enough, Virginia liked our dates, or maybe she thought it was just funny to see the boys fall all over themselves opening doors or talking to our parents. At any rate she'd always build them up to us, until finally we'd have to let her in on their awful traits, that she in her bobby sock innocence had missed.

"I guess it wasn't until the next summer that Sue and I realized that Virginia was serious about you. As a matter of fact I can even pinpoint the exact occasion when I discovered it. I glanced over her shoulder once when she was reading one of your letters. It was by accident of course. All I read was, 'My darling Virginia.' That was all I could take. I had to get away and think for awhile. Tom? — Anyway I should have been so happy to find Virginia was normal after all, but somehow instead, I had such a great feeling of loss. Not even on the day of the wedding did I feel so sad. I never talked about it with Sue. I wonder if she felt the same way.

"And now the great irony of it all is that you two are married and she still has naturally curly hair and she still wears bobby socks. Your apartment is covered with needlepoint, and what's more you all have so much fun together. It's too perfect. So perfect that it couldn't happen twice in the same family. Meanwhile Sue and I plod along being 'normal.' Wonder what we'll end up with. Tom?"

She tossed the pebble that had been wedged between her toes to the other side of the creek and, turning her head swiftly around, said again louder, "Tom?"

At his name Tom's hand moved, and finding itself in the cold grass must have awakened him. He opened one eye and fixed it on the barbed wire of the fence on the other bank of the creek. Then realizing his name had been called he mumbled, "Mmmm? What? Did I go to sleep on you?"

Jane shook her head and said nothing. His eye closed again. She glanced back at him once more, and then tossed more pebbles with her feet — trying to catch them in the honeysuckle on the other side.

by JAN HAAGENSEN, 1968

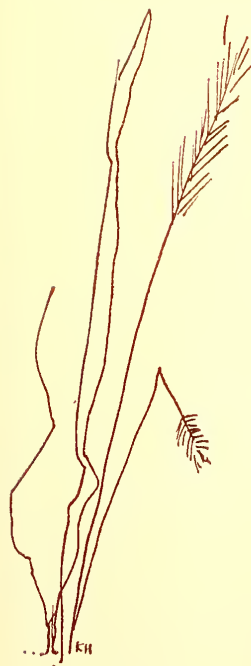
Untitled

AT the Ladies Aide when the spring broke out
and the meeting was held at the Farley grange
the long trees ruffled at the opening prayer
and the crocus howled at their parson's brain.

The ladies crumpled in a mud-time dance,
shaking the roundness inside of them green
on the buttons and white of their sewing-bone lives,
that high-collared quiet gone frail and obscene.

by KIM MULLER-THYM, 1970

AT night the mist drips
Forming drops
That are minimoons
On the leaves.





by LYNNE BRANTLEY, 1970

THROUGH each smiling day we move, you and I,
gathering paper flowers to put in fragile pots
beside thick glassed windows.
(A paper flower will not die you see.)

"A child was clubbed today. It says that here. Now who
would club a child? Absurd . . ."

and through each dreamless, soundless night we sleep
while men are hung from jungle trees and wait
for ants to come.

But we are safe (if no one tears our paper flowers)
and we shall only smile, unless we wake at night and hear
a song.

Why shatter our pretty brittle wings against the
silk iron walls?

The cocoon will not break, hardly crack.

Rather let us hide in silken wombs and gather paper flowers
while men and children scream,
and let us sleep our dreamless, soundless sleep,
but shall we only smile?

JESSE

The room was dark, but a shadow of the sun filtered through the heavy drapes, and in the middle of this shadow one lone arrow of light shot across the faded oriental rug and stopped sharply at the foot of the high posted double bed. The old man walked softly over to the window and, grasping the lines uncertainly, drew open the drapes to let the sunlight in; he was very old and his hand trembled as he pulled the cord. From the door, Jesse could see the veins standing out in it as the glare illuminated his wrinkled features.

A muffled whimper was issued from the bed. "Nelle, the light is good for you," he said quietly, approaching her and bending over the quilt.

"Don't worry now, Nicky." Her voice was barely a whisper. "I will be all right." She brought a thin hand up to cover her eyes but he took hold of it and pressed it softly into the cushion.

Jesse stood uncertainly in the doorway, unwilling to leave the scene, but unconscious of what was actually taking place. Then her grandmother called to her, turning her head ever so slightly, as if she were addressing the bureau against the near wall. "Come and stand over here, Jesse. I want to touch you." Jesse did not want to go. She resented having to stand by her grandmother's bed and feel the shaky hands clutch at her shoulder and get entangled in her hair. Then the old lady would smile and her flesh would stretch to accommodate the wide expanse of pink. So Jesse would look around the room and try to think of something else for the moment.

But grandmother could not quite reach her now. Papa Nick lifted her head and shoulders and helped her to lean against the brace of two pillows, and she reached for Jesse. But the child stood at the far side of the bed as she always did. Only this time, she was not ordered to walk around.

"I used to have the longest, thickest braids," grandmother was saying. "I'd wear them up on top of my head . . ." She extended her arm out over the quilt. "I was such a pretty child." Jesse knew what was coming next, that grandmother had always helped her mother and that she had always done everything well. She never said it exactly the same way, but it hurt Jesse's pride just the same.

"It makes you feel right with yourself, Jesse. It makes you feel that you've . . ."

"Grandmother? I think I've got to go to the bathroom." She felt Papa Nick's disapproving look as she turned her back.

Jesse left the room and walked through the stuffy, old fashioned livingroom to the study. Old people are boring, she thought to herself as she swung her arms stiffly back and forth, brushing them against her dress, and jerked her head, very like a little toy soldier as she followed the line of the edge of the rug over to the big chair by the window. She looked up at the picture of President Roosevelt across the room over the fireplace. Papa Nick was always talking about him

and what he was doing for everybody; and there he was, big as life sitting there with his legs crossed in his own arm chair in Papa Nick's study. He was smiling and he looked quite comfortable, but his eyes were sort of tired or sad or something.

Jesse turned and looked out the window for awhile, and straightened up the magazines on the little table by the chair. There was a letter-opener on the table, so she picked it up and scrutinized the initials. She aimed it at the big picture but she did not throw it. Instead, she turned it around and pretended to stab herself, flopping down in the chair, arms and legs akimbo.

"Jesse, darling." Her mother had come to the doorway quietly and was standing, resting an arm on the paneling. She was wearing the dress she had put on so hurriedly when Papa Nick had called them to come over. Her hair was neat and tidy, but she did not look very pretty. "Honey, do you know that you might not see your grandmother again?"

"No." Jesse stood up slowly and looked across the room, but not at her — not at her eyes. If she looked up at the picture, she could pretend that her mother was smiling. She heard her mother sit down in the old rickety chair by the door, and listened for the rasping sound it made as it tried to accommodate her weight.

Mother began to talk. Jesse could not grasp very well what she was saying, but it was all about religion and Jesus, and everything they say they are going to talk about next week at Sunday School. But next week is always a week away, so for the longest time, Jesse had not known. She did not listen now because she was trying to get the picture to look at her and it would not. No matter where she stood, it kept looking right over her shoulder; probably at the letter-opener she thought, even though she had never thrown it.

"Papa said you were going to the bathroom."

"I don't have to any more."

"Would you like a cookie then, dear?" Her mother's voice was soft and throaty.

"Can I have two — right now?" Jesse looked up and saw her mother begin to smile.

"Let's go out to the kitchen and I'll see what I can find you."

Jesse hoisted herself onto the wooden drainboard and waited while her mother searched through grandmother's cupboards for some cookies. She found some pretzels and poured out a glass of milk.

"Are we going to miss her?" The child asked rather solemnly while her mother fussed nervously about.

"Are you going to miss her?" Mother asked.

"I guess so." Jesse bit through the pretzel and counted the pieces that fell into her lap, brushing the crumbs away as she chewed. "Is Papa Nick still in there?"

Her mother nodded.

"Why does he make it light when she doesn't want it light?" Jesse asked. She took a long drink of milk, watching her mother over the rim of the glass.

"Why does he do it?"

"Because it's good for her. You can't have everything you want, Jesse." Mother reached for a cloth and began to wipe the crumbs and milk off her face.

"You mean you can't have everything you don't want?" She drew her head away from the cloth. "You mean just because she wants to be in the dark all the time doesn't mean she can have her way?" Jesse stopped when she heard Papa Nick calling for mother from the bedroom.

"Yes dear. Now finish your milk and then see if you can find one of Papa's puzzles in the study to work." Then she walked out of the kitchen and Jesse knew she was going into that room so grandmother could grab her shoulders and mess up her hair.

Jesse finished the milk and climbed down from the drainboard. She walked back into the study and pulled out one of the Donald Duck puzzles that Papa Nick had always kept for her — even after she had told him that she was too big for them, and was busy shaking it so that the pieces would all fall out when she heard an exclamation from the doorway.

"Well, there you are Dear. And how are you, little one?" Great Aunt Jennifer, grandmother's cousin, entered the room and knelt down to see what Jesse was doing. "Well, well. That's a Mickey Mouse there, isn't it?"

"It's Donald Duck," the child answered politely.

"Did good old Saint Nick give that to you?"

"No Ma'am, my grandfather did."

"Now you know that's what I meant," the old lady giggled. "Let's put it together now and be very quiet because the doctor's here to see that Grannie gets to sleep."

Jesse looked at her impatiently as the aunt sprawled down on her fat knees and pretended that she could not fit the beak in properly. "That's not how it's done," she said. "You do it like this." She took the piece from her aunt and smacked it in place with her fist as she had so many times before. Then she looked up and said, "I think I'd like to go in and see grandmother again."

"Oh no, dear. You'd better not." Aunt Jennifer picked up another piece and put it in. "You see, Grannie doesn't want to go to sleep because she's afraid . . ." she paused, uncertain.

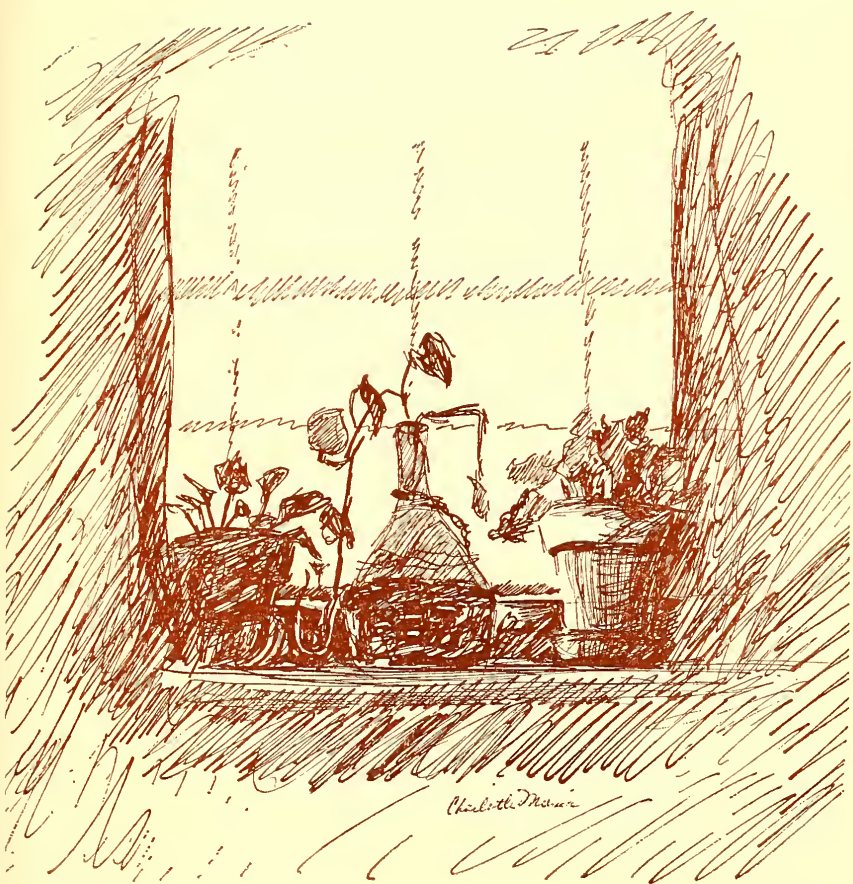
"That she might not wake up?"

"Oh dear." She stood up and brushed herself off, looking down at Jesse queerly. But Jesse continued to put the puzzle together, obliviously. The aunt turned to the doorway and saw Papa and Mother coming quietly through the living-room. Mother was crying softly and Papa Nick had his arm around her.

"Oh dear." she said again. Jesse paused and looked up. Her mother came in and sat in the little rickety chair again and Jesse stood up and went to her. The family stood awkwardly. Aunt Jennifer sat down. Papa Nick had his hand on Mother's shoulder, patting it; the chair was creaking a little.

"She's all right now, and it was very easy," he said slowly. Aunt Jennifer was wringing her hands nervously. Jesse looked from one to the other of them. Papa Nick smiled down at her for a moment, and Mother smiled, holding her Kleenex. She cocked her head peculiarly, looking up at the picture; but the eyes would still not meet hers. They were looking off to one side, over her left shoulder.

"She's dead, isn't she." Jesse said suddenly. The chair stopped creaking and she wished she had not spoken. She heard her mother hesitate and then say softly, "Yes dear. She's dead."



by JILL BERGUIDO, 1967

The Professor

PROPELLED by multi-colored coats,
He climbs up steps he cannot see,
And clutching at his daily notes,
He censures mediocrity.

He keeps his head above the crowd
So he can find his proper room,
And hopes that they don't think him proud
Who have the power to presume.

He reaches number twenty-four,
Whose walls resound with sounds like geese,
And wonders if his entrance, or
The bell made all the gabbling cease.

He starts to speak the monotone
That he's perfected year by year,
Because he thinks his vocal hone
The sharpest borer for an ear.

He looks up from his yellowed notes
When frantic movement snares his eye:
A hand is raised above the coats;
He shivers as it swats a fly.

She and I

SHE was black and all glisten
there on the patchwork.
Not moving but for passion that
was still rippling the fullness
of her belly and long fingers
drawing lightly upon the wet
collected in her navel and above.

"Tomorrow the wisteria" she said
and floated her fingers to my chin
with a touch ever so delicate as its scent.
"We must have flowers in the house"
she said soft.

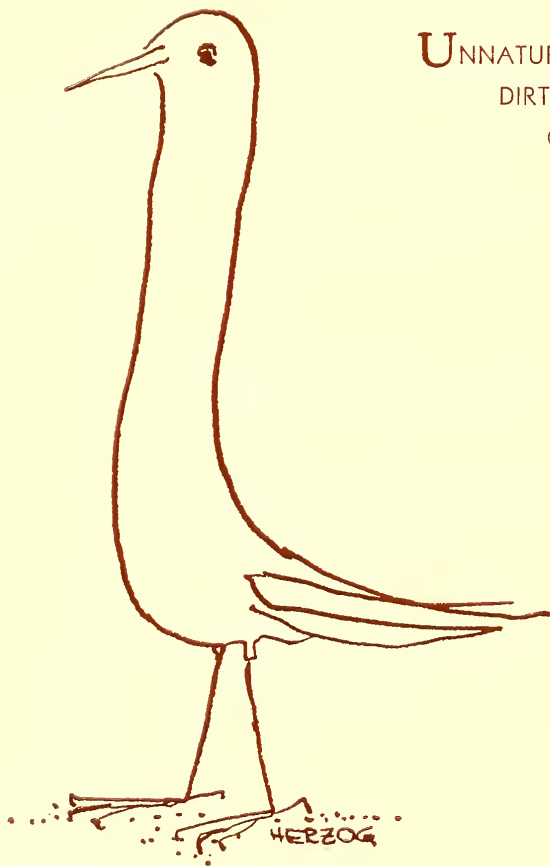
And I thought of the crack in the
ceiling that I must mend and
a spokeless bicycle.



by KIM MULLER-THYM, 1970

Modified Haiku

UNNATURAL FOG
DIRTIES AND
QUIETS
THE CITY.



by CAROLYN GUILFORD, 1969

WHAT I COULD TELL THEM

I was in watching TV today when Dad got home for supper. He had a letter with him and he was in the kitchen talking to Mom about it. I couldn't hear all they were saying but I managed to get, via severe ear strain, that it was the letter from the country club telling us whether or not we had been accepted as members. Dad came in and showed it to me. Went something like this: "Dear Mr. Andrews, We regret to inform you that it is impossible to enroll you and your family in our 1966 membership. Sincerely, The Sleepy Hollow Country Club." That was it. No reasons given, but we all knew why. Dad's Jewish.

Jewish with a name like Andrews? Well, our family name isn't really Andrews, it's really Goldfarb. Dad had the name legally changed the day I was born. His family wasn't too pleased to say the least, but Dad said he wanted his daughter to be socially accepted wherever she went. He didn't want her to be held back by a name. The rest of the Goldfarbs just can't understand and they won't forget about it. Each and every time Aunt Ruth comes to visit, she walks into the house and says, "How are you, Mr. Annnnnndreeewssss?" Makes me furious.

Lots of things make me furious. People don't understand Dad. It's not just the country club people — I don't really give a damn about them — but it's everyone, relatives, my friend, teachers, and even sometimes, Mom.

Well, I've told you Mr. Andrews isn't really Mr. Andrews, so now I'll tell you Mom isn't really Mom. My mother died when I was two. Of course, I can't remember a thing about her. Finally, when I was six, a young woman came to take care of me. She was eighteen. To my knowledge then, Dad was forty-eight. They got married in two years. She's just like a real mother to me and I really do love her. She's really nice, but she's terribly dumb.

Well, that's another thing people are down on poor Dad about. The idea of his marrying a woman thirty years younger than he. The hell with them too. Most of the ones who talk about it are the old fogey ladies who wish they could have caught him, or the dirty old men who realize that Dad's still got whatever they've all lost.

People call him heartless and cheap with his money. My high school principal was always asking him to donate flowers to the chapel. He never would. He's a florist but he'd have to pay for them out of his own pocket cause the company's not his, it's a corporation. Why should he have to pay for them? In fact, he's now chairman of the board of America's largest florist corporation which he made from a little corner flower shop in Brooklyn. I'll admit we've got more money than most families, but you just can't go giving away all your money to every single Tom, Joe, Mother's this and Children's that which comes along. And believe me, once they know you've got money, they sure do come along,

charities you've never even heard of. He's careful with his money and I don't see any sin in that.

They talk about his table manners, too. Okay, I'll admit they're awful. He talks with his mouth full, throws hot dogs to my brothers across the table, leans on the table with his elbows, and occasionally uses the table cloth as a napkin. But that's only at home and we don't care. That's just Dad. You get used to it after a while.

Mom was really down on him the other day. It seems Mom and Dad were both invited to a party at the Landsmans. The Landsmans are really pretty nice as far as neighbors go, but Mr. Landsman has eyes for Mom and Dad doesn't like it too well. Dad and I have both noticed the way Mr. Landsman looks at Mom, but Mom's never noticed. She's too dumb. We love her, mind you, but she's so dumb. Anyway, poor Mom really wanted to go to this party, but Dad said he really didn't want to go. Dad doesn't want to go very many places any more. They decided not to go. Well, the day of the party comes along and Dad comes home early from work, runs upstairs and changes his clothes in thirty seconds flat, tells Mom he has to discuss business with Mr. Landsman, and goes on up to the party. He got back about two next morning. He was really high and just about as funny as I've ever seen him. Mom wasn't amused. She sat in the green lounge chair, polishing her nails, pretending not to notice him, as I sat on the other side of the room in uncontrollable hysteria. I heard Mom and Dad fighting later on in the morning.

Criticism and more criticism, that's all he gets from everybody, and, when I forget, sometimes even from me. But those ignorant people don't know Dad, least not like I do. Nobody knows him like I do. I could tell them a thing or two.

So, he hasn't got a heart, they say. Wonder if they'd reconsider if I told them about the days when I was motherless and I'd go sit on Dad's lap in the evenings and say, "Why did Mom die?"

"Because they needed her in heaven," he'd say.

"But why?"

"Because she was so good."

"But why couldn't she stay here with us?"

"Because there are so many people in heaven and God wanted her to help them."

"But why did it have to be my mother?" I'd persist.

"Because she was so good."

And I'd continue asking, "Why my mother?" never realizing the torment I was causing. Dad would answer every question calmly, quietly, until he'd start to cry, and I'd start to cry too, and then Dad would pray that he'd never lose me. I never knew until last year that the reason Dad and I went to Miami every year before my new mother came along was because Dad was trying to run away from something he couldn't escape. He never did escape completely. Only last year he told me, "I love your new mother, but no one, no one will ever take the place of your real mother. She was so easy to love."

No heart, huh?

Or what if I told them about Grandma? People are shocked and appalled to

know that my stepmother's (I hate to use the word stepmother, my new mother's mother works as our maid. That's true, she does, but nobody knows the whole story behind it all. My new mother came from an extremely poor family, all Irish Catholics with the mental capacity of a slime mold. But they have hearts as big as you could imagine and like all Irishmen, they have their pride. Grandma comes down five days a week and does some light work — vacuums, dusts, polishes, and Dad gives her \$150 a week for it. He wanted to support her, wanted to give her the money for free, but she wouldn't take it. She said she'd rather starve to death than take charity, so she went to work for us. Is that really so terrible? Her youngest son, my sixteen-year-old uncle, lives with us because Dad's putting him through a really good prep school and has opened an account for him so he'll be able to go to college. Besides that, Dad still dishes up \$200 a month to pay to a woman he married and divorced when he was in his twenties.

And if only some one could have been there the night of my eighteenth birthday. Dad had always told me he had some things to tell me when I turned eighteen. I had given it some thought over the years, but that night, when he asked me what I thought he had to say, my mind was at a total loss for ideas. And so, he proceeded to tell me two secrets which have enabled me to understand him better than I ever had before.

"Ann," he said, "I'm going to tell you something which must remain a secret. It's very important to you and me that no one knows. Do I have your word?"

"Yes."

"Well, honey, whether you know it or not, you're a very rich girl." I was deeeeeeelighted. "There've been so many things you've asked for that I could have given you, that I wanted to give you. I wanted you to have the best horse in the country and ride in Madison Square Garden just as much as you wanted. But I had to say no and sometimes it wasn't easy. I had to because more than anything I wanted to give you this. As it now stands, I don't think you'll ever have any financial worries. You may not be able to live like the Queen of England off the interest on the money I have for you, but you won't be cold and you won't starve. I'm trying to do the same for your sister. Not so much for the boys, but I want it for you and your sister."

Then he told me what I had. Well, like I said, I promised not to tell anyone, not that it would make much difference, this being all so impersonal, but I did promise.

I didn't know what in the world to say. I mean somehow, "Thanks" didn't really seem quite adequate. But I didn't have to think of any reply, because Dad went right on into his next secret. "And honey, how old do you think I'll be next Friday?"

"Well, let's see. Mom was just thirty-three, so I guess you'll be sixty-three, won't you?"

"No, Ann, your father's going to be seventy-three."

Nausea gushed into my stomach and for a while it felt like every organ in my body had stopped. Ten years older in only a second. A swelling in my throat grew and ached, and finally, though I didn't want to, I had to cry. Dad went on talking.

"I couldn't tell you before this, Ann. When you were younger and didn't

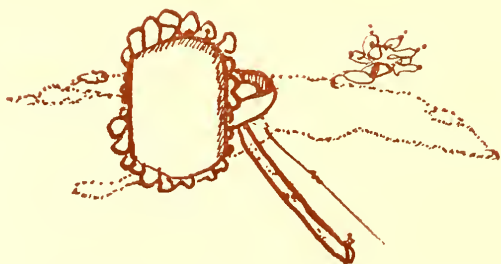
have a mother, I wanted you to have the extra security of thinking that your father wasn't really so much older than all the other fathers. Your mother now and I are forty years apart. Before I married her, I went to four doctors in the city and one in Rye, and they told me I should live to be a hundred and forty if I'm not struck down by a trolley car." He gave a nervous laugh. I couldn't even look at him. I thought my whole body would burst. I wanted to tell him I loved him. I'd never told anyone that before, never said, "I love you."

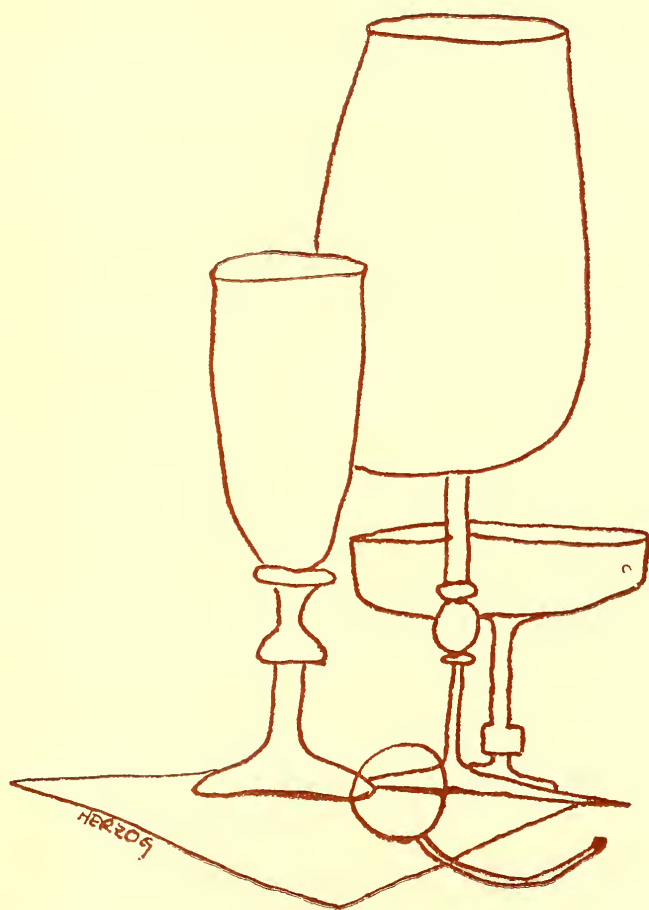
"What's a rich dame like you crying about? Why, if I had all your dough I'd . . ." I couldn't bear it. The force inside me had to be released, and I jumped up from my chair, threw my arms around Dad, and said, "To hell with the money. All I know is, I love you." He patted me on the head, smiled, and said, "I know you do, kid. I know you do."

Well, from that night on, I can understand Dad. I can understand why he holds back on charities, why he says "no" to so much that we kids want. I can understand about the night he went to the party and left Mom home, and why he never wants to go places any more. My dad's old. It makes me sick to think I'll be losing him ten years sooner than I had thought, sick to think I'll ever lose him at all. I just couldn't live without him.

So the Sleepy Hollow Country Club thinks he's nothing but another cheap old Jew. Brother, what they don't know. But I can't tell them. They're secrets, every single one. And what difference would it make if I did tell them? All that matters is that I know and Dad knows. Mom knows too, but only some of it. Dad and I know the rest, only Dad and I.

And by the way, a new baby just arrived at our house a year ago. Some people think that's revolting. I think it's pretty damn good for a seventy-two-year-old man.





We Wish To Thank . . .

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